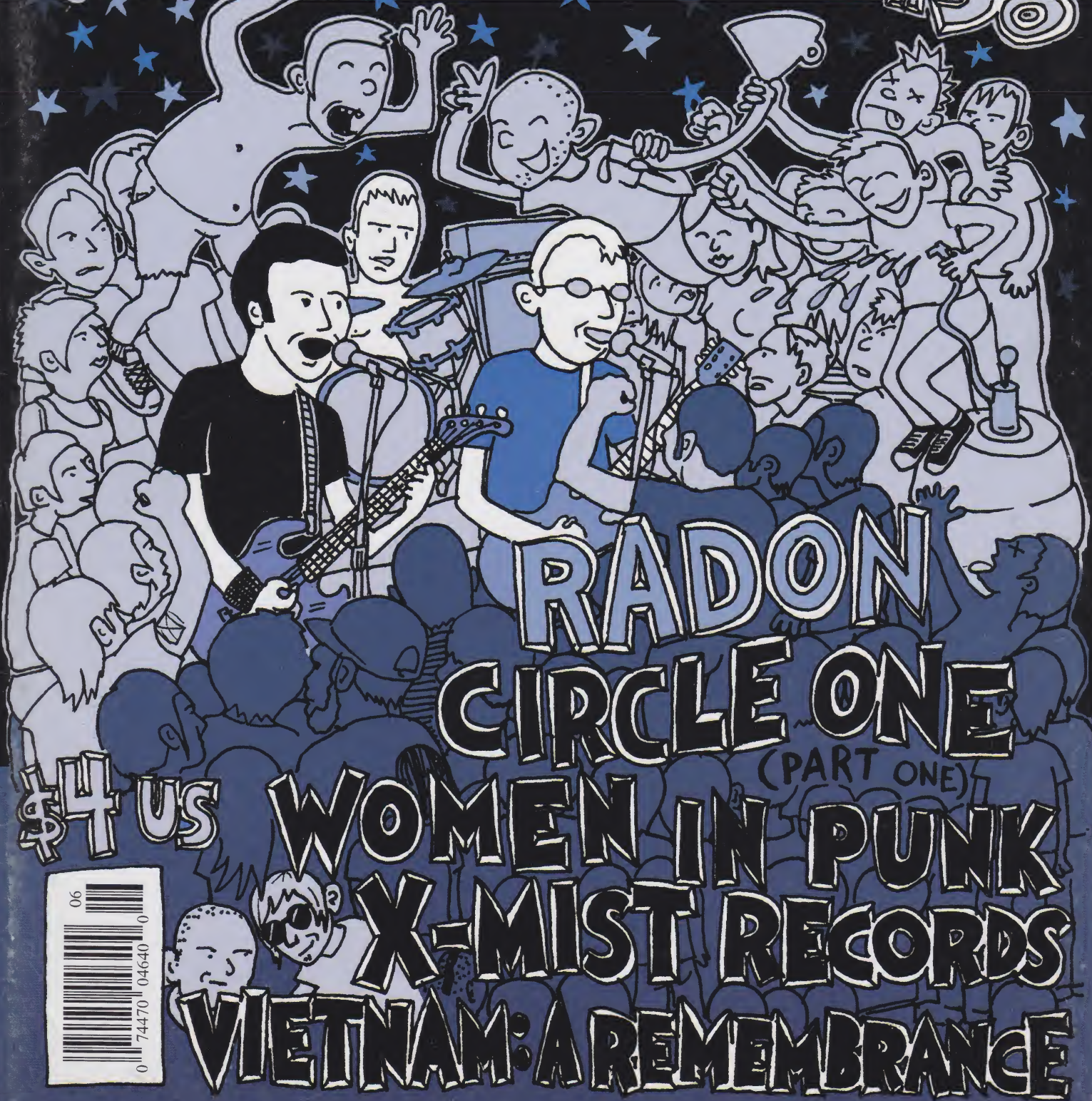


# RAZZORCAKE

WE DO OUR PART #38



## RADON CIRCLE ONE

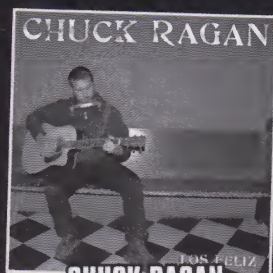
(PART ONE)

\$4 US

WOMEN IN PUNK  
X-MIST RECORDS  
VIETNAM: A REMEMBRANCE

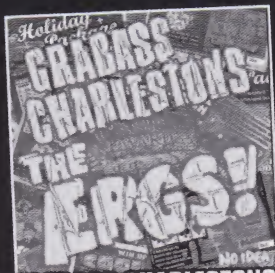






**CHUCK RAGAN**  
 "Los Feliz (live)" LP  
**CHUCK RAGAN**

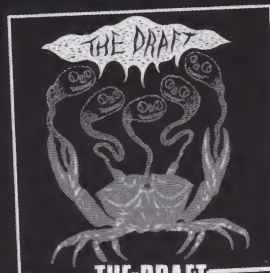
"Blueprint Sessions" iTunes  
*Download the sold-out 7" series!*



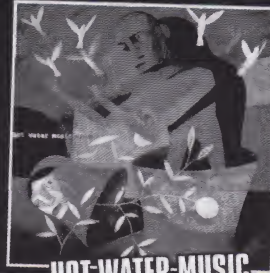
**GRABASS CHARLESTONS  
 & THE ERGS**  
 7" / iTunes



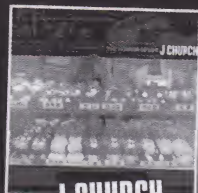
**BRIDGE AND TUNNEL**  
 7" / iTunes



**THE DRAFT**  
 "Devil in the Shade" 7"  
 "Stop Wastin' My Time" 7"  
 "In a Million Pieces" LP



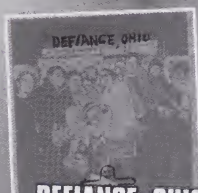
**HOT WATER MUSIC**  
 "No Division" LP / iTunes  
 "Forever and Counting" LP  
 "Fuel for the Hate Game" LP/CD  
 "Never Ender" LP/CD  
 "Finding the Rhythms" LP/CD  
 "Live at the Hardback" CD  
 ...and more!



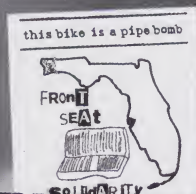
**J-CHURCH**  
 "The Horror of Life" LP/CD



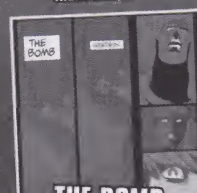
**LATTERMAN**  
 "We Are Still Alive" LP



**DEFIANCE, OHIO**  
 "Share What Ya Got" LP  
 "The Great Depression" LP/CD



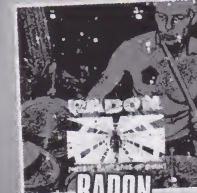
**THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB**  
**"FRONT SEAT SOLIDARITY" LP**  
 "Three Way Tie for a Fifth" LP



**THE BOMB**  
 "Indecision" LP



**FIFTH HOUR HERO**  
 "Not Revenge" LP/CD



**RADON**  
 "Metric Buttloads of Rock!" CD  
 "We Bare All" CD / "28" CD



**AGAINST ME!**  
 "Reinventing Axl Rose" LP/CD  
 "The Disco" 7"/CDep  
 "Cavalier" 7" / "Sink" 7"

• THOUSANDS OF RECORDS, CDS, SHIRTS, AND OTHER FUN STUFF ONLINE •

[noidearecords.com](http://noidearecords.com)

POB 14636 GNV FL 32604

**NO IDEA**

**!MAILORDER!**



# RIP THIS PAGE OUT

PLEASE

*Razorcake* is the only official non-profit music magazine in America dedicated to supporting independent music culture. Non-profit? It means that no one can make a profit off of *Razorcake*. All the money made goes right back into producing the magazine, updating the website, and day-to-day operations.

As a non-profit, *Razorcake* is now a cultural ambassador of the independent, grassroots, underground punk rock community. Our mission is to cover, support, and celebrate the artistic community that exists below the corporate media's radar. And this month, we're launching *Razorcake Records*.

All the money that is donated goes directly to keeping *Razorcake* strong and doing our part to make sure no one steals our culture from us, only to sell it back in a more diluted form. If you have any money you are willing to spare, please make a tax-deductible donation to *Razorcake*. You can easily donate by going to our website, [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) and clicking on "Donate." If you have any questions, please email: [donations@razorcake.org](mailto:donations@razorcake.org).

Thank you.

If you wish to donate through the mail, please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.  
Attn: Nonprofit Manager  
PO Box 42129  
Los Angeles, CA 90042

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Company name if giving a corporate donation \_\_\_\_\_

Name if giving on behalf of someone \_\_\_\_\_

Donation amount \_\_\_\_\_

*Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.*, a California not-for-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. Our tax ID number is 05-0599768. Your gift is tax deductible to the full extent provided by law.

# RAZORCAKE

We Do Our Part

[www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:  
U.S. — bulk: \$15.00 • U.S. — 1st class, in envelope: \$21.00  
Prisoners: \$21.00 • Canada: \$25.00 • Mexico: \$33.00  
Anywhere else: \$50.00

(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Used if we have any questions. We won't bother you needlessly.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

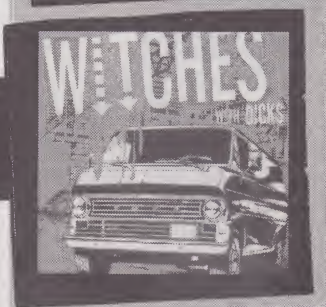
The next 50 subscribers will receive either the *Geisha Girls In the Monotone b/w Last Touch 7"* (Project Infinity) or a *Witches With Dicks Manual CD* (Kiss of Death)

(Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.)

☐ Yes! I have a turntable.

☐ Yes! I'd like to be on the *Razorcake* email list

Return this with your payment to: *Razorcake*, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042  
If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #39, please indicate what number.







don't forget to  
check out

**razorcake.org**

It's regularly being updated  
with exclusive material, plus we have  
a distro that we keep stocked  
with all our favorite  
vinyl and zines !!!

The Bananas  
photo by Megan Pants

**razorcake.org**



## Four Pink Bunnies and Bloodstains

Visualize a chainsaw splitting a human ribcage, stalling with an sickening clunk as it hits the pelvis of a loved one. The machine bucks backward then digs back in. Exhaust fumes and bone smoke fill the claustrophobic room as the shadowy figure turns towards you, revving the tinny motor, chain clanking.

Business is such a terrorizing word in punk. It's a taboo of dollar signs dancing in eyes, of ogre-ish greed, of something that automatically dismembers bands, scenes, communities, and reeks of decaying capitalism.

With this zine, we take a lot of abuse to follow our vision. There's no secret benefactor. *Razorcake* started with monies that Sean Carswell and I had saved from physical labor and it has paid its own way, breaking even for the past six years, thanks to the support of, now, thousands of people.

*Razorcake's* printed locally. Everyone who we come contact with—from contributors, readers (yep, you), advertisers, and stores who carry us—are conscientiously treated honestly. That's just how we roll. (People who get bad reviews, remember that honestly doesn't mean telling you what you want to hear.) We keep it in the family as much as possible.

*Razorcake* is my fulltime job. It has been since the zine's inception. I didn't take this job from anyone. I made it for myself. (If you think it's easy, the door's open. Quit your job, relinquish any benefit of stability, and start working on something brand new for yourself. Nothing's stopping you.) My job's keeping the good ship *Razorcake* afloat. If I lose my job, *Razorcake* will have to dramatically change course.

Non-profit status be damned, people still screech, finger-wagging, trying to make me feel bad: "You're making a profit off of punk!" Huh.

Strange. So, I should go to work for someone else to make a buck off of me? You would rather I not make this endeavor self-sustainable, to not watch out for the pitfalls, for it to disappear like *Clamor*? As much as some may want to believe, good intentions and ideals still don't pay for rolls of tape, envelopes, and postage. (These ideals are important, but if you want me to listen, show me *your currently working example*, not the land of "should," or "at one time...".)

I'm no fan of it, but we live in a capitalist society. As much as I'd like to live in a world where I could trade four pink bunnies for that awesome new Measure {SA} 7" or the memory of a rainbow for a Jim Thompson book, I can't. Currently, our printer doesn't take "scene credits"; they take a certified check upon pickup. The gas bill isn't being paid by playing a gig in front of the gas company's collection center. Self-satisfaction has never filled a touring van with fuel.

It's been awhile since I've been splattered with my own blood. The fridge died. I couldn't afford to get it repaired, so I figured out the basics and discovered, the hard way, that the solid-looking oval next to the compressor was really a quick-moving fan when I stuck my finger in the middle of it. Blood hit the ceiling and an epic battle ensued (the coldness of beer a week later was the final testament that I'd conquered the appliance). It got me to thinking.

It comes down to case-by-case, day-to-day fairness. We live in a world that's all too often a vicious monster, bent on dismemberment. *Razorcake's* trying to make a little oasis, trying to neither be suckers ourselves, nor sucking the blood of the folks who all help make it happen.

It's all I can promise we'll ever do.

—Todd Taylor

### AD DEADLINES

#### ISSUE #39

June 1st, 2007

#### ISSUE #40

August 1st, 2007

Visit [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)

for rates and details.

Our ad rates are super duper.

### AD SIZES

• Full page, 7.5" wide, 10" tall.

• 1/2 pg: 7.5" wide, 5" tall.

• 1/4 pg: 3.75" wide, 5" tall.

• 1/6 pg: 2.5" wide, 5" tall.

• Please make all checks out to

*Razorcake*.

• We only accept electronic ads.

• All ads are black and white.

• We don't reserve ad space.

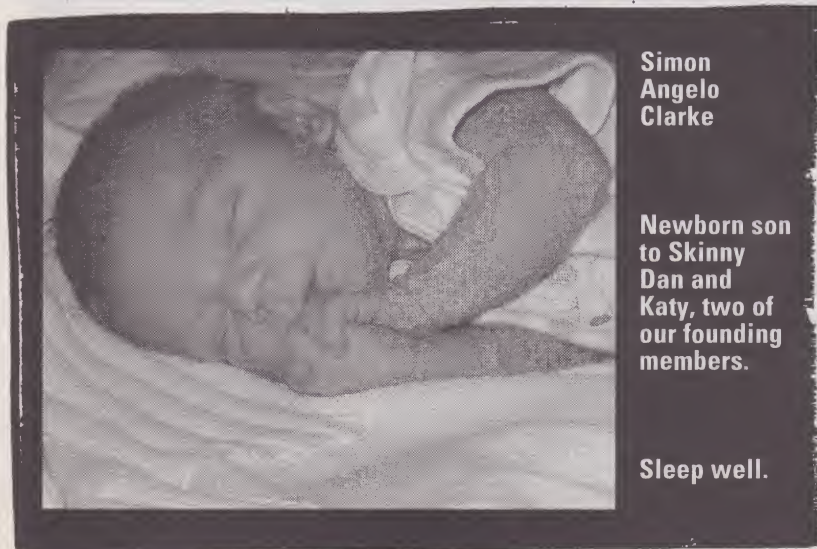
Cover by Ben Snakepit, colorized by Amy Adoyzie

"I don't believe in boredom. It's a euphemism for laziness.

People do nothing, and then complain they're bored." —Thomas M. Disch

RIP Kurt Vonnegut. Say hey to Rodney Dangerfield and pull a Triple Lindy wherever you are.

Contact *Razorcake* via our regularly updated website: [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)



Simon  
Angelo  
Clarke

Newborn son to  
Skinny  
Dan and  
Katy, two of  
our founding  
members.

Sleep well.

**THANK YOU:** It's kind of like a "Where's Waldo" of the drunk and stupid thanks to Ben Snakepit for the cover; RIP hard drive, melted Apple thanks to Amy for the colorizing; Traffic from the view of a fish that's blinking really fast thanks to Kris Tripplaar for his photo in Liz O.'s column; There are no dollar bills in Canada, only loonies, and super-nice Canadians thanks to Bev Davies for her shots in Jim's and Nardvuar's columns; Out of step... with the world thanks to Maynard for his sheep illustration in Gary's column; R O C K I N C H I N A thanks to Miao Tie Fue for Amy's illustration; Mike Love sure loves his headband collection thanks to Travis T. for his illustration in Nerb's column; See all those records in the background? They melted when the Rhythm Chicken burned the No Idea HQ to the ground with his ruckus thanks to Replay Dave for his photo; There's so many fun ways to misspell "Dumb" thanks to Ryan Gelatin for his illustration in Dale's column; Here's an extra Fuck You Dale, because I'm feeling saucy; Joe Strummer should be at the top of every punk rock bowling trophy from here on out thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illustration in Sean's column; Sometimes, there's no joke in the thanks, but a sincere bow of the head, thanks to Roxxy Epoxy for her We Are Not Men article; Paisley steak knife thanks to Mike Vallejo, Jimmy Alvarado, and Amy Adoyzie for all the parts to the Circle One interview; We get it, we get it. You beer is much better than ours because our water's poisoned and your civilization's older than ours thanks to Jan Rohik for his X-Mist interview; Yes, that's a cockitar on the first page of the interview thanks to Uri Garcia for the Radon layout; It's not science fiction, but photographic fact that Radon rules thanks to Lindsay Beaumont and Madeline Claire for their photos; Photos directly from the memento wall thanks to Mike Leach for talking to his son about Vietnam, and thanks to Keith Rosson for digitally cuttin' and pastin' the layout; People are now complaining that their good reviews aren't good enough thanks, to Jessica T., Keith Rosson, Mr. Z, Kurt Morris, Maddy Tight Pants, Sarah Shay, Buttershot, Susan Chung, Ryan Leach, Mike Frame, Joe Evans III, Sean Koeppenick, Adrian Salas, Jason Donnerparty, Dave Disorder, Jimmy Alvarado, Josh Benke, Craven Rock, CT Terry, Chris Devlin, Hannah Cox, Aphid Peewit, and Bryan Static; Got yelled at by the landlord for cranking Motörhead when we were packing this last issue thanks to Patricia, Alex, Susan, Donofthedeat, Chris Devlin, and Stacy Smilanick thanks for help with the big mailout. Todd thanks his Anal Tarkus 2007 tourmates Mike Faloon and Jennifer Whiteford.



# OK.BRING THE TROOPS HOME



## ARRIVALS

MARVELS OF INDUSTRY LP/CD

## THE QUEERS

MUNKI BRAIN LP  
LOVE SONGS FOR THE RETARDED LP

## TOYS THAT KILL

SHANKED! LP/CD Out Now!  
CONTROL THE SUN LP(pic disk)& CD  
THE CITIZEN ABORTION LP/CD

*off with their heads* ♥  
the HOSPITALS CD

## Bananas

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT LP  
FORBIDDEN FRUIT LP

## SWING DING A MIGOS

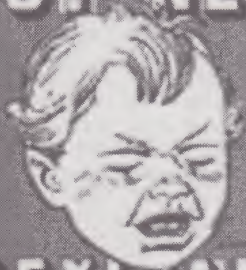
KINGS OF CULO LP/CD

ALL PRICES POSTPAID WITHIN USA  
7"=\$3 LP=\$8 CD/2xLP=\$10 book w/cd \$15

RECESS P.O.B 1666 SAN PEDRO, CA 90733  
WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM



HOT NEW



MEXICANS

HOT NEW MEXICANS 7"



DAN PADILLA/MADISON  
BLOODBATH 7"

## FAST CROWD RECORDS

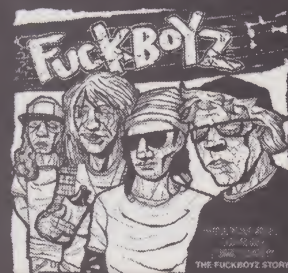
NEW 7" FROM HOT NEW MEXICANS  
AND A SPLIT 7" FROM MADISON  
BLOODBATH AND DAN PADILLA



ALTAIRA/WATCH IT BURN 7"



TILTWHEEL/OFF WITH  
THEIR HEADS 7"



FUCKBOYZ DISCOG. CD



DAN PADILLA/CHINESE  
TELEPHONES 7"



ALL 7" \$4ppd  
CDS \$7ppd



SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO  
J.J. ELMORE OR JOSH PARRIS  
2721 WIGHTMAN ST.  
SAN DIEGO CA. 92104  
FASTCROWDRECORDS@HOTMAIL.COM

ONLINE ORDERS  
MYSPACE.COM/FCRECS  
LITTLETTYPE.COM  
MYSPACE.COM/ADDRECORDS  
NOIDEARECORDS.COM



# RAZORCAKE

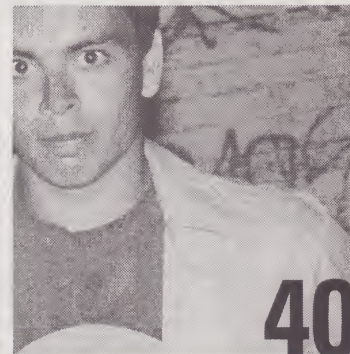
Issue #38 June / July 2007

PO Box 42129  
Los Angeles, CA 90042  
[www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)

## WE DO OUR PART

### COLUMNS

- 6 Liz O. *Guerrilla My Dreams*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Gary Hornberger *Squeeze My Horn*
- 12 Amy Adoyzie *Monster of Fun*
- 14 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 15 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *Power Pop Police*
- 20 The Rhythm Chicken *The Dinghole Reports*
- 22 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 23 This Issue's Fuck You Dale (There's one every issue.)
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 26 Nardwuar The Human Serviette *Who Are You?*
- 30 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*



### INTERVIEWS

- 32 *We Are Not Men: Women in Punk* by Roxy Epoxy
- 40 *Circle One* by Jimmy Alvarado and Todd Taylor
- 48 *X-Mist* by Jan Rohlk
- 56 *Radon* by Megan Pants
- 64 *Vietnam, Then and Now* by Ryan Leach



### FAVORITES<sub>AND</sub>REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *Jenny Moncayo's grandmother hits a bike cop then blames him for being in the way...*
- 78 Record *"Hardcore" songs about Gettysburg, written by the Confederates. I can't make this stuff up...*
- 104 Zine *Way to go, Patty Perfect...*
- 108 Book *Set in the crabs-ridden crotch of Canada, the East Side of Vancouver...*

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III

This issue of Razorcake and [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) were put together by: Todd Taylor, Megan Pants, Sean Carswell, Jenny Moncayo, Daryl Gussin, Skinny Dan, Chris Baxter, Amy Adoyzie, Keith Rosson, Juila Smut, Chris Devlin, Lord Kveldulfr, Ph.D., Joe Evans III, Uri Garcia, Adrian Salas, and Hannah Cox.

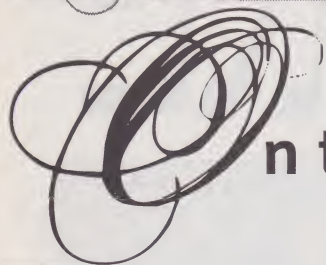
**Moving? Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us as before your move. Bulk mail doesn't forward.**

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$3.00 ppd. in the U.S. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00 bulk rate or \$21.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free stuff. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Write us and we'll give you a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St, SF, CA 94117 or Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 (who don't ship to CA prisons). Want to distribute *Razorcake* in the United States? Email [megan@razorcake.org](mailto:megan@razorcake.org) for all the details. "...Better to be strange together than strange apart." Thomas M. Disch, *On Wings of Song*.





**"They were at least one seatbelt shy of California state law."**



## **n the Road with Nothing but Music**

There is one truth about Los Angeles: The intersection of Hollywood and Highland is the worst in the city. It doesn't matter whether you are trying to cross at 9 AM, 3 PM, 10 PM or 2 AM, you will spend more time trying to get through one of these four lights than you will spend on the 101 driving to the farthest reaches of the San Fernando Valley. We end up here a lot, the consequence of absentmindedly selecting the direct route home as opposed to the countless, convoluted short cuts we have developed over the years.

The Hollywood and Highland crunch extends roughly a half-mile in each direction past the mall on the corner, the mall that also plays host to the Academy Awards. We sat in that mess as no fewer than six songs bled into each other to form the DJ mix spinning inside my CD player. Carlos was driving, or

rather, creeping forward one half-inch for every eight beat stretch of techno that past through the speakers. Our night was ending with a series of low register grumblings of "Learn how to drive, asshole" uttered shortly before the witching hour.

The kids in the beater Toyota weaved in and out of traffic with a sense of daring lost on people old enough to drink. They were at least one seatbelt shy of complying with California state law and whether or not their blood-alcohol level was out of range was for the LAPD to decide. They pumped the bass as much as possible for a car that seemed to have far exceeded its expected lifespan and a girl in white sunglasses challenged everyone else at the light to follow suit. The boys in the Honda next us took the challenge of the girl in

the white sunglasses, lifting their arms to rest against the car ceiling and shaking it like they were already inside one of the Hollywood dance clubs. We turned up the bass and giggled. The girl with the white sunglasses was pleased. So were we. For a few moments, the giddiness erased the claustrophobic feelings that traffic always provokes.

A few days later, I was stuck by myself in the same mess on the opposite side of the intersection. I spent the four of five green lights that it takes to cross Hollywood Boulevard, listening to a European DJ mixing together dance tracks on our local NPR station.

"It's peanut butter jelly time. Peanut butter jelly time."

**I wonder about the reactions of those who spy on our pint-sized parties on wheels.**

**Do they think we have lost our minds?**





I locked into the vocal line, a TV show gag swiped from an Internet gag, set to a mid-tempo kick-snare that screamed “smack my ass.”

I looked up and a carload of college-aged blonde girls were dancing in the car, embracing the few fleeting years when the weekend starts on Thursday and lasts through Monday. One of the girls rose from the back seat, hunched over and shook her derriere for the 500 other people trying to get in or out of Hollywood. Then she smacked herself on the backside.

In Los Angeles, we are our most liberated while locked inside cars that are stuck in the center lane of traffic. With no easy means of escape, we embrace the seconds as they link together into minutes and, oftentimes, hours. We sing at the top of our lungs, move our bodies in seizure-like patterns and scream obscenities at jaywalkers and Sports Entitlement Vehicle drivers that we might never use in polite company. We do this because we know that the hundreds or thousands of people trapped beside us are doing the same thing, or at least thinking about doing the same thing, and we will never see them again.

The only time anyone will ever hear me sing is in the car. Okay, there was that time when my friend and I decided to perform Spandau Ballet's early '80s hit “True” as a duet on a makeshift karaoke system in his backyard. Mid-song, the skies opened and an unexpected downpour fell upon us, as though, in a matter of two minutes, Old

Testament God decided that he really needed to strike down our gear like Genesis-era sinners. That was the first and last time I ever sang in public.

My voice is thin and of a limited range that might only be deemed appropriate when emitted by a *jeune fille* under the direction of Serge Gainsbourg. But Monsieur Gainsbourg died ages ago and, therefore, no one will hear my voice outside of the car. Inside the safety of the automobile, though, the limitations of actual talent recede. I can pretend, for a few moments at least, that I am Kate Bush or Sinead O'Connor or Siouxsie Sioux, even though I know that no amount of strain will help me hit those notes.

The delusions increase exponentially when my friends are also in the car. We form imaginary rock bands whose signature cover tune is whatever happens to pipe through the stereo. The songs date back to our collective childhood, songs that involve salacious lyrics and/or deadpan deliveries augmented by synthesizers that now sound dated. Over a decade ago, when my dorm-inhabiting friends and I started clubbing five nights a week, the song was “The Chauffer,” a Duran Duran ballad that we knew we would hear at the goth clubs we frequented, but played in the car nonetheless. We would fast forward and rewind the mixed tapes that I had in constant supply until we reached that languid keyboard melody. Depending on our mood, we would follow along in either whisper tones or giddy sing-song voices; whatever it took to get to that part where we could all join in the cry of “Sing blue silver.”

These days, I drive solo or with my boyfriend. When Carlos and I are together, the sing-a-long is almost always “One Night in Bangkok,” performed by Murray Head, written by Tim Rice and ABBA alumni Björn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson, and featured in *Chess*, a musical that we didn't know existed until I came across the entire soundtrack in a two dollar used bin. Whether or not “One Night in Bangkok” is actually playing in the background, it is the perfect accompaniment for gridlock, particularly with the cartoonish sleaze dripping from Carlos' voice as he announces that, “the queens we use will not excite you” and the backup singer in the passenger seat missing notes while belting, “One night in Bangkok makes a hard man humble/ Not much between despair and ecstasy.”

I don't know if anyone ever hears us when we are in rock star mode. I like to think that they don't, that either we aren't so bold as to cause a commotion or that we are just part of a sea of cars each filled with people trying to lose themselves in the midst of jams none of us can escape. Sometimes, though, I wonder about the reactions of those who spy on our pint-sized parties on wheels. Do they think we have lost our minds? Do they presume that we are a bunch of degenerates with lousy taste in music? Or, do they think of us the way I thought of the kids in the cars stuck on Highland, a cure for impending road rage? I hope it's the latter.

—Liz Ohanesian

Photo by Kris Tripplaar







# LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

**"I live in California. This doesn't make me special (okay it does, but not by much)."**

## I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOUR BAD ELECTION

On Election Day in America I exercised my right to vote by not voting.

For the record, I refuse to feel badly about this decision. I am neither apathetic nor anarchic. If I lived in Ohio or Florida or some other poisonous shit-kicked corner of the Republican stronghold, er, United States, I would undoubtedly feel differently, I would undoubtedly be angry all the time and motivated to do something about the status quo (even if only in bars, raging about how fucked everything is). I care very much about young Americans from the bottom third of the socioeconomic strata being lured to fight in a land faraway for disingenuous reasons. I don't like my politics salted with religion. I worry about the environment.

The fact of the matter is I don't live in Republicanland, I live in California, which, on the liberal scale, is somewhere to left of France and the right of Venezuela. California is the fifth largest economy in the world and it is our god-given right to suck down expensive lattes and cheap burritos, fret over box office receipts, clip coupons for granola, and eat happy hour sushi. In California, we may spend \$100 on dancing shoes, but then we wear those mutherfuckas out.

This doesn't make me special (okay it does, but not by much), but you need to understand we do things differently out here, meaning pretty much whatever the fuck we want, when we want, for as long as we want, and if that means going to see Joan Jett and the Blackhearts in Hollywood on Election night, then so be it.

(Okay, I realize this is flawed logic, a kind of if-then statement that the President uses to make his points, the old you're-either-with-us-or-against-us routine with no gray area in between. I know I could have voted and gone to see Joan Jett. I could have gotten up early or made it to the voting station after work. That's not the point. The point I'm struggling to make here is that it's my right as a Californian first and as an Angeleno second to make bad decisions without having to pay a price for them. Just because this isn't the case in most other places in the country, to say nothing of the world, doesn't mean I should be expected to feel badly about these decisions. Besides, it's not like it was a *Presidential* election. The Decider-in-Chief position was not up for grabs. If they start

shutting down gas stations and firebombing Starbucks then I'll know the revolution is *on*. Until then, I'll keep drinking microbrew and watching YouTube in my underwear.)

In truth, the only thing I regret about skipping the elections and going to see Joan Jett is that it ended up being the very last show I saw before shipping out to San Diego, and I have mixed feelings about that. It's a little like being sent before a firing squad and when they ask you what you'd like for your last meal you request a package a microwaved mini corndogs and a warm glass of milk.

In my defense, I'd like to state that the impetus for going to see the show was a rumor that the Riverboat Gamblers were opening up for Joan Jett and the Blackhearts at the Henry Fonda Theater in Hollywood. I poked around on the Internet, made a few calls, and determined that this probably wasn't true, but Throwrag and the Eagles of Death Metal were definitely going to play and I was able to call in a favor and score free tickets. I was down.

I waited in line, gave my plus one to a woman in line behind me, and met some friends who were celebrating a birthday in the bar. Several seven-dollar shots of Irish whiskey later, I realized I'd missed Throwrag. For some reason I always miss Throwrag. I'm not really sure why this is. I like Throwrag. I've seen Throwrag a bunch of times, but if Throwrag is headlining I'll have to leave early, and if they're playing early I'll show up late. So, no Throwrag, and I couldn't even use the government as an excuse.

The next band, The Eagles of Death Metal, took me by surprise. I was expecting something a bit grittier, a pack of drug-addled guitar vermin copping Queens of the Stone Age ironic sludge for a quick merchandising deal, like a car or shampoo ad, and then high-tail it back to Bakersfield or Fresno or whatever crap town they crawled out of.

But no.

The Eagles of Death Metal served up genuine California rock'n' roll in love with California rock'n' roll. They reminded me of early Cheap Trick. They sounded like a band that was turned on by late Cheap Trick and then worked their way back through the early stuff. Anyway, The Eagles of Death Metal nailed that "Lipstick on Your Collar" backbeat that can really make a song go and

they had the chops to run with it—at least for a little while.

(Later that weekend I sat in front of my computer in my underwear and YouTube Cheap Trick's "He's a Whore" and watched the video six or seven times in a row. Cheap Trick is one of those bands that came out of nowhere. They were so talented and so strange that you wonder how the hell they ever got a record deal because they sure as hell didn't fit the mold of what a rock band was supposed to look like back then. They were simultaneously ahead of and behind the times. Watch the video and you'll see why Cheap Trick's self-titled debut was the very first record review in *Flipside* #1, this magazine's deadbeat step-daddy.)

Anyway, the nice thing about the Henry Fonda Theater is that you can get away from the music (too far, perhaps) and hang out on the outdoor patio upstairs. You can actually have a conversation with people. You can smoke cigarettes if that's your thing. They rape you at the bar, but at least the bartenders serve up a decent pour. In other words, a nice place to visit.

Now, this may come as a surprise, but there were a lot of lesbians out on the patio that night. In Los Angeles that means a lot of Joan clones and lipstick lesbians. A woman I spoke with confessed she wanted to be Joan Jett when she was a little girl, and looking around I could see that she wasn't alone: there were women from fifteen to forty-five years-old sporting inky black mullets, excessive eye shadow, and leather bondage bracelets. Joan Jett had given them the courage to dye their hair, start bands, eat pussy, etc. and they'd come out to her show to thank her for it, which is pretty cool. I heard it over and over again until I began to think it was a little strange that while Joan Jett had given them the courage to re-invent themselves, she looked *exactly the same*. (In literature this is called foreshadowing.)

If you're like most people, you didn't know Joan Jett And The Blackhearts put out a new album late last year, and know that you do you're probably not wondering if the album is any good but if Ms. Jett has kept her looks. She has. In fact, she looks freaking fantastic in that Suzy Quatro meets Tommy Ramone kind of way, so that whether you're a man, woman or something in between she's



JOAN JETT  
 had given them  
 the courage  
 TO DYE THEIR HAIR,  
 START BANDS,  
 AND EAT PUSSY.

And they'd  
 come out to her  
 show, which  
 IS PRETTY COOL.

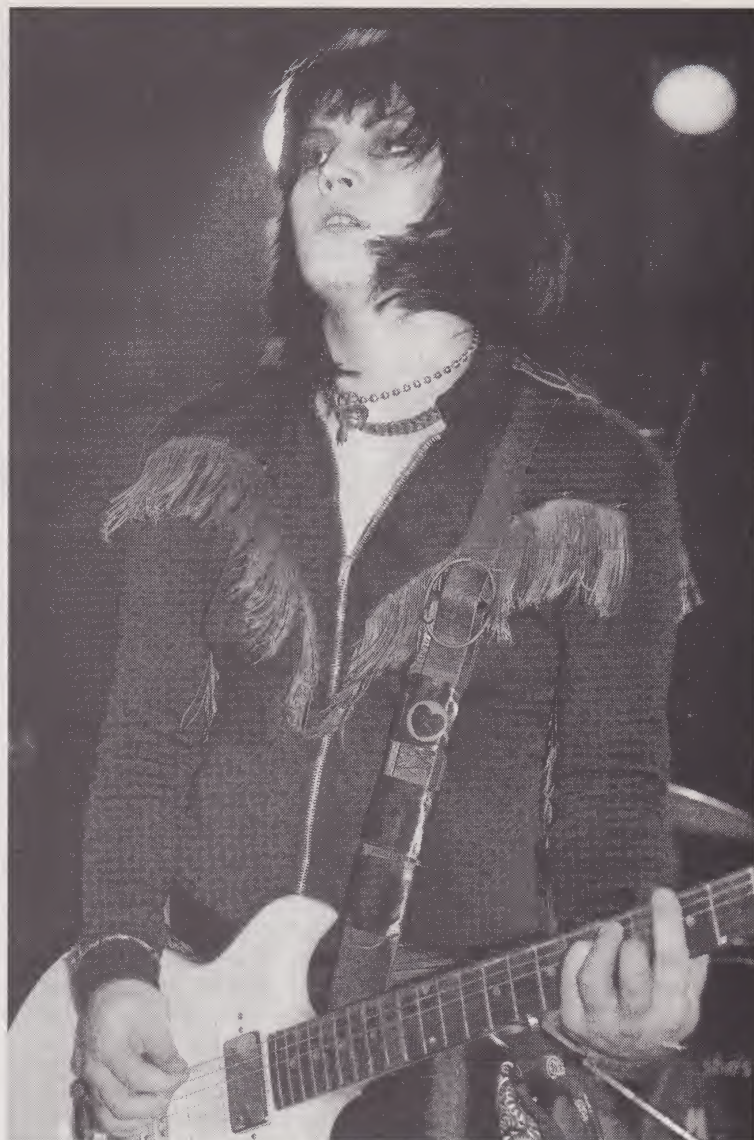


Photo by Bev Davies

got that ineffable “it” that gets whatever you’ve got under the hood a-rumblin’.

(While we’re on the subject of YouTube, check out Suzy Quatro. Ye god does that woman rock! While she looks pretty sexy, she’s not trying to look as sexy as some of the dudes in the band are, which says something, I’m just not sure what. To put it another way, Suzy Quatro is to Joan Jett what Cheap Trick is to the Eagles of Death Metal.

Now, I don’t care if Joan Jett is taking hormones. I don’t care if her triceps are bigger than mine. I don’t even care if she’s had plastic surgery (because if she has it’s on her face, not her breasts, and if there was ever a look made to hide the effects of the surgeon’s knife, Joan’s got it with those high cheekbones and that dark hair spilling all over the place.) She looks just as good, if not better, than she did when she was handing out piss pops to dudes who hit on her girlfriends.

As for The Blackhearts, they did their job and stayed out of the spotlight—not that you give a rat’s ass about the bleeding Blackhearts. It’s Joan Jett and her bad reputation that you give a damn about, and when she kicked off

her set with her signature song, the crowd, as they say, went wild.

She followed this up with a cover of “Cherry Bomb,” a song Jett wrote with Kim Fowley, the man who maestroed the Runaways and willed them into existence when she was just fifteen years old. Cherrie Curry came up on stage, looking like a perky little soccer MILF, tossed off a quick dedication to the late Sandy West, and belted out the crowd-pleaser. If there was ever a song that sounded the death knell of glam, rounded punk into form, and anticipated the crunching stupidity of heavy metal, it’s “Cherry Bomb.” I loved every second of it, but where do you go from a song that’s by, for, and about teenage poontang?

Downhill and fast.

The rest of the set was a letdown and showed that Ms. Jett’s musical taste hasn’t changed much more than her fashion sense. It wasn’t awful, unless listening to musicians wank around on their guitars like it was 1982 is awful, but not even the sticky Gary Glitter cover—a deft little paean to sexual freedom?—could salvage the show.

(While you’re on YouTube, check out Gary Glitter. The live footage is a freaking revelation/morbidly hysterical. I’m old enough to know who Gary Glitter is and understand that jokes about his sexual predilections, but I didn’t really *know* Gary Glitter until I watched four or five of his videos circa the starship ‘70s. Say what you want about the costumes, the songs are catchy as hell).

I love rock’n’roll as much as the next person, but after the third song from the new album, I asked myself if it was worth sticking around just to hear her stick another dime in the juke box, baby.

It wasn’t and I bounced.

See, I did vote after all—with my feet.

Next time, I’ll catch the highlights on YouTube.

—Jim Ruland





## SQUEEZE MY HORN

GARY HORNBERGER

**"What, indeed, will happen to the black sheep?"**

# DUE FOR CHANGE

While watching the movie *Night at the Museum*, I was intrigued by the fact that Genghis Khan would instruct his men to pull their enemy's arms off. I know I've written about my problems between the company and the union and that I'm beating a dead horse, but it's contract time again and I can't help but feel the tug from each side. This time, my anger falls more on the union. They use the phrase "taking it back," meaning that they are going to try and get medical benefits and retirement back, plus do away with the two tier system, and get us a raise.

They wouldn't have to take it back if they had never given in. The only real problem I have is the two-tier system which the companies never used anyway. The raise would be so small that the union would absorb it all when they would raise union dues, like they always do, and the rest would be absorbed by the government when we're bumped into the next tax bracket. The medical benefits should not be absolutely free, because I don't know too many people who pay nothing when they see a doctor. Of course, I don't think it should be raised to some ridiculous amount either.

I really don't understand why the union wants to take such a large slice of pie this time around, for no other reason than they looked so bad three years ago. My real problems lie with the employees. I understand that it doesn't take but a high school diploma—and maybe not even that—to get a job in the grocery stores, but does that mean we have to be a flock of sheep and follow the orders of the shepherd (union) when they tell us to vote a certain way? I say this because they just had us vote for the ability to call a strike. This is, supposedly, to bring the company to the bargaining table. We have heard nothing about how the negotiations have been progressing, other than the extensions, and then they want us to vote for a possible strike. Take the extensions until you know for sure that they are giving us a bum contract; we blindly have to show our strength or stupidity, however you look at it.

I had a discussion with the union rep the other day, and I expressed my concerns. Is the union really in my corner or have they turned into a corporation that leaches money

off of us? The last shop steward, who is now employed by the union, would tell of the monthly parties that the union president would hold at his estate on my union sisters' and brothers' dime. Yes, my dues pay their dues, if you get my drift. I had many other problems over the years, but the list is too long. My major point was: why do we only see the union people at contract time, because the rest of the time they couldn't seem to care less about our tiny problems.

This leads to the discussion among employees: "Is the union a necessary evil?" to which I hear yes. This is not to say that I'm a company man, oh far from it, but is it wise for us to open our arms wide to the union? In my discussion with the union rep, I was also informed that the employees don't know how to save money and that the pension needs to be increased. If this is true, and if the union is so concerned, why do they insist that I sign up for the union credit card rather than give me information on retirement investments? One gets you more into debt the other saves for a rainy day. Is that a slap in the face or what?

Lastly, why is it if I go online to the company or union websites, I find no real information on how contract talks are going, but if I go into the *L.A. Times* website there is all kinds of information? It's because the ones who are so concerned would rather keep us in the dark so that when they say, "Flock, turn right," we will do it. What, indeed, will happen to the black sheep? I hate this game. I hate being pitted against my peers. All I want is to be focused, but I'm forced to take a side. I guess the final solution is the one I heard come out of the boss's mouth in a department head meeting of, "If you don't like it, there's always the door." Thanks for such a dire option.

### ARE WE FEELING SAFER YET?

\$12.95 U.S., \$16.95 Can., By Keith Knight  
I love political cartoons. It is always interesting to see how a cartoonist gives his/her views on the world news. This book gives it to the reader square on the head. This book, like most at this time attack the current administration, address the issues of

racism, and pretty much everything else that is newsworthy. I love the little (th)ink in the top left corner of each panel, because that's what it's all about: parody must be analyzed whole heartedly, to extract the gems of humor that lie therein. My favorite panel is for the introduction of the black golf ball by Nike, stating that Nike has broken the final color barrier in golf, and the white balls are asking, "Is it true that you're longer?" Come on, that's funny. It would be interesting to meet the author based on his views of current America. This one's a keeper. (Keith Knight, PO Box 591794, SF, CA 94159-1794, [www.kchronicles.com](http://www.kchronicles.com))

### O PESADELO DE GUSTAVO NINGUEM

By Matthias Lehmann

Thank goodness this is a picture book because I really don't know any French. I purchased this, because the visuals are brutal, sexual, and remind me of voodoo. Most of the figures depicted dance feverishly in the dark wearing little but a mask, while others attack or are attacked and still others dangle from the end of ropes. All of the art is, in its own morbid way, beautiful no matter if the panel is in black and white or in color. This is a picture book of nightmares with each page ensnaring the viewer in a veil of dark creepiness. If there was text, it would surely be anything by Poe. (41 Rue Jobin, 13003 Marseille, France)

### MURDER ME DEAD

\$2.95 U.S., By David Lapham

Perhaps when I go for jury duty in April, I should carry this comic around. I'd be bound to be kicked off of any panel just by seeing the title. *Murder Me Dead* is a courtroom mystery in the whodunit style. Of course, it would have to be a lovers' quarrel, but heck aren't those the best anyway? What made Perry Mason a star was the way he squeezed people while they were on the stand, and that is the same way this book deals with witnesses. In this story, there's some wheeling and dealing—all right, blackmail—going on just outside the courtroom doors. Unsavory types always get squeezed somehow. The story is very predictable, yet in any murder



mystery, the reader needs to know the final verdict, and I may never know because I bought this in Vegas and the story ends in the next issue. If late night Perry Mason on P.B.S. is your thing, this is the book for you. (El Capitan Books, PO Box 351508, LA, CA 90035 elcapitanb@aol.com)

### **MEPHISTO AND THE EMPTY BOX**

\$3.95 U.S., By Jason Hall and Matt Kindt  
This may be bad timing, but this has a taste similar to the two recent movies on the abilities of magicians. I do, however, enjoy the artwork; little devils whispering in your ear always make me smile. This is basically Romeo and Juliet done illusionist style. A poor man loses his new bride in Mephisto's box then takes on Mephisto's act in hopes of bringing her back, and you can basically see where the story goes. As for the writing, it is pretty predictable, but the artwork helps to improve the book greatly. I'll admit that I

bought this straight off the title and the cover art, and yes I would do it again. (Top Shelf Productions, PO Box 1282, Marietta, GA 30061-1282, topshelfcomix.com, pistolwhipcomics.com)

### **INTERIORAE #2**

\$7.95 U.S., By Gabriella Giandelli  
Art-deco-scary is what this book is. I'm not sure about anything that goes on in this story. To start with, the cover of this book is bound with color photos of seventies-era, badly furnished rooms, and I can only imagine that they relate to the story because everything takes place in this apartment building. It must take place around Christmas because a couple of ghosts are decorating the place. There is also this rabbit who can talk to animals, change in size, and reports to some dreary being in the basement. The thing is that all the tenants of the building have crappy lives and all of them are pretty antisocial for a group who all live in close proximity of each

other. One would think if you saw the same people, even in passing, that you would get to know them and have conversations with them, but not in this building. The only people who seem upbeat are the ones no one can see. There is one older woman, who, I'm not sure of but that might be on her deathbed, because she has a strange native Indian type dream. As for the rest of the characters, they're pretty dull. Finally, there is the dark being that lurks in the basement. This entity talks to the rabbit and hides in the dark and we can only see its eyes. Now I'm not really sure, but the basement being walks on the evil side because he wants to kill a little bit out of each of the tenants every night. This is indeed one strange book; some characters are threatening, while others are dull, and some are just plain fun. (Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98175, www.fantagraphics.com)

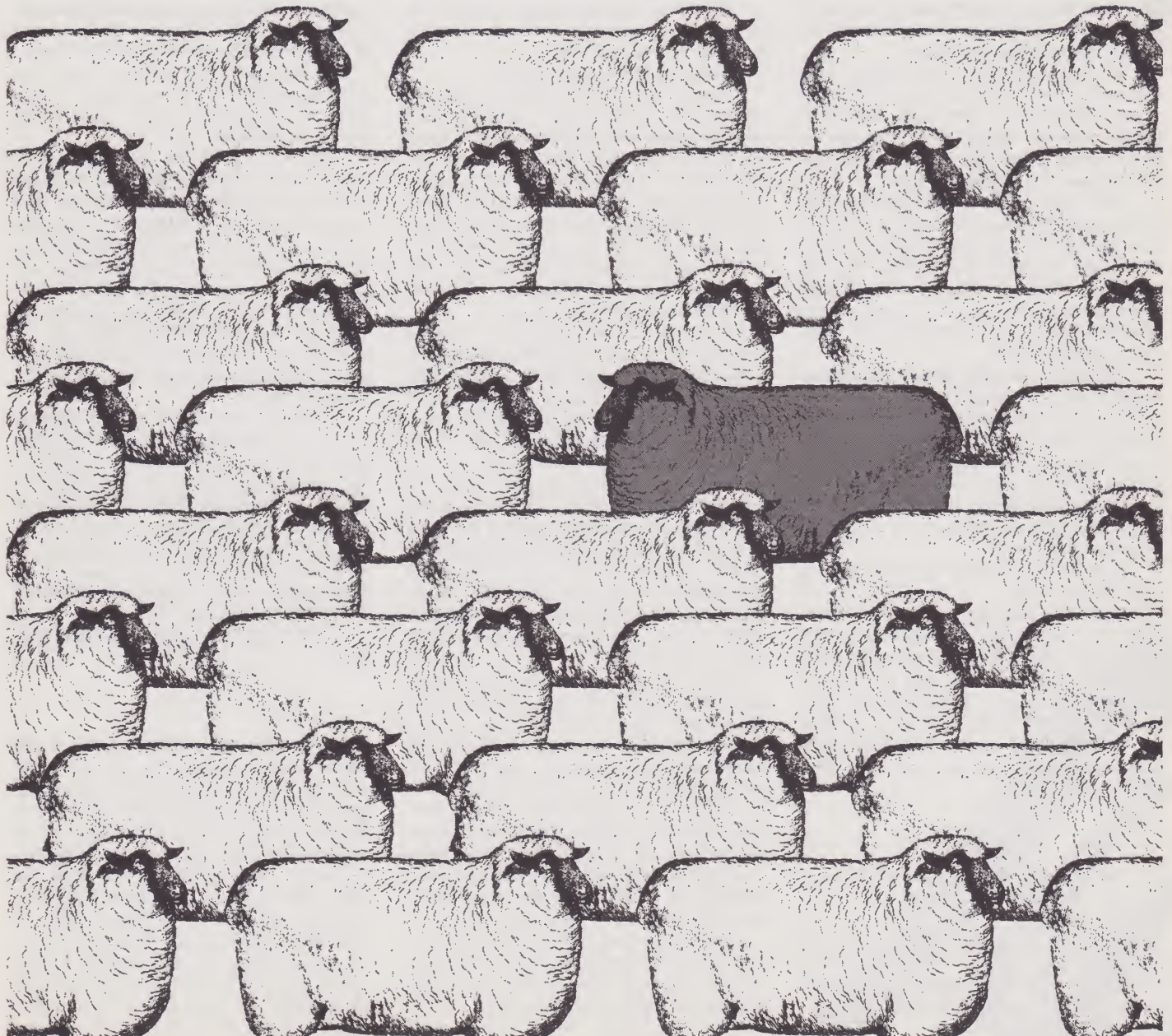
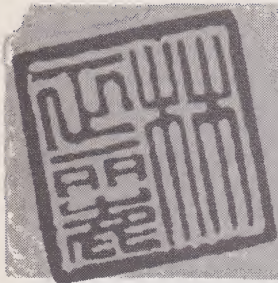


Illustration By Maynard





# MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADYDZIE

**"Remember when  
punk rock was  
dangerous?...  
Nope, me either."**

## Survival of the Punkiest

It's been more than a decade. More than ten years of sweatin' it at shows, flipping through bins of vinyl, and inundating my eardrums to maxed-out amps and speakers. I've been addicted since I was fifteen-years-old, constantly on the prowl for my next auditory fix, trying to recapture the intense high of discovering a new band.

It's like a first kiss. Your heart beats impossibly fast, gushing blood to every square millimeter of your body. Your skin tingles and you step lightly, like you've grown wings. Everything glows as if life had been dipped in a radioactive haze.

The more time spent chasing this intoxicating euphoria, the easier it is to fall into the trap of cynicism. Everyone knows that jaded old punk dude, who's fed up with the lack of good music and won't stop reminiscing about the good ol' days. I was worried that I was crawling down that path in my geriatric stage.

Eventually the same power chords and songs about girls just don't cut it. Everything sounded the same and bands were touring through all the time. I was spoiled on music and nothing less than Greg Cartwright would suffice. I'd whine about not wanting to go to a show because I might have to take *two* busses or the bike ride was going to be more than thirty minutes.

Then I found myself in a developing rural Chinese town.

Folks still haul buckets hanging from a sloping pole across their shoulders, like the old man who comes by every morning hollering, "Toe-fah." He sells tofu out of two small dangling wooden shelves. His deep and scruffy voice carries in between the buildings and up into my third story window, *toe-fah*, and it's the only live music I hear daily.

\*\*\*\*\*

Daniel called, instead of a *hello* he said, "Four six nine eight."

"Hi Daniel."

"Four six nine eight. *Si liu jiu ba.*" *Jiu ba*, depending on your tones can mean either the numbers *nine eight* or *bar*. Daniel continued, "It's the Four Six Bar."

"Okay?" I was puzzled.

"Or you can flip it around. *Ba jiu liu si.*

Eight nine six four is 1989 June fourth." It's an infamous day in Chinese history involving something that starts with the letter "T" and ends in the sound "quare." Look it up.

"What's this mean?" I asked.

"It means you're coming to Changsha and we're gonna go to this place because it's supposed to be a punk bar."

That was all I needed to hear.

Door-to-door, from my placeto Changsha number one middle school, it's a five-hour ride on busses and motorbike taxis. I made the trek without even knowing what band was playing, or even *if* a band was playing. Just the prospect of live music was enough to have me endure the ass-numbing trip. In the past seven months, I've caught two shows in China—both of which were in cities that are plane-rides away. When you're starved, you'll go to great lengths to eat.

Changsha is a developing city wanna-be mired in old school China dilapidation. The well-known bars in town blasts Top 40s from five years ago and Chinese folks only go to the clubs to get shitfaced on cheap liquor and then vomit all over the sidewalk. I had never heard of a place to catch live music.

Daniel knew the owner of the club, but he didn't know he knew. Fang Yao is one of the internet technology guys at the same school that Daniel works at. The punk rock double-life doesn't just inflict those of us who had buttoned-down office day jobs in the States, it's an universal secret superhero identity. They were surprised to see each other across the bar.

Fang Yao is an unassuming and eager dude, who opened the Four Six Bar a year ago. When asked about why he decided to start this club, he strained through his limited English vocabulary and uttered a great understatement, "It's my hobby."

Setting up a punk club in China isn't like collecting stamps or kite flying. It is an endeavor not to be taken lightly, especially in a country with state-controlled media that euphemizes social unrest and government corruption, and that's when it reports it.

Remember when punk rock was dangerous? Like you were worried about your livelihood and the welfare of yourself and your family because of the music you listened to?

Nope, me neither. I haven't been around that long. I wasn't even born yet when

mohawks were sprouting across the heads of the socially disenfranchised.

Being called a weirdo and a freak because you had green hair in high school doesn't count, especially since punk rock has been dolled up, commodified by tattooed rockers on MTV's TRL and sold back to us by clerks with heavy eyeliner at Hot Topic.

Dangerous? Not unless you fear choking on your own vomit after a long night of chugging Sparks and eating shrooms at the Fest.

But in the Four Six Bar, there was a flicker in the air flashing below the dim lights and within clouds of cigarette smoke. In a country where you're constantly surrounded by a mass of people, we found solace at an underground club with a couple dozen punk kids who were seeking the same escape. It felt like a secret, a place for like-minded folks who were all there for the music and the message, and it overwhelmed me. I felt like I was fifteen-years-old again, *touched for the very first time*.

"This is a shit show!" Daniel hollered at me over the choppy drone of buzzing guitars. We watched a group of shirtless dudes flail at each other while the hardcore band, Last Chance of Youth, blasted through their set. I had never been so stoked to see a pack of sweaty yellow bodies running into each other, like their sanity depended on how hard they could mindlessly jerk around. It was punk rock poetry in motion.

I had to talk to Fang Yao about this came to be.

\*\*\*\*\*

I've written about how laughable it was when friends back home would ask if I've seen any good shows because, in Huarong, kids still defecate in the streets and that's as good of a show as I get. China isn't one to disappoint, while I interviewed Fang Yao on the dry lawn across the way from his club, a five-year-old girl squatted five feet from us and sprinkled the grass with her piss. She reminded us of where we were.

Even though we just watched a band calling for revolution with a record titled *Kill or Be Killed*, we were still in a communist country where you watch what you say and to whom.



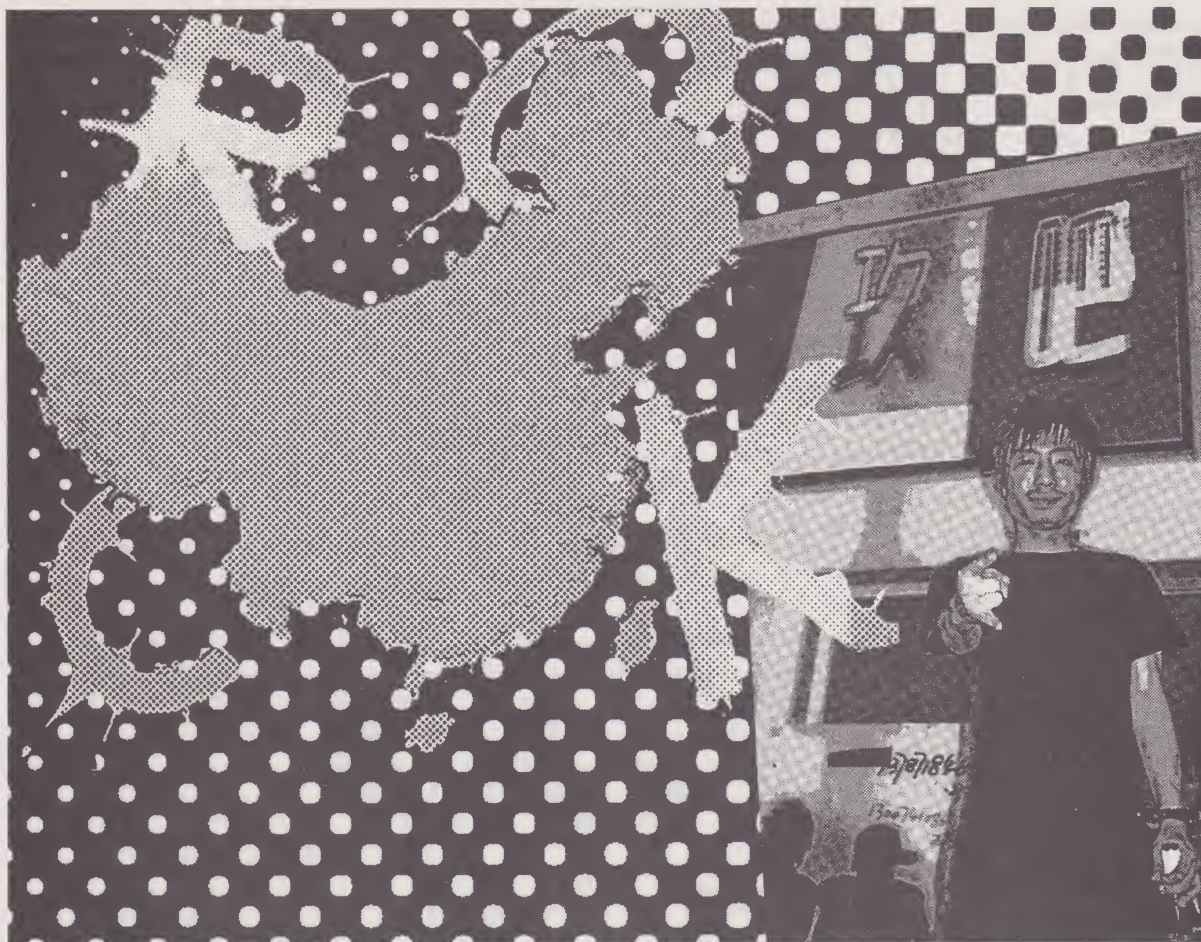


Illustration by Miao Tie Fu

## “Because the music belongs to the world. Because they will be more free to listen to it.”

The preface: Fang Yao is an awesome dude, but there was an undertone of reticence in his answers, which I could sense even through a translator. It's understandable considering that speaking with me might jeopardize the future of his club. He didn't know who I was and simply took my word that I wrote for a punk zine.

It began years ago, Fang Yao was an eighteen-year-old university student when he discovered Nirvana, which was a gateway band to Green Day, The Ramones, and the Sex Pistols. His friends shared a love of music and together they delved into the underground scene that was seeping out of Beijing.

My students are singularly obsessed with contemporary pop; Chinese kids have been born and bred to think alike, so how did he deviate from this?

“Pop music is shit,” Fang Yao replied. He confessed he was also a victim of the pop-listening populace, “but there are many Chinese students who will listen to different music but they don't talk about it.”

Was it difficult to open the club? What types of obstacles are there?

“It is difficult. It's expensive. But I like it. It's my passion.” We were surrounded by a

small group of show-goers who spilled onto the lawn, nursing warm beers as an elderly woman waited nearby to collect the empty Tsingtao bottles. “So many people love pop music. Only a little people like punk music, so it's hard to get people to come. It's too underground.”

He feels that the direction of punk in China will continue to grow “because the music belongs to the world. Because they will be more free to listen to it. The Chinese people will get to know more music.”

When asked about the name of the club, the historical political implications of it, all he said was that it sounded good and, “You can think whatever you want.” He was holding back.

Lots of Americans enjoy punk rock for its message. What about him?

“I like good music and the message of peace and love. I'm against war.” I pried a bit more and mentioned that the majority of punk music is anti-establishment and he replied, “I know there are a lot of punk bands that are against the government, but there are many types of punk music.”

We also talked about Brain Failure, a Chinese punk band who worked with a jeans company in an advertising campaign.

I explained the notion of selling out and how in the States there are lots of punk kids who feel that it's a bad thing.

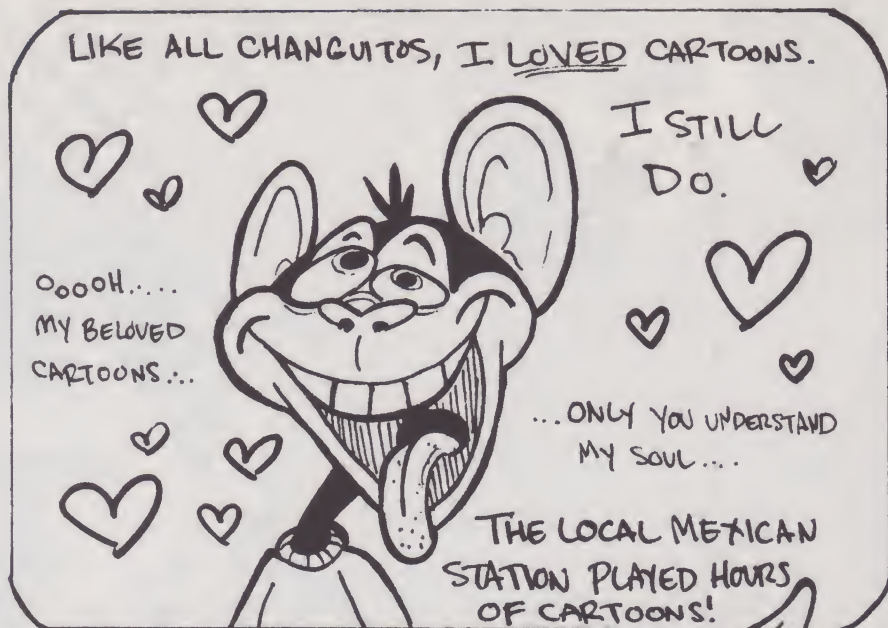
“It's just for survival,” he explained. “In other countries they have money, but we don't.” When a punk band in China gets plucked out of obscurity and a multinational company (who uses sweatshop labor in their country) wants to throw money at them to use their song, it's praised as an accomplishment. This ought to give first-world punk kids a pause for thought, that perhaps the notion of selling-out is based on privilege and inane scene politics.

I felt so young and naïve, scribbling notes beneath the orange glow of the streetlamp, while Fang Yao struggled to express the attitude and essence of our collective punk music collection in English. It was and is about survival, but the message wore thin, like a threadbare band T-shirt, as I grew older and more content with my discontent. But punk rock is still a threat. Just read Fang Yao's final words.

“Punks not dead,” he declared.

—Amy Adoyzie  
amyadoyzie.com



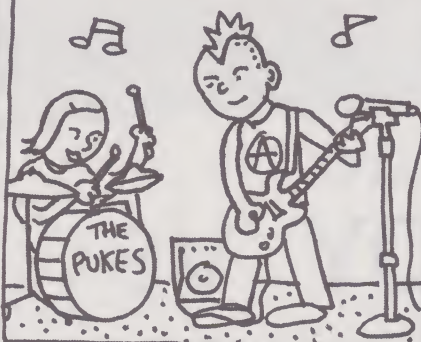




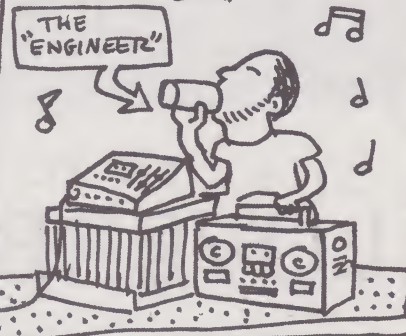
HERE'S SOMETHING FOR ALL OF YOU WHO ARE JUST STARTING YOUR BAND.

# HOW TO MAKE A RECORD

FIRST, YOU NEED TO MAKE A RECORDING OF YOUR SONGS.



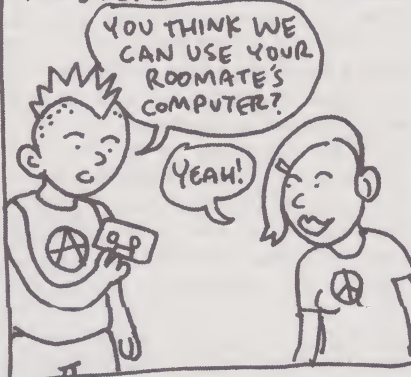
YOU CAN USE A FOUR TRACK, OR IF YOU'RE REALLY PUNK, A BOOM BOX.



MOST BANDS LIKE TO GO TO A "REAL" RECORDING STUDIO, BUT THAT COSTS A TON OF MONEY.



NEXT, YOU NEED TO GET YOUR RECORDING MASTERED ONTO A CD.



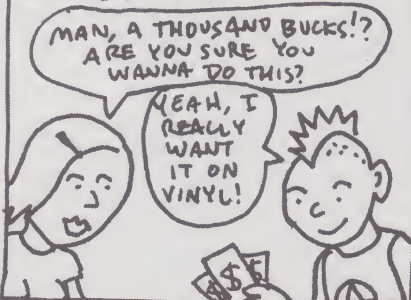
IF YOU HAVE A COMPUTER YOU CAN FIND MASTERING SOFTWARE ON THE INTERNET AND DO IT YOURSELF.



AFTER THAT, YOU SEND THE MASTER CD TO THE RECORD PRESSING PLANT. MOST OF THEM HAVE WEBSITES THAT EXPLAIN THE PROCESS.



THERE'S LOTS OF HIDDEN FEES AND IT COSTS A LOT OF MONEY. REMEMBER YOU CAN ALWAYS JUST BURN CDs OR DUB CASSETTES.



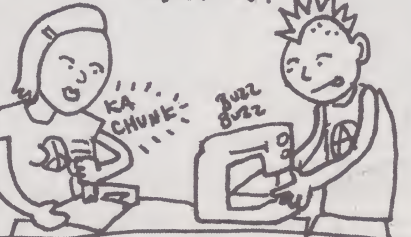
YOU CAN GET YOUR COVERS PRINTED AT SOME FANCY PRINTERS OR YOU COULD JUST SNEAK COPIES FROM KINKO'S.



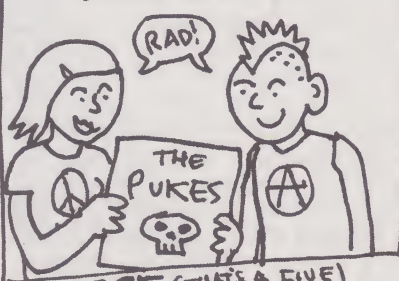
OR YOU CAN SCREENPRINT THEM YOURSELF!!



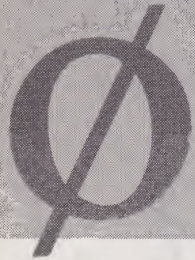
YOU CAN ORDER RECORD BAGS ON THE INTERNET OR YOU CAN JUST USE STAPLES OR EVEN A SEWING MACHINE!



SEE? PUNKS NOT HARD. ANYONE CAN DO IT!! GOOD LUCK!







## POWER POP POLICE

REV. NØRB

**"I feel like i'm  
Homer Simpson,  
monitoring a  
sprawling nuclear  
power plant of sex."**

SO IT'S COME TO THIS:

# LOVERBOY VS. KARAOKE

...i dunno if it's a sad commentary on the bourgeois nature of punk rock and/or punk rockers of the Modern Times, or just a sad commentary on the graying of the punk rock print media constituency in general, but last issue's column about my friggin' jukebox yielded far and away the most reader feedback i've received in years, to the point where i'm tempted to write this month's column on some other consumer good, such as my newly acquired big screen TV, or perhaps my leaf blower ((yes. I am a fucking prick. I bought a big TV. 56" Samsung®, 1080p. The videogame we've been working on for months finally got sold, so i bought a big-ass TV. Sue me. Actually, wait til i actually have some money again to sue me)) ((and, like any good American, i realize that there is a question implicit in the discussion of any new TV system; ergo and to wit: *So, what's porn look like on it?* The answer, not surprisingly, is "pretty darn good!"—however, the *real* porn-o-centric bonus from having a big screen is that, prior to the acquisition of said item, my televisual needs were served by a pair of 25" TVs, side by side in the corner of my living room. Needless to say, once the big screen rolled in, it claimed most of the corner real estate, necessitating me moving one of the 25" TVs to the floor until i could figure out where to put it permanently. Somewhere in the interim—with me not exactly being the world's promptest living room rearranger—i realized that if i just left the old TV sitting on the floor, i had a clear view of *all three screens*—and, needless to say, it wasn't long before i simultaneously had Porno Movie #1 playing thru the Xbox® 360 on the big screen, Porno Movie #2 playing thru DVD player on Old TV #1, and Porno Movie #3 playing thru the VHS on Old TV #2. So, yes: I HAVE NOW TAKEN TO WATCHING THREE PORNO MOVIES SIMULTANEOUSLY. It's great. I feel like i'm Homer Simpson, monitoring a sprawling nuclear power plant of sex. [[and, speaking of *The Simpsons*®, which we were, if only tangentially, i have not only recently discovered the best way to watch porn, but also the best way to watch

*The Simpsons*®,: *Turn the color all the way off. Seriously. Black and white. You will be amazed!* Now, i love *The Simpsons*® as much as the next guy; possibly more. However, i have never really particularly been a fan of the art style, and i've *really* always hated the colors—it always looked like somebody barfed up pink, gold, blue, lime green and pink all over the screen. To view the *Simpsons* on a fifty-six inch HDTV is to court provoking my *own* barfing up of pink, gold, blue, lime green and pink all over the screen, so, in a fit of creative optical survivalism, i turned the color all the way down to zero on the set. *The results are nothing less than spectacular!* I am now able to enjoy the show without being overwhelmed with undue... i dunno... *Simpson-ness*. Removing the color has changed the formerly prosaic and mainstream act of watching *The Simpsons*® into something marginally edgy and hip, or so i am perhaps deluding myself into thinking. *Try it yourself! Money back if not delighted!* {{my affinity for black & white TV possibly stems from the fact that my family didn't have a color TV until 1979—and, further, for the first few years of Boris The Sprinkler record cover design, i was working on a black & white monitor with a black & white printer, therefore i had to simply guess what the colors would look like when they printed (((if you're scoring at home, the first record i ever did the graphics for with the benefit of a color monitor was the *Mega Anal* picture disc [[[and if you're *not* scoring at home, i hope you've got three TVs to watch porn on]]]. Everything prior to that was done on a black & white monitor, with me having to take educated guesses as to what the colors would actually look like when the image was eventually, in fact, in color [[[i know, "looks like it," har de har har]]]. What's interesting enough to be noteworthy—at least to me, and i freely admit i might be the only person who actually gives a fuck—is that the *Mega Anal* picture disc doesn't really look hugely better, graphics-wise, than the two picture discs which preceded it, both of which were done on a black & white monitor, the

moral of the story being that... hmm... i'm not actually sure what the moral of the story is, but it likely involves the behind-the-scenes mental processes that occur when the eyeball is confronted with a black and white image that is supposed to represent a colored image, or some goddamn thing. WHAT THE FUCK WAS I TALKING ABOUT????))))))))) ((in unrelated matters, I have taken to doubling parentheses, et al, as a matter of stylistic literary policy. I'm not sure why. Looks weirder, one supposes)). However, since writing about one's TV would be insipid and boring, i'll spare you that particular line of discourse. Now, it is held as a matter of general fact that the best columns in publications like *Razorcake* are either a) scathing slams of worthy targets ((e.g., "*Punk Bands Of Unbearable Nasality I Hear On The Radio During Lunch Hour And Why I Hate Them So*") or b) scholarly, in-depth comparisons between Punk Rock Concept X and Punk Rock Concept Y ((e.g., "*Chucks with Colored Laces: Bane or Boon?*"). And, while it is *also* held as a matter of general fact that my primary value as a writer—apart from bashing out occasional lavish descriptions of high-end consumer goods to provoke demand by the punk rock middle class ((note clever Middle Class reference)) and thusly grease the wheels of commerce—is to make fun of shit, i don't really have much shit to make fun of right now because i fucking work around the clock ((surely a Bill Haley & The Comets song gone horribly, terribly awry)). Therefore, it follows that this month's column be a scholarly, in-depth comparison of Punk Rock Concept X and Punk Rock Concept Y. HOWEVER! *Anybody* can make a column out of obviously fecund source material such as "*Punkiest Undertone: J. O'Neill or Mickey Bradley?*" or "*Which Album Cover Is Worse: The Ruts' 'The Crack' or The Skids' 'Scared To Dance'?*" or "*What Ramones Cover Sucks Less: 'Street Fighting Man' or 'My Back Pages'?*" ((and, speaking of the Rolling Stones, when i logged on the internet this morning, one of the headlines was "*False Teeth of the*



# "EVERYBODY'S GOIN' OFF TH' DEEP END!!"

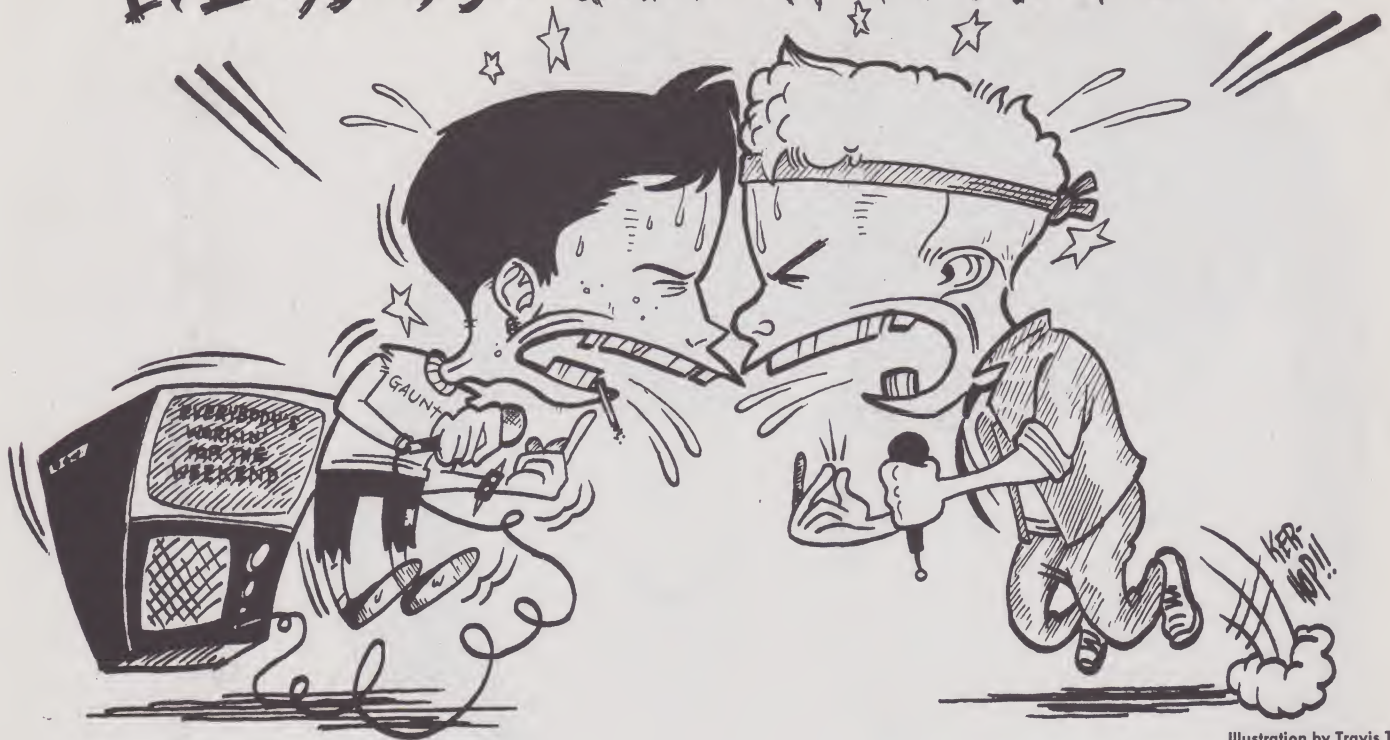


Illustration by Travis T.

John would blast his Loverboy 8-track endlessly.  
**what could we say?**  
 We were sixteen and he was  
 the guy with the beer.

*Future May Dispense Drugs," which should make Keith Richards happy in the years to come, assuming that said choppers can be fine tuned to the point that they can also dispense portions of his father's ashes twice daily))—these topics are FAR TOO EASY to write about. Only i, Rev. Nørb, dare to waste your time by tackling THE TRULY CHALLENGING ISSUES OF OUR TIME like this column's topic: **WHAT'S MORE PUNK, LOVERBOY or KARAOKE???** I mean, heck! Think about it! That's a true head-scratcher! A poser! A stickler! That's akin to asking what beverage goes better with broiled salmon: Urine or pig's blood? ((answer: Urine. Pig's blood is more suited for steaks or pasta dishes)). **THIS QUESTION REQUIRES DETECTION AND COMPARISON OF PUNKNESS LEVELS SO MINISCULE AS TO VIRTUALLY BEGGAR DESCRIPTION IN THEIR MICROSCOPICNESS!!!** This isn't any of that beginner level "What band is more*

*punk, the Boys or the Girls?" horse-hockey! This is the real deal! This is the big time! This is rock & roll! This is also, now that i think about it a little more deeply, a very fucking stupid idea for a column, but i'm 1,396 words into it and i suppose i can't stop now. I dunno. I mean, Loverboy stand as the apotheosis of headband-sporting, keyboard-laden, radio-friendly, early '80s Dink Rock ((if you know of any more of a suitable apotheosis than this, i'm all ears, pal)); this is true. When i was in high school, i knew this guy John, who, like all good sixteen-year-old Wisconsinites, was a bartender, and he used to obtain cases of Miller High Life™ from his place of employment—thus a bunch of us would pile into his car when he got done working and park in this marsh on the edge of town and drink, and John would blast his Loverboy 8-track endlessly. What could we say? We were sixteen, and he was the guy with the beer. Therefore, i somewhat associate Loverboy with being sixteen and*

*drinking in the marsh, and being at least mildly grateful that it wasn't the even-worse Billy Squier or REO Speedwagon that John was subjecting us to every night—which, of course, is not punk, per se, but at least explains why i allowed them to live ((or something)). The crazy kid i watch on the weekends is a big film buff, with very peculiar tastes in music: While his favorite bands are the Ramones, Green Day, and Cheap Trick ((quite acceptable)), he will like any song—and i mean ANY song—that is in a movie he likes. Therefore, after seeing the scene in Click where the guy in the convertible drives up next to Adam Sandler singing along to "Working for the Weekend," and Adam Sandler mutes him, Alex, the crazy kid, was all like "put that song on a CD! Let's listen to it in the car!" I'm like fuck you kid, i don't see a case of Miller High Life™ accompanying this request, who the hell do you think you're talkin' to? ((not that i had the song to put on a CD in the first place, i assure*





**NEED MORE MP3S???**  
**WWW.GCDOWNLOADS.COM**

**Geykido Comet Records presents: The official GC Records mp3 store!**



**Purchase entire albums or single songs with the click of a button! Over 50 FREE mp3s to download from out-of-print and rare releases! For the real deal, with CDs and vinyl never costing more than \$10 postage paid in the U.S., visit our catalog at [www.gcrecords.com](http://www.gcrecords.com)!**



you)). However, we stumbled across a dollar copy of the Loverboy album with "Working for the Weekend" at the record store a few weeks ago, so, in a fit of weakness, i shelled out the eight bits for it ((the third song on side one is actually kind of good. Don't tell anyone i said that)). Needless to say, i have scant interest in befouling my hands with Loverboy vinyl ((UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!)), so i actually had to teach him how to use a record player so we could listen to "Working for the Weekend" like five times in a row every Saturday afternoon (we have a little routine worked up where we sing along

have when i was younger. I see it as more of a *Fuck you! I'm Humpty Dumpty and I'm in Loverboy! THE EGG! IS HOT TONIGHT! BUT WHERE WILL HE BEEE TOMORRRRR-OOOOOWWWW?!!* type of deal. **TOTAL PUNKNESS: 0.02%.** Now, karaoke i've always hated, as i did its immediate ancestor, air bands. I *really* fucking hated air bands, back in The Day ("The Day" being the '80s, pretty much)). I mean, at first, it seemed like a cute idea, when the whole concept of publicly acknowledging the existence of "air guitar" was somewhat amusing and novel. I mean, if air guitar contests in the '80s were just

performance was "fuckin' awesome" so there ya go. I have recently found that the best place to sing karaoke is at country bars, since, usually, in one form or another, their attempts at crooning are very, very, very sincere. There is no irony whatsoever in country bars; the patrons invariably attempt to cast themselves in the same dreamer/drifter/renege/douchebag light as every pre-fab honky-tonk cliché Nashville has ever dispensed, gamely gurgling their way thru ditties like "Coward of the County" ((a rousing Kenny Rogers number whereby the protagonist foregoes the oath of pacifism sworn unto his dying

## Fuck you kid, i don't see a case of Miller High Life™ accompanying this request.

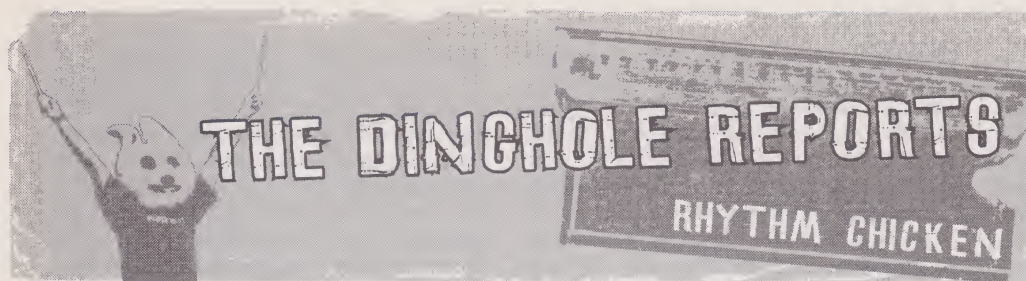
and point at each other during the "eeeeeveryone's lookin'... at you" part. It's really kind of cute. Don't tell anybody i told you about this or i'll shoot you stone cold fucking dead)). This, then, is Loverboy's one true claim at some microscopic amount of punkness: I am using the *"Get Lucky"* album as a gateway drug to indoctrinate a member of the Younger Generation in the lost art of turntable use. I mean, fuckin'-a, i ain't letting him practice on "Beware The Misfits," ya know? Further, we had been listening to the Loverboy album right before we went bowling, and then they played the song during our first game, so we were all jumping around and pointing and shit, and it was kind of cool, and bowling is punk, so there ya go. And then, to top it off, his Loverboy fix still not satiated, Alex went on YouTube to go look for Loverboy videos, and he showed me this recent live clip which was notable chiefly for the fact that Mike Reno—the fit, trim, headband-wearing heartthrob of the '80s—is now old, bald, and about three hundred pounds. He looks like fucking Humpty Dumpty. A fellow might wonder if all the king's horses and all the king's men are waiting over by the monitors, just in case he falls off the stage or something. Now, i ain't exactly in mint/near mint condition these days myself, but, holy fuck, the guy doesn't even have the good sense to adorn his eggly brow with a headband, just so we're sure it's him ((and, hell, what do i know? Maybe it *isn't* him. Maybe the real Mike Reno hasn't aged a day since 1981. Hell, maybe it's some sort of *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* deal and that's why Greg Oden looks like he's forty, who knows?)). Yet, somehow, there is a strange—albeit subtle—coolness in being Mike Reno and looking like Humpty Dumpty and singing the same dumb song from *Click* like twenty-odd years after anybody actually stopped caring. It doesn't strike me as outright pathetic as it would

like Beavis, Butthead, and Otto, standing there like dolts and jamming out to "You Shook Me All Night Long" or "Eruption," that would've been fine. However, it was not long before people started turning Air Guitar ((which is a vaguely noble art form)) ((dude)) into Lip Synch. People were dressing up in these elaborate costumes, doing choreographed stage routines while they mimed to whatever godawful Scandal or Steppenwolf song struck their fancy. My dad was completely impressed when my brother came home from college with a fancy videotape of his "air band" performing "Fight for Your Right" during some big campus "air jam" competition. He kept playing it over and over, going "*isn't that something? Isn't that something?*" I'm like, "fuck you, pops, when I was in *high school* i was in a *real* band ((well, Suburban Mutilation)) ((ba-DOOMP!)), playing dives in Milwaukee and trying to remember which way the guy said to go to get food and which way to go to get knifed—and you're impressed by my brother and his college buddies lip synching to the Beastie Boys??? FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKK YOOUUUUUUUU!!!" I personally always thought that the whole "air band" thing was a record company/government plot to squelch grass-roots rockin'—like, "*let's give these schmucks just enough of an onstage rock thrill that their itches stay scratched and they never think to pick up a guitar and go bash out their own music, 'cause that's nothing but trouble for us.*" But, i mean, whatever. It is what it is. Most people would rather watch *American Idol* than go down the street and pay five bucks to see a band, that's just the way the world works. Karaoke is marginally more acceptable, just because they usually have a whole shitload of songs to pick from, so, if the wayward punk is so inclined, they can always run in, fuck some shit up, and leave. Also, once i sang karaoke to "Purple People Eater" by Sheb Wooley, and Tommy Stinson of the Replacements told me my

daddy in order to avenge the savage gang-rape of his sweetie)) and "Coal Miner's Daughter." This makes the audience—generally stifled in a funk of drunken solemnity—easy pickin's for a quick bash-out of "I'm Henry VIII, I Am" by Herman's Hermits, as they are completely unprepared for some twit singing in a twerpy English accent ((just to show i'm "down," as they say, and not just a troublemaker, i like to follow that up with "Dang Me" by Roger Miller, since it *is* technically a country song, but i get to make a lot of funny noises during it, which they also are not prepared for)). So, although i think karaoke is a more benign form of Fake-Rock than air band or lip synch, i still to this day think all forms of Fake-Rock are music industry plots, therefore: **TOTAL PUNKNESS: 0.02%.** *OH MY GOLLY GRACIOUS, A TIE!* How terribly unexpected. Well, therefore, brethren and sistren, we have no recourse but to go the first tiebreaker: The point value each word would have were it played in Scrabble™. The letter K is worth five points; A, R, O and E are worth one point a piece. Therefore, "KARAOKE" is worth fifteen points in Scrabble™ ((kindly omit pointless references to Double Letter Score at this point)). "LOVERBOY," however is, worth 1 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 1 + 3 + 1 + 4 = 16. However, Scrabble™ is actually only **0.01%** punk ((and that's only because it was mentioned in the lyrics of a song off of the *Mega Anal* picture disc)), therefore, "KARAOKE," worth fifteen points in Scrabble™, is actually **one point punker** than "LOVERBOY," worth sixteen. **KARAOKE WINS!!!** Of course, had we gone to the second tiebreaker—as in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, we weigh the contestants, and if they weigh more than a goose, they're punk—it's Humpty Dumpty by a mile.

Evol,  
Norb





**"A weird, misplaced piece of gypsy Yankee poultry"**

# What I Did for Spring Break

The Dinghole Reports  
By the Rhythm Chicken  
(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)  
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

Florida has got to be the lamest vacation idea for any Midwesterner, or so I thought. I mean, c'mon. Every dorky college kid in Wisconsin dreams of that week around Easter when they "get" to go down to that tropical beach party with MTV. When I was just a little chicklet my parents took me on a few winter vacations to Florida. When you're a kid it seems pretty cool. Disney World? Busch Gardens? Warm sunny beaches in February? Why not?! Well, since then my idea of a good vacation has changed somewhat. Now I prefer going to Poland, rural Alaska, or Milwaukee's southside.

My parents are pretty cool, but they're still snowbirds (retired peeps from the north who spend winters in the south). I've always found good enough excuses for not visiting them down there: living in Poland, can't get out of work or school, can't go through Indiana... This winter I found myself unemployed for March with a two-week break from my night class. The Wisconsin winter dealt me a few harsh blows, my parents laid the guilt trip on pretty thick, and I must've just snapped because I bought a ticket to Orlando.

Okay, so I was going to Florida for ten days. I decided to make the most of it. I would give Mom and Dad my first five days, and the rest was my time to be a weird, misplaced piece of gypsy Yankee poultry. My first days I just pretended I was an elderly retiree with Ma and Pa. I went fishing every morning down by the lake with Pa. The St. Patrick's Day party in the clubhouse was a barn-burner! I was the youngest meat there by thirty years! Fishing, long coffee breaks, tea time (a ninety-minute cocktail hour before dinner), relaxing by the pool, and complaining about anything un-American. Honestly, it was a nice break from my daily snow-shoveling routine up north, but my yearnings for ruckus were about to burst!

Stepping off the train in West Palm Beach, I was instantly greeted by Dancin' Dan Marcelle, my old Green Bay buddy who's now a carpet-bagger Yankee professor near Miami. I hadn't seen him since I was the best chicken in his wedding four years ago. Surprisingly enough, we found some

Polish beers at the corner store before going to his place to put the brats on the grill! Dan's backyard was transformed into Little Wisconsin, New Green Bay if you will. It felt so right to be standing around a grill full of brats with a beer in hand.

Dinghole Report #81: The Southernmost Ruckus... EVER!

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #387 to #392)  
Before we commenced the southernmost Chicken tour EVER, Dan let me witness his two-year-old daughter viewing the Rhythm Chicken DVD. She got all excited, clapped, yelled, and enticed everyone else to clap and yell. Dan told me that the DVD gets her more riled up than Elmo or Barney! Rhythm Chicken, the new Raffi! Not much later, I set up the borrowed West Palm Chickenkit in Dan's front yard. Dan was sure that his daughter would rank this higher than a Santa sighting! I pulled on the Chickenhead and rolled out the opening thunder of my first-ever Florida gig. The nearby palm trees wilted under the intense vibrations of my Midwest audio onslaught! Some neighbors came out and hooted approval. Dan's family came out to the porch and witnessed the Wisconsin traveling circus of chaos. His daughter started CRYING! I mean she was totally BALLING! At every break in the riotous rhythms, the rest of the family would clap and cheer, but his daughter continued crying her heart out! Daddy asked her what was wrong. "It's too loud!" she cried. I guess she wasn't ready for the real thing. Too loud... I CAN LIVE WITH THAT!

We loaded up the kit and headed out. The next concert was in the Cityplace plaza, in front of Mark's, a super fancy restaurant where the borrowed drumset's owner, Ben, was waiting tables. We hauled the drums into this open-air plaza and were already getting awkward looks. I set up quick and got the ruckus going before anyone could stop me. After a few rounds of wild-ass rhythms followed with applause, the manager of the fancy restaurant NEXT DOOR came over and tried stopping me. At my next break she yelled out, "Just so you know, security's on its way!" I stood and bowed to more appreciative applause. The kit was torn down and as we were carrying it back to the car we crossed paths with security. They saw us hauling the drums and continued right past

us to the scene of the crime. Minutes later, they met us at the car and gave us a slap on the wrist.

The next two gigs were at the outdoor fountain at the end of Clematis Street and in O'shea's Irish pub. The fountain gig made one passerby comment, "Well, he's probably not homeless. That drumset looks EXPENSIVE!" For the Irish pub gig we just walked right in and set up the Chickenkit right on the stage. Once again, I started rockin' the ruckus before anyone could stop me. While setting up, some employees were overheard saying, "It's not open-mic night tonight. Is it?" and "Do we have a band tonight?" A few rounds into my ruckus and the manager pulled the plug. We took a table out front and started enjoying the tour beers! Slainte!

The tour wound up in the next town south. Lake Worth has the largest concentration of Finnish Americans. We were quite impressed when we found the Finnish Consulate, right there in Lake Worth. It was an extra window counter inside the Allstate Insurance office! Most impressive! The Chickenkit was set up in front of Brogue's Irish pub. There were plenty of folks drinking outside, looking on and wondering exactly what was going on. Then my Wisconsin rhythms exploded down Lake Street and the pub patrons went wild! I pounded out round after round of ear-bouncing, beer-fueled chaos! They cheered and asked for more! Always partial to the "leave'm wanting more" tactic, I finished up. Ladies were posing for photos with this strange Yankee Chicken. Some others came up and thanked me for the gift of ruckus.

We took the Chickenkit across the street corner to Igot's Martiki Lounge. This place has open-air windows and large number of folks getting drunk inside and out. I pulled on the Chickenhead and rolled out my opening thunder. The front windows filled with cheering partiers. My southernmost gig EVER attracted more folks outside to have their photos taken with the freak. They yelled and cheered, rooting me on. I pounded out my final Earth-shattering note and rose to take a bow. Someone inside gathered tips and deposited them before me, seven dollars! *Pieniadze na pivo!* Just then a cop car pulled up. They approached and asked Dan what we were doing. Dan said, "Just finishing up. The show's over." The cop stood there confused for a few seconds before replying, "Well... good!"

The next morning I was back on Amtrak





Photo by Replay Dave

## Florida's punk rock epicenter, Gainesville, where even the trees have beards!

at 8:00. By 3:00 PM, we rolled into Lakeland. Here I had to leave the train and board an Amtrak BUS (?) to take me to Florida's punk rock epicenter, Gainesville, where even the *trees* have beards! The bus took me to a small town near Gainesville called Waldo. Soon after exiting the bus at 6:00 PM, I was met by the official Gainesville punk rock welcome wagon, the most accommodating and amazing Mr. Replay Dave! In his truck's front seat he had some Latin take-out and a bag full of Polish party beers! Three cheers for Replay Dave! Hip-hip-HURRAY! Hip-hip-HURRAY! Hip-hip-HURRAY! We relaxed around his home, enjoying Polish party beers, exchanging humorous anecdotes, and then his roommate Ben lent me his drumset. How strange that both of my Florida Chickenkits were lent out by Bens.

Dinghole Report #82: FIVE MONTHS LATE FOR THE FEST!

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #393 to #399)

I only had fourteen hours in Florida's punkropolis, so we had to move FAST. The first Gainesville gig was directly in front of the Ben Hill Griffin Stadium (aka "the Swamp"). Honoring their recent championship victory,

I pounded out some untamed victory beats. A few folks down the block yelled. One guy was walking by and nonchalantly said, "Nice show." Huh. Go Gators! The next stop was out front of Leonardo's By the Slice. I set up facing the one couple seated outside and quickly unleashed my hellstorm of chickenrock! The show lasted maybe one minute until Mr. J. Page put the "kibosh" on my Wisconsin sideshow. Bon appetito.

The next two gigs were most anticipated! I had the distinct privilege of playing inside the No Idea Records office! We hauled in Ben's Chickenkit and set up in a room full of vinyl. It was a concert just for Replay Dave, or so I thought. While rockin' out my office rock, I was approached from behind by DARTH MAUL! He crept up to inspect my foreign rumblings, and was then gone before I even saw him. I didn't believe Dave's claim of a Darth Maul sighting until I saw the photo! The next gig was upstairs on the No Idea balcony! Once upstairs, I marveled at how cool a record label is that has an actual BUBBLER in their office! (What's a bubbler? Do your homework, coaster!) The balcony gig echoed around the neighborhood and one passerby even clapped!

We made a quick stop at Common Grounds so the Chicken could rock the ladies room. This gig was also short-lived, shut down by the drummer from Hot Water Music. I think one of my new goals is to always be shut down by bigger and bigger punk rock celebrities! When Billy Joe pulls my plug, I'll buy you a beer. Next was the final stop for the evening, The Atlantic. That night's line-up was the Nervous Dogs, the Tim Version, Oh No & the Tiger Pit, and Gaylord. I acquired my V.I.C. wristband, which guaranteed me free Coors all night, and went straight to the bar to start purchasing Pabst on tap! Bronco Beer can suck my beak.

I wandered around drinking Pabst and hobnobbing with new friends. Just before the Tim Version's performance, I quick set up in the ladies room and let loose my toilet-shattering thunder!

The ladies room door filled with unbelieving faces: smiling yet unbelieving. After a few chaotic rounds of potty rock, I stood to accept guffaws. I dove over Ben's Chickenkit to shut the door and made a somewhat valiant bellyflop into the corner. A fine-looking lady stepped over me to exit.

The Tim Version rocked a mighty set which I enjoyed thoroughly with a few more Pabsts. Just before that night's headliners, the Nervous Dogs, I set up Ben's kit for one last Florida appearance. My stage was directly in front of the merch nook. I had enough Pabsts in me to make this one count! My wings and drumsticks were a blur as my mighty Midwest rock echoed about the Atlantic. The crowd roared louder and I knew I had to turn it up to eleven! A few final animalistic pounds of the skins and I attempted take-off. Being a chicken, and chickens can't fly, I only made it a few feet until I came down crashing and thrashing about, smothering the smoldering remains of Ben's kit. The Florida tour had drawn to a dramatic close. With Pabst in hand, I rocked out to the Nervous Dogs, who indeed rocked aplenty.

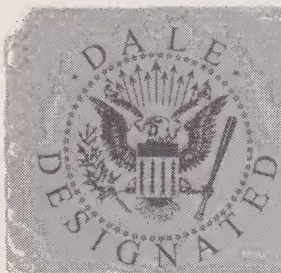
Many glorious Chicken clucks go out to both Bens, the Tim Version, Denise Orton, Darth Maul, the Gators, and, most of all, Florida's finest ruckus ambassadors Dancin' Dan and Replay Dave.

(Huh. - F.F.)

—Rhythm Chicken  
Rhythmchicken@hotmail.com







I'M AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

"Three of the original Ramones gone in six years are some pretty shitty statistics."

# TWENTY REASONS TO LOVE EASTER

I'm sitting here, typing away in front of my glowing monitor, and springtime is quickly approaching outside here in Los Angeles. The sun's shining a little brighter (whether it's seasonal change or the atmospheric condition), front lawns are getting a tad greener than their usual brownish yellow, and the special day of rabbits shooting colored eggs out of their fuzzy asses draws near. This time of year is usually noted by all the new life, like vegetative growth blooming and popping up all around, birds noisily chirping on the telephone lines, and catching glimpses of squirrels humping in nearby trees outside our kitchen window.

Unfortunately, this time of year also reminds me of an Easter some six years ago. On that particular Sunday, April 15<sup>th</sup> 2001, punkers far and wide lost one of its most unique frontmen: Joey Ramone. Succumbing to lymphatic cancer roughly one month before his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday, Joey exemplified how it should be done, playing in one of the most influential rock'n'roll bands in the world. I still remember the nauseous, sinking feeling in my stomach while writing the tribute for Joey in our second issue of *Razorcake*. The same feeling was lurking deep down a year later when doing the same for Dee Dee after he shot up his final load of poison, and yet again in 2004 when Johnny bought the farm after a five year stint fighting colon cancer.

Three of the original Ramones gone in six years are some pretty shitty statistics, especially if you happen to be a bigger-than-most type of Ramones fan. But rather than sadly wring hands or dwell on the bad, I prefer to celebrate the life of the band every time I throw on one of their records. Thankfully, they left behind more than a dozen top-notch studio LPs that continue to stand the test of time, a grip of live records, and all the recorded fan bootlegs you can shake a stick at. Almost as great are all the fantastic memories I had going to see the Ramones over the past years. Call me a sentimental fool or complete idiot, but I can honestly say that some of the happiest times in my life were at Ramones gigs.

Onstage, they were like no band I had ever seen, and to this day *no* one has even come close. For those here reading who got to see the Ramones out on tour, it's probably safe to say that I'm not alone when I say this. The Ramones definitely set a substantially high bar for a whole lot of bands to follow. Hell, ask Lemmy if you don't believe me (and if you're wondering who Lemmy is, you need to turn the page...*now*). In keeping with the tradition of celebrating what they've done, slap on your favorite Ramones rekkid, grab a pen, pencil, crayon, or any other psychiatric hospital-approved writing utensil, and get ready to have a go at what I like to call the *Don't Make Arty Ramone Come Over There* quiz.

Please, all you half-assed cheating types (and you all know who you are), try and make a concerted effort to answer these on your own without rummaging all around for answers. Not only is cheating lame, but if I find out you *did* in fact cheat, I'm sending over a very drunken and extremely hungry Art Fuentes to your place of residence, complete with lucha mask, wrestling tights, and cape. Go ahead and laugh, but believe me you—he'll have no problem performing his patented Indiana Jones-style kick right through your soon-to-be splintering front door, violently raid your kitchen, donkey-kick your bathroom mirror into smithereens, and pounce straight through your front glass window, bolting off into the darkness of night. You've been warned.

To make it worth everyone's while, I'm awarding the winner of this quiz a special Ramones-related prize and all you have to do is zip off your answers to my email address below. There's no time limit in replying to this contest, but remember: the first one to get back with ALL the right answers wins, so get your thumbs out of your butts and hop to it. I'll announce the winner next ish. Good luck, cocko...

1. During the end sequence of the film *Rock 'N Roll High School*, while the Ramones are playing, what seminal L.A. punker can be seen bopping around near Johnny Ramone before the high school is blown up?

2. What's the name of the infamous song that the Ramones dropped early on that was never rehearsed again because the band wasn't digging it?

3. According to one of the earliest fan books published about the Ramones, what offbeat item did Joey Ramone have a collection of?

4. The Riverboat Gamblers do a rollicking cover of a Ramones tune. Name it.

5. Joey had a short stint fronting a glam band before his years with the Ramones. What was that band's name?

6. What's the name of the country-rock influenced band Marky played and recorded one LP with before taking over drum duties in the Ramones?

7. Bruce Springsteen once penned a song specifically with the Ramones in mind that his manager talked him out of giving away, telling Bruce that it was going to be a big hit single. What was that song?

8. Name at least six bands and the corresponding Ramones LPs they've re-recorded and released.

9. And speaking of covers, the Ramones themselves actually recorded and released a Rolling Stones tune. What was it?

10. This guy worked on one of the Ramones' singles from the '80s. What was his name and what popular '80s band was he part of?

11. Rumor has it that a certain Ramones song was written by Joey in response to Johnny's taking over boyfriend duties



with Joey's ex, Linda (who Johnny eventually ended up marrying). What supposed song was this?

12. At the Ramones' last show in 1996 (here in Los Angeles), who was the piece of shit "guest" on the very last song the Ramones played, leaving a foul taste in every fan's mouth, including mine?

13. Without looking at the 1<sup>st</sup> album cover (remember what I said about Art, cheaters), what cartoon character is adorning Johnny Ramone's T-shirt?

14. The Ramones are to the United States as \_\_\_\_\_ is to England.

15. Drummer Tommy Ramone left the band in 1978 in order to pursue his true love, record production. Besides going on to produce some of the Ramones LPs, what band released their Sire Records debut that Tommy led production on?

16. While at producer Phil Spector's house during the *End of the Century* sessions, what did Joey Ramone discover in one of the closets in Spector's kitchen?

17. Before taking over bass duties for Dee Dee, what '80s metal band did CJ Ramone play in and record two LPs with?

18. There's a completely different 7" version of a Ramones song that Tommy actually played drums on before it was re-recorded for the upcoming LP version with drummer Marky. What song is this?

19. Which band and song did the Ramones admit lifting their "Hey Ho Let's Go" chant from?

20. What great man said, "Bands like the Ramones don't come around once in a lifetime; they come around once."

Well, that wasn't too hard now, was it? No? Well, alla you Comic Book Guy types can take your comments like "Worst quiz, ever" and cram it with walnuts. If there *was* some tough spots for the rest of ya. I hope you all had fun.

Talk soon!

I'm Against It  
—Designated Dale

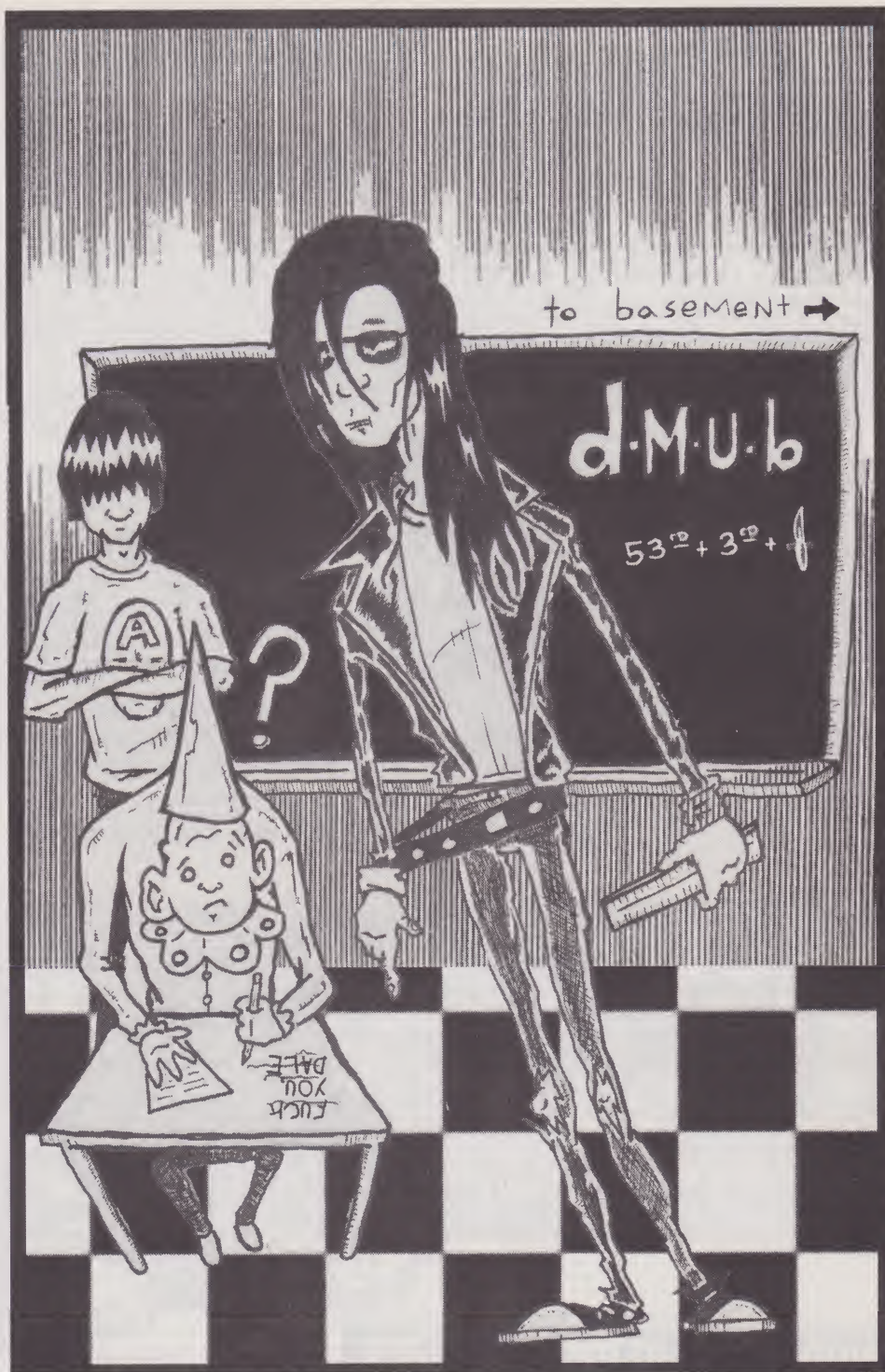


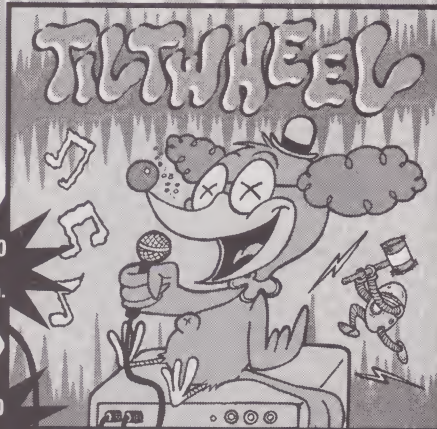
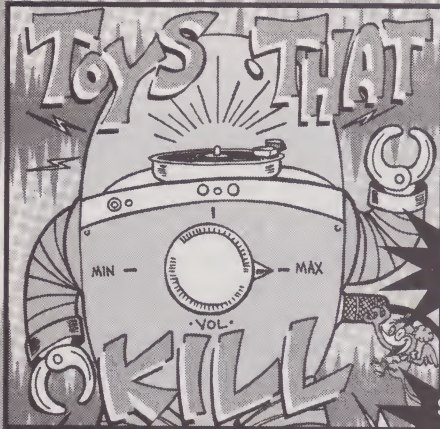
Illustration by Ryan Gelatin

According to one of the  
earliest fan books published  
about the Ramones. . . .



# RAZORCAKE RECORDS

## DUMB ENOUGH TO BE A GOOD IDEA



\$4.50  
ppd.  
each.

OR

\$8.00  
ppd.  
set

THIS IS NOT A SPLIT 7"

THIS IS NOT A SPLIT 7"

**The Inaugural Razorcake Sister Series:**  
Here are two brand new, separate vinyl 7"EPs by Toys That Kill and Tiltwheel. In addition to two exclusive, original

songs, they both cover one of each other's songs. The covers when placed side by side, result in a larger picture. Multifaceted dumbosity.

RAZORCAKE, PO BOX 42129, LA, CA 90042. WWW.RAZORCAKE.ORG

**WORKING AND PLAYING WELL WITH OTHERS:**

This one is *not* a new Tiltwheel 7" record. It was originally released in 1998 on Firmament Records. These copies are from that original pressing, with a new cover done by the original Tiltwheel artist, Carson.

Co-released with our pal, Gary, of Accident Prone Records, PO Box 15087, Portland, OR 97293, [www.accidentprone.com](http://www.accidentprone.com).

All prices, U.S.

\$3.50  
ppd.



# RINGERS

**CD OUT NOW**

**ONLY \$8 PPD** in n. america

**\$10 PPD** to the world

detention halls

Height 11'4"

**September 13th in the Back Bay**

**66 DUDLEY STA**

This is the area where most people would try to BS you in to buying their shitty record. Thankfully this record is actually awesome so I don't have to make up a lot of colorful lies and shitty band comparisons. I ain't got the time for those kinds of shenanigans. Who reads/believes that shit anyway? You know what the thing is about this band? They get under your skin. Little gritty pop punk scabies writing the anthems to your disgruntled youth. Apparently I have time for lousy metaphors. Anyway ask that friend of yours who saw them for the first time at the fest how good they are. It's one of the few things most of us can remember.

distributed exclusively by



2158

**1-2-3-4 GORE!**

[www.1234GORECORDS.com](http://www.1234GORECORDS.com)  
send cash or money order made out to S. STEVENSON to

1321 Glenfield Avenue  
Oakland, CA 94602 USA

PAY VIA PAYPAL TO  
[stevo@1234gorerecords.com](mailto:stevo@1234gorerecords.com)

stores order from  
[www.noidearecords.com](http://www.noidearecords.com) !





A FRIEND OF MINE, LET'S CALL HIM ROMEO REALITYCHECK, WEARS WAY TO MUCH COLOGNE. THE VAPORS ARE SO STRONG THAT IT CREATES A MIRAGE EFFECT



WHEN WE SEE EACH OTHER HE HUGS ME WHICH TRANSFERS THE OB-NOXIOUS ODOR ONTO MY PERSON. I BECOME MARKED.



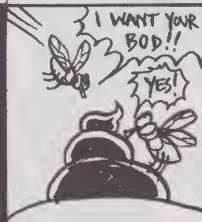
WHY DOES HE WEAR SO MUCH COLOGNE? NO TIME TO BATHE? MASKING THE SMELL OF BOOZE AND CIGARETTES? CREATING IMPENETRABLE PERSONAL SPACE?



HAS ALL THE MEDIA AND ADVERTISING CONVINCED HIM THAT HE WILL BE REWARDED WITH SPONTANEOUS SEX IF HE COVERS HIMSELF WITH THIS STUFF?



SEXY INTERLUDE...



DON'T BE A ROMEO REALITYCHECK. BATHE REGULARLY. USE SOAP. PUT ON CLEAN CLOTHES. YOU PROBABLY WON'T NEED TO WEAR ALL OVER BODY SPRAY MARKETED TO 15 YEAR OLD BOYS...



...UNLESS YOU ARE A ZOMBIE OR A DEMON FROM HELL IN WHICH CASE YOU MAY IN FACT NEED TO USE COLOGNE OR PERFUME OR WHATEVER TO ATTRACT A MATE.



NOW THAT I HAVE HURT YOUR FEELINGS (SORRY ROMEO BUT IT'S TRUE) YOU WANT TO KNOW IF I WEAR COLOGNE OR IF I HAVE TERRIBLE B.O.



THE ANSWERS ARE YES I DO SLAP ON A LITTLE OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE AND YES I CAN WORK UP A FIERCE B.O. SINCE I AM OFTEN SPONTANEOUSLY MOLESTED BY MODEL QUALITY WOMEN.



AN' NEXT WE WERE MOVIN' ON

BONUS COMIC  
ADDENDUM  
TOTALLY TRUE  
TOTALLY BLUE

WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN I WANTED TO WEAR OBSESSION COLOGNE. I CAN'T BELIEVE I ASKED MY PARENTS TO BUY IT FOR ME. I'M GOING TO HELL.

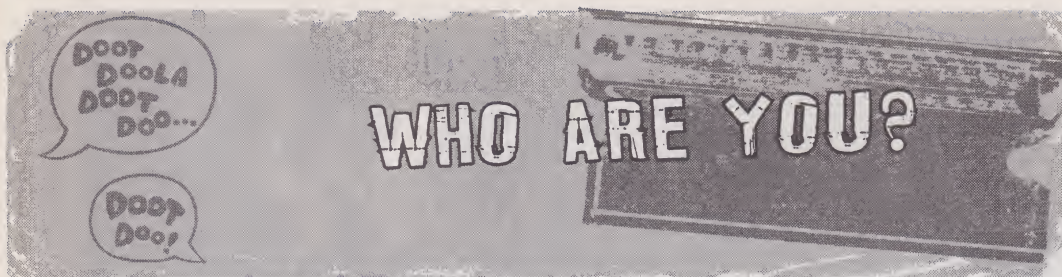


MOST IMAGES REFERENCED FROM INTERNET OR STOLEN OVERTIGHT. NO CREDIT FOUND FOR JOAN JETT PHOTO.

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/DMZINE

4/07





"I met you at Joey Shithead of DOA's garage sale, where you were selling your photos."

# Nardwuar vs. Bev Davies

## the Human Serviette Round 5!



Bev Davies is a fabulous photographer from Vancouver BC, Canada who has amassed an amazing amount of incredibly cool pictures over the years. In fact, her "2007 Punk Rock Calendar" was described by *See Magazine* as "An absolutely essential nugget of punk history." You may remember a couple of interviews I did with her from a while back. Well here we are for, gulp, round five!

**Nardwuar:** Who are you?

**Bev Davies:** Bev Davies!

**Nardwuar:** First off, Slow! My second favorite Vancouver band ever doing the ultimate Canadian rock pose!

**Bev:** Don't you see what they are wearing? They have nurses uniforms on.

**Nardwuar:** Oh yeah, bloody nurses uniforms? What do you remember about this gig?

**Bev:** Well, the show was at UBC Winter Sports Centre, a place I had never been to. I was at the Vancouver Folk Music Festival as a photo volunteer. Just imagine leaving Jericho Beach and coming to this show. The Cramps with Slow opening. What a strange day.

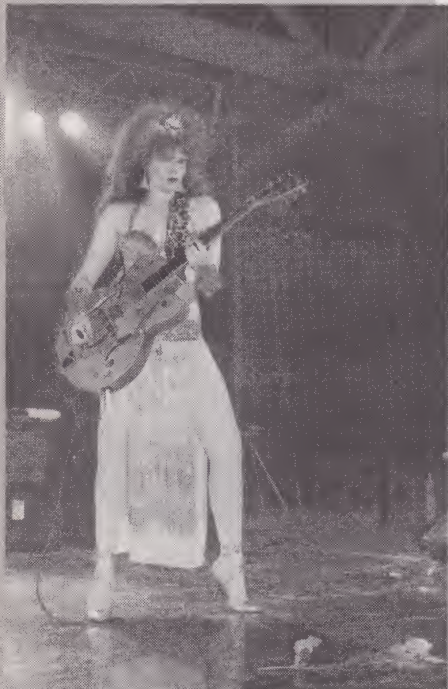
**Nardwuar:** In this photo Hamm's, the bass player, hair is amazing...

**Bev:** Hamm, who played bass for your Evaporators at the Mint Records Xmas party!

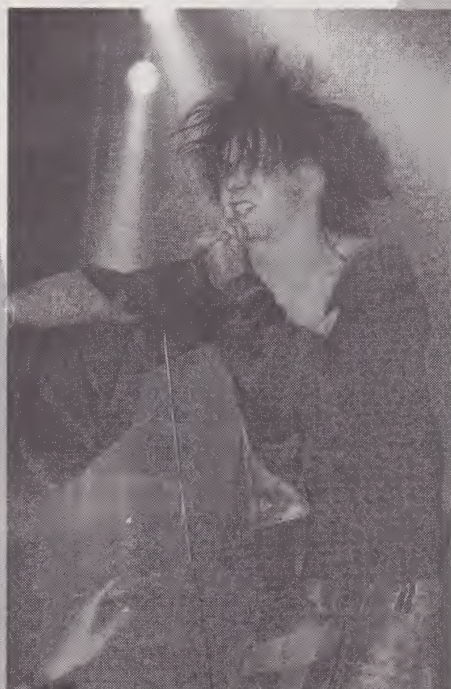
**Nardwuar:** Indeed. Thank you for remembering that. Of course, we can not mention Slow without mentioning Expo 86

**Bev:** The Expo show, I missed. Yes that one, the famous one where Slow almost got the place closed down for taking their pants off on stage. No photos of that show. Just these nurses here Nard, and I'm glad I didn't need medical help that night.

**Nardwuar:** Poison Ivy of The Cramps in

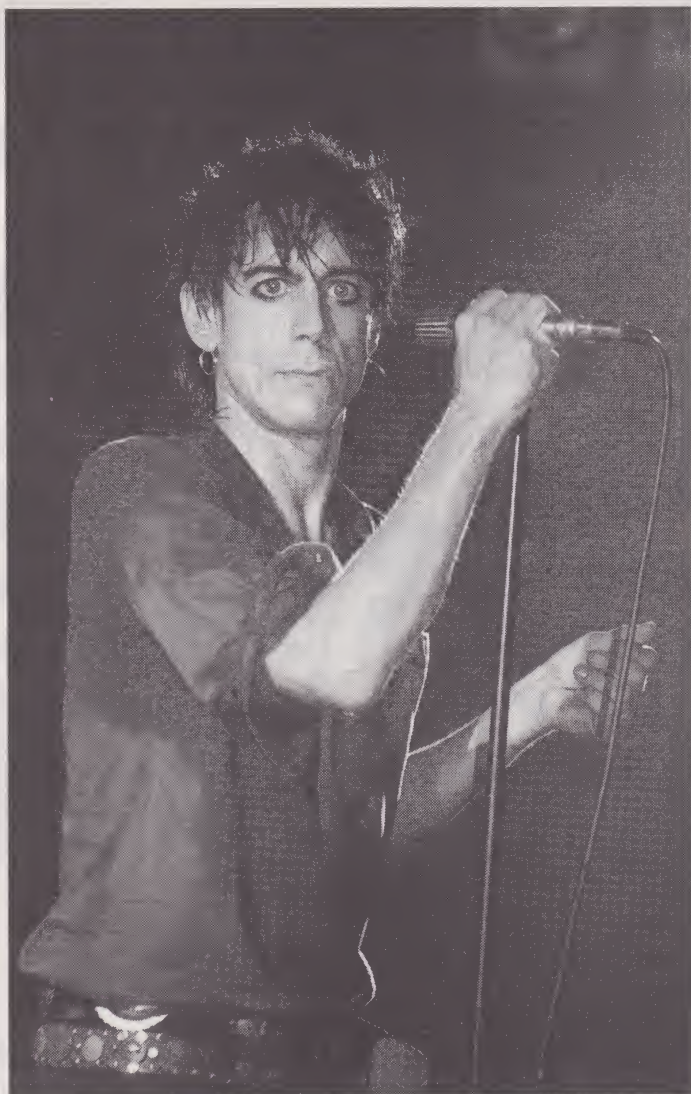


The Cramps, July 19, 1986 , UBC Winter Sports Centre, Vancouver, BC, Canada

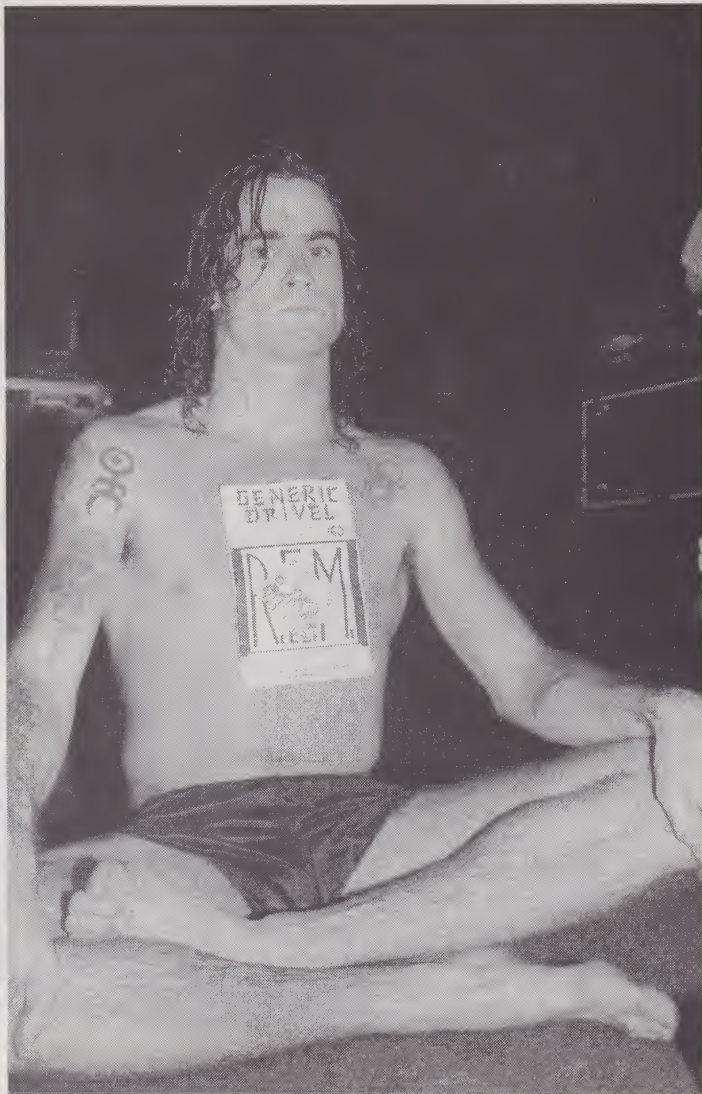


Skinny Puppy, July 5, 1985, New York Theatre, Vancouver, BC, Canada





Iggy Pop, February 16, 1983,  
The Commodore, Vancouver, BC Canada



Black Flag, August 17, 1985, New York  
Theatre, Vancouver, BC Canada

action! How many times did you photograph The Cramps?

**Bev:** I am not sure how many times, but I know they were all in Vancouver, maybe three times. I have some back stage shots at a Commodore show but this show at UBC maybe the last time I saw them. This was the "Date with Elvis Tour."

**Nardwuar:** Did you ever get a chance to talk to them?

**Bev:** Yes, and they were very nice and not nearly as strange as you might think they would be. I think the "not strange" was an act to make us feel at ease. I am sure they are very strange.

**Nardwuar:** What about gifts and stuff like that? Did you ever get gifts given to you by bands? Or get their autographs?

**Bev:** Gifts, what a nice thought; no not really. Records, I guess, and now, CDs. I wanted to get a ZZ Top Key Chain from ZZ Top, but they didn't give me one. I asked for very few autographs. Sometimes I kept a set list but mostly just the photos. I was there to hear the music and take photos.

**Nardwuar:** This was the first gig I ever went to so I totally remember the date,

July 5, 1985 at the New York Theatre in Vancouver, BC. It actually was my Birthday and I, Braineater opened!

**Bev:** I never knew you were a Skinny Puppy fan!

**Nardwuar:** I loved thee Puppy! In this picture we see Nivek Ogre the singer, but we don't see cEVIN Key. I love the fact that cEVIN Key before Puppy, played in Vancouver synth pop legends Images In Vogue. Did you take many pictures of Skinny Puppy and Images In Vogue? What did you think of them?

**Bev:** The word "goth" came late to my life 'cause when I saw those people dressed in black with their makeup, I thought "Skinny Puppy people." Images In Vogue was one of the better bands around doing synth pop other than Skinny Puppy.

**Nardwuar:** Iggy is looking right at you? Or is he?

**Bev:** Iggy wears glasses, and you can never tell with those people who wear glasses when they take them off for the stage, right Nard?

**Nardwuar:** That is true! Singing in the Evaporators, I can't see a thing. Now this is not from the famous show at UBC where he popped out his cock is it?

**Bev:** No, but I have a photo of that, and you have seen that photo. He used to do that and people expected that, but he had stopped exposing himself by 1983 or so. This time he played two nights at the Commodore and my favorite band opened both nights: D.O.A.

**Nardwuar:** Did many bands get naked?

**Bev:** Wow, we have photos of two bands Iggy, and Slow, who were quite famous for that but no, not many. I can't think of any others, but didn't Wendy O. Williams wear black electrical tape placed carefully? And the Slits were wearing mud on the cover of their LP. Although when I photographed them in London they were fully clothed.

**Nardwuar:** How did you get Rollins to pose for this? He has a local fanzine *Generic Drivel* pasted to his stomach!

**Bev:** The editor asked him to let me take some shots with this zine. There are a few others where he is just holding it, then he stuck it on his chest and gave me that look, that Rollins look.

**Nardwuar:** When I interviewed Rollins a few years ago, and people can watch and read and listen to that interview at nardwuar.



RADICOOL DIY PROMOTIONS PRESENTS:



# THE QUEERS THE METHADONES THE MANGES

2 GREAT SoCal SHOWS!

**SATURDAY, JUNE 16**  
**PUNK ROCK SOCIAL - LIVE**

**ALEX'S BAR**

2913 E. Anaheim St.

Long Beach, CA (562) 434-8292

\$10 | 21+ | 9:00 | [www.punkrocksocial.com](http://www.punkrocksocial.com)

**SUNDAY, JUNE 17**  
**HOOLOGAN HIGH**

**SAFARI SAM'S**

5214 W. Sunset Blvd.,

Hollywood, CA (323) 666-7267

\$12 | ALL AGES | 6:00 | [www.hooliganhigh.com](http://www.hooliganhigh.com)

• Hooligan High pre-sale tickets available at [www.safari-sams.com](http://www.safari-sams.com)



PUNK  
ROCK  
**Social**  
★ LIVE ★

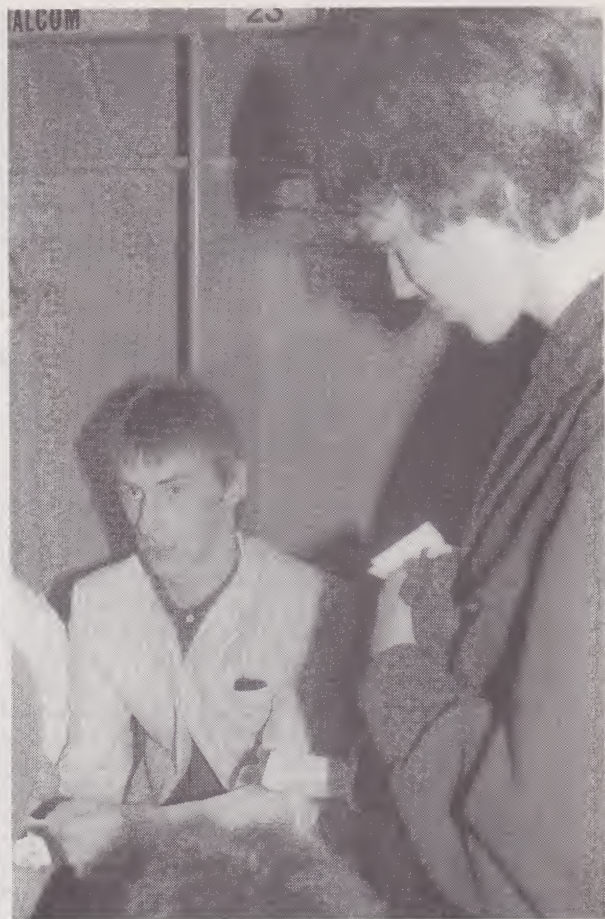
**HOOLOGAN  
HIGH**  
ALL AGES

**RADICOOL**  
D.I.Y. PROMOTIONS





The Modernettes, 1980,  
179 Royal Canadian Legion, Vancouver BC, Canada



The Jam, June 5, 1982,  
Kerrisdale Arena, Vancouver, BC Canada

com, he talked about hating Vancouver. Let me play you the clip:

**Nardwuar:** Why do you think that people think you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg, because people think you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg. People think that you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg.

**Rollins:** 'Cause I used to very much. 'Cause I would come up here and you guys would be a shitty, spitting, heroin shooting, equipment stealing audience who we weren't allowed to kill. So, after I got out of Black Flag and I didn't have to come here anymore, when I became the boss of the system, I stopped coming here so I didn't have to get spat on and have my equipment ripped off by, by idiotic punk rock junkies. So I gave the city about seven years to cool off, and came back and found it to be a very wonderful place.

**Nardwuar:** What do you think about what he said about Vancouver?

**Bev:** Well it seems, and I stress, seems, that he has changed too.

**Nardwuar:** I also must say if it were not for Rollins I would not be talking to you today, because I met you at Joey Shithead of DOA's garage sale, where you were selling your photos. I was looking for a Black Flag picture to go with my interview and you hooked me up! So thank you Henry Rollins for indirectly hooking me up with Bev Davies!

**Bev:** [silence] I am speechless Nardwuar.

**Nardwuar:** Here is Paul Weller of The Jam

backstage at Kerrisdale Arena in Vancouver.

**Bev:** The Kerrisdale Arena was quite a hot bed of rock shows over the years. I guess Mötörhead got the place closed down a couple of years after The Jam were there. I saw the Clash there too, and Jimmy Cliff. Years and years before, I saw Frank Zappa's Mothers Of Inventions at the Kerrisdale Arena, no photos of that, sorry.

**Nardwuar:** Back to the Jam Bev, I love that Paul Weller is sitting in a hockey stall. You can see the players name "#23 Vohallo" right above him. Who is that guy besides Paul? A contest winner?

**Bev:** No idea. But the Arena is not just a "name," some shows actually had the floor down over the ice surface and it was cold. The Jam had a very large crowd of mods dressed in those green parkas. It was like I was an extra in *Quadrophenia*.

**Nardwuar:** What can you tell me about this picture of the Modernettes? A very rare pictures! They were not always a four piece?

**Bev:** This was taken at a time that Jon Doe was in the band, and I think I never saw him play with them. There are two Jon Does, so we need to be clear. This Jon Doe is the Jon Doe from the Scramblers/Rabid, not X. This photo was taken at the Legion at 8th and Commercial, the 179 Legion. There used to be gigs there quite often. In fact, Nardwuar, your Evaporators shot a video there...

**Nardwuar:** For "Half-empty Halls"! I never knew about the history of that place when

we shot the video. I wish I did so I could look for hidden punk graffiti from the 1970s. How did the Modernettes fit in with the early Vancouver punk scene? Some people like them better than the Pointed Sticks!

**Bev:** They were there at the early times and made great music. I don't think you had to pick, really. I tried to go to everything. Actually, my friend Carola who runs the Jem Gallery in Vancouver, put on the Modernette's reunion show last month at Richards on Richards in Vancouver.

**Nardwuar:** They are back together now, touring Japan and whatnot, although not with the original line up as bass player Mary Jo is still breeding cats.

**Bev:** Ah, cats. Not a bad way to live, with cats. Grinder, my cat, and I are thick like thieves.

**Nardwuar:** People should check out Modernette's singer John Armstrong's book *Guilty of Everything*. It is so informative!

**Bev:** I love the story in it about The Modernettes and The Pointed Sticks on their 1980 trip south to California where they almost got killed at an Oakland biker bar.

**Nardwuar:** And he has a new book, *Wages*, coming out soon.

**Bev:** So I hear. I look forward to more of his stories. God, he can tell a good story.

**Nardwuar:** Well, thanks for your time again Bev Davies. Keep on rawkin' in the free world, and doot doola doot doo ...

**Bev:** Click click.





## A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

"We've got a toe-tapper here."

# THE ROAD TO ROCK'N'ROLL

I was cooking lunch when Joe Strummer's publicist called. Todd answered the phone. I kept grating cheese for quesadillas. This was in the early days of *Razorcake*, when Todd and I each did half of magazine from the apartment we shared, when we were working on our fifth issue and still defining what the magazine would be. I didn't pay attention to the call. I buttered a couple of tortillas, lay one on a frying pan, sprinkled grated cheese on it, and lay the other tortilla on top of it. This was also the days when any and all money we earned went back into putting out this magazine, back when I still considered Top Ramen food and would actually eat it. Quesadillas were a bit of a luxury.

Todd got off the phone just as I finished cooking. He said, "That was Joe Strummer's publicist. She said she heard a rumor that we were going to interview him and put him on the cover of the next issue?"

"Was she calling from 1978?" I asked.

We both laughed.

The band on the cover of that issue: Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission.

My joke was had less to do with Joe Strummer and more to do with all the publicists who would call and try to play stupid publicist tricks on us. I was and am a Joe Strummer fan. I thought long and hard about that interview. Part of me wanted to do it. The second Clash album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, is the perfect punk rock album. It's high energy, full of catchy melodies, has a nice mix of personal and political lyrics and the political lyrics are complex explorations of enduring issues like cultural imperialism rather than politics that come with an expiration date. The trade off of Joe Strummer and Mick Jones' vocals are perfect. And, unlike every other Clash album, every song is great. There's not one low point between "Safe European Home" and "All the Young Punks." I got the album when I was still young enough to believe that punk rock could save the world. It still sounds great to my old and jaded ears. I've played that record so many times that the vinyl seems somehow thinner, more flimsy, like I can only play it another couple of dozen times before I wear completely through it. Still, it gets a lot of spins even now. I listened to it this morning.

In a sense, every album I buy now is a futile attempt to recapture that feeling

I got when I first set the needle down on that record.

So I asked myself again and again, "Do you want to interview the creative force behind the perfect punk rock album?" And I always came up with the same answer.

No.

Did I want to meet him? Absolutely. Was he a hero of mine? Of course. He still is. Did I want to bask in the glow of brilliance? Yes. But did I want to waste his time with a bunch of questions about something he'd done twenty-odd years ago? Questions that have already been asked a million times, that he's answered and that I read the answers to? No. The truth of the matter was, I had no interest in his new project, Joe Strummer And The Mescaleros. I'd heard it was "world music." One of the songs on the vinyl version of that album is seventeen minutes long. I wanted nothing to do with that. I didn't even give the disc a spin when it arrived in the review pile. I had no interest. After some of those horrible songs on the Clash's *Sandinista*, after living through a couple of decades of "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" and "Rock the Casbah" on high rotation everywhere, I felt like I was done with Joe Strummer. Sure, he'd written great songs since *Give 'Em Enough Rope*. There are even great songs on *Sandinista*. And I loved him in the movie *Midnight Train*. But world music? Come on.

After Joe Strummer died, we did run a feature on him in *Razorcake*. I didn't write anything about him then because I felt like Eric Rife—who did write the feature—said everything I wanted to say. He said it beautifully. I did the layout for that article. I sat at the computer in my apartment playing every piece of Clash music I had, right down to a bootleg copy of the Clash at the U.S. Festival. I photoshopped pictures of Joe Strummer, I moved layout elements back and forth. I read and reread Eric's words. I spent more time on that layout than I did on any other layout for *Razorcake*. I don't know why.

A few months later, I was in a coffee house in Cincinnati. It was at the end of a short book tour I was doing. There was a record store above the coffee shop. I milled around there for a minute and got to talking to the owner. He knew *Razorcake*. We chatted

about the Joe Strummer feature. He said, "I have the new Mescaleros album. Just came in. Wanna hear it?"

I didn't, really, but I said, "Sure." Just to be polite.

He played the first song. "Coma Girl." I thought, wow! This is a song I've been wanting to hear for twenty years. Holy shit. I made a huge mistake.

Shortly before Joe Strummer died, filmmaker Dick Rude went on the Mescaleros' final tour and made a documentary on it, *Let's Rock Again*. The documentary has been out for a couple of years, but I didn't get around to watching it until recently. There's one scene in the middle of the movie when Joe Strummer is in Atlantic City. He's scheduled to do a show that night. He goes to a rock'n'roll radio station in hopes of promoting his show. He goes to the telephone outside the station and he talks to the D.J. Only Joe Strummer's half of the conversation is audible, but the tenor of the conversation is clear the third time he says his name to the D.J. The D.J. clearly has no idea whom he's talking to. Finally, Joe Strummer says, "I used to be in a band called the Clash." Suddenly, everything changes. The D.J. is beaming. He welcomes Joe Strummer up. He tells Joe Strummer that the station is three songs away from playing a Clash song.

In the next cut, we see Joe Strummer in a radio station that serves as a metaphor for everything that ruins rock'n'roll now. There isn't one piece of actual music around: no compact discs, no records, not even cassettes. All the songs are programmed into a computer. Behind the D.J., the afternoon's playlist beams on a computer monitor. It's the same playlist on every computer monitor in every rock'n'roll station nationwide. And there's Joe Strummer sitting on the other side of The Booth That Ruins Rock'n'roll. He's singing back up along with "Rock the Casbah." He's got a withering smile on his face. The sides of his mouth twitch and he does an admirable job of keeping his chin up. But, really, do any of us need to hear "Rock the Casbah" again? Especially when we compare it to all the great songs that the Clash recorded? And what could possibly be going through Joe Strummer's mind? Does it break his heart to know that this is his legacy to most of the world? Or does it just break my heart?





Illustration by Brad Beshaw

Several times in the movie, it's made clear that Joe Strummer has gone from superstardom to obscurity. He mentions that the first Mescaleros album, *Rock Art and the X-Ray Style*, didn't break even. Hellcat Records actually lost money on it. He says that his goal with *Global A Go-Go* is simply to break even. "There's more music in us," he says. He just wants to cut one more album. We know now that he did. Sort of. The album, *Streetcore*, was never really completed, but it was completed enough to be released. The song "Coma Girl" is on that album.

Toward the end of the film, Joe Strummer gets redemption.

Both the D.J. in *The Booth That Ruins Rock'n'roll* and a really rude D.J. at KROQ have played a song off of *Global A Go-Go* (the last album Joe Strummer released in his lifetime). The cuts of the movie

alternate between the two radio stations. The Mescaleros song "Johnny Appleseed" plays. Joe Strummer jumps around the booths, completely stoked. For a second, it's easy to confuse this fifty-year-old man with an eighteen-year-old kid. He bangs his fists against the wall in perfect rhythm with the song. He shouts out, "We've got a toe-tapper here." He opens the door and yells down the hall, "It's a toe-tapper."

Not a hit. Not a gold record. A toe-tapper.

And suddenly this becomes Joe Strummer's legacy to the world: he shows us how to still be cool when you go from hero to zero. Or, more poignantly, how to understand that hero and zero are irrelevant. That what really matters is your art. He promotes an album, he tours, he does everything he can to generate press not so that he can be a star again, not to reclaim his former glory or to cash in one more time—hell, there's barely

a nod to the Clash days in the movie—but because he's got more music in him.

And what about me? Do I regret never having interviewed Joe Strummer, not helping him out when he was a zero? Not even listening to his last three albums until after he was dead? Not really. An interview in *Razorcake*, even putting his mug on the cover of that magazine, wouldn't have changed his life at all. The Mescaleros toured with The Who, their records were played on KROQ, every major weekly in the country wrote articles about them. People knew about them. One more interview in a fanzine that went out to four thousand people wouldn't have made any difference.

By not meeting him, though, I think I got something better. I got to know him only through his art. Only through what he chose to give of himself. And that means more to me.

See, after that reading in Cincinnati—for which there was a big crowd, sure, but a crowd who seemed suddenly surprised that they had come to a reading and not just to a coffee house—I stayed the night in a punk house. The next morning, my tourmate Jennifer Whiteford and I hopped a Greyhound from Cincinnati to Chicago. The bathroom of the Greyhound had not been cleaned for six or seven thousand years. The smell permeated everything. It hit you as soon as you set foot on the bus. The only open seats for Jennifer and me were in the back, right by the bathroom. We spent four hours breathing this air. Imagine sitting in an ancient port-a-john and someone is outside, shaking the walls enough to make sure the odor never dissipates. That's what that bus ride was like. We performed that night in Chicago. Six people showed up. I sold one book.

After the reading, I went to a bar with the guy who set up the reading. He bought the first round and I bought the second. The round I bought cost more than the book I'd sold. He apologized for the turnout, for the local papers and weeklies that had ignored the press releases and promo books I'd sent them. He lamented the state of literature today. I answered with a withered smile. The same smile I recognized on Joe Strummer's face years later, when I watched *Let's Rock Again* and saw him in *The Booth That Ruins Rock'n'roll*. Seeing that smile made me feel like a kindred spirit. I think I knew exactly how he felt right then. It's a feeling I know well. In that smile, it's clear to me exactly why Joe Strummer did what he did with his life and why I do what I do with mine. For a second, it felt like one of my heroes had come back from the grave, like he gave me a hug and said, "Man, everything's cool."

—Sean Carswell





# WOMEN IN PUNK

*Women in Punk*

*by Roxy Epoxy*

I am Roxy Epoxy. No, it's not my real name, but it works. I answer to it.

I have a college degree in photography with a lot of focus on women's studies. I graduated in 1996 and started my career. I could say that I succeeded in that career with a nice, stable staff job. I had benefits. I had income. Then music continued taking me over. It was time to stop just singing in the car. I left my nice, safe career to do music.

I sing and write for a band called the Epoxies. We've been together about six years and it is pretty much my first band. And, oh yeah, I am the only female in the band. Therefore, I'm not in just any band. No, I'm in a "girl fronted" band. I'm not in rock. I'm a woman in rock. I'm a rocker girl. Pussy power. I can't possibly rock out with my cock out.

The Epoxies and The Start have played a couple of shows together. Aimee Echo is the singer for The Start. Oh yeah, she is the only female in the band, too. I try my best to see The Start play when they pass through Portland and I'm in town. Yes, I do like the band very much, but it is afterwards that I

enjoy even more. The boys always seem to grab some beers and guitars and go for it. Aimee and I end up under piles of blankets with her dog, Eno, and some red wine. I adore Aimee Echo. She is a fantastic and inspiring woman. The last visit involved a lot of the new *Battlestar Galactica*. We also picked up where we left off on our bizarre lives in this world of music. We tell stories. We compare notes. Oh yeah, we bond, baby. Ladies in boyland, *unite!*

We might be underground figures, but we are still in the public eye. We are both pretty down-to-earth people and can deny this fact all we want, but it's true. We are both able to dig up shared stories of weight, age, sexuality, and clothing being defining factors that are heaped on us. We take it in stride because we have to. All women grow up with a degree of commentary and objectification. It's the way it is.

No matter how far underground our worlds of music might reach, we still deal with a version of the same reality. Gender equality has never existed in music as a whole. On top of this,

mainstream gender prejudice has increasingly seeped into our world of punk rock. Oftentimes, girls and women are not really allowed to be themselves rather than a version of femininity that has been dictated to them. We are things to be defined. We are things to be objectified. It is an anomaly that we haven't slept around to get ahead. These are just a start of the assumptions that we face.

To some degree, Aimee and I are able to laugh it off. On the other end of things, our curiosity grows. Our analytical side kicks in. Our need for activism and change arises. We laugh and we cringe. We still do what we do in the face of the commentary.

True, there are many instances where equality is increasing. There are many instances where gender isn't given a second thought. So, what is our current reality?

Let's look at our current situation in pop culture. We are constantly inundated with the world of cutaway, primped, pulled, and not-so-intellectual starlets. These women are often famous and admired for nothing in



and at times we may want to be  
of it and we may want to be  
of it and we may want to be



Photo by Chrystae Branchaw

When we want to be  
When we want to be  
When we want to be  
When we want to be  
When we want to be



particular besides a pretty face, skinny ass, and a deep inheritance. These women are famous for a singing or acting career based on a highly stylized, marketed, researched, and branded creation of thin and sexy.

Sure, we've been in the midst of the feminist movement for years and we'd like to think that many equality issues are in the past. However, this is what so many girls are emulating these days: an increasingly vacant consumer culture that seeps into every aspect of our lives. Girls are still being fed the idea

into a size 0 to a size 4. I've also seen some mentions recently of the creation of the new size 00. My research states that this size came into existence for the naturally very petite woman tired of shopping in the kids section; however, seems to be gaining bragging rights in gossip circles. In my own estimation, I think I probably would have fit into a size 00 in sixth grade. Also, most girls I know buy pants that they wear on their hips, rather than their actual waist—and most pants are now designed to fit like that, but they still use the

underground thing? Isn't punk separated from what commercial culture thinks? Perhaps, in some circles, it is.

Punk music and the punk scene have had their time in the spotlight over the years, but nothing blew punk out of the underground like Nirvana in 1991 and Green Day in 1994. That was it. It was up for grabs, marketed, and accessible to anyone who was interested in any capacity. Just like anything else that might make a buck. (Yeah, yeah. If you're reading this *Razorcake* magazine you've



# ALL WE WANT TO DO IS SOMETHING WE LOVE

*We've made our sacrifices and it is certainly not all glamorous.  
We want to be angry when we want to be.  
We want to smile when we want to.*

that their worth is based merely on sexuality and youth. These ideas come not just from magazines and TV. These ideas are now found on bus stops and in schools. Sure, we see headlines that thirties are the new twenties, forties are the new thirties, and so on. However, in a lot of cases, the examples used for this theory seem to be based on how well these women have aged. We see examples of how well the plastic surgeon exercises their craft.

According to the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, the average U.S. woman is 5' 3.7" (162 centimeters) tall, weighs 152 pounds (69 kilograms), and wears size 10 to 12 clothing. Interestingly enough, it is very hard to pin down what these sizes mean from brand to brand. I currently have four different charts open from Overstock.com, American Apparel, Wikipedia, and Answers.com and they all vary slightly. On average, a size 10 is determined to be a 32.5" bust, 25" waist, and 34.5" hip while a size 12 is a 34" bust, 26.5" waist, and 36" hips. At a quick glance, my current pair of jeans has a 34" waist, so I wear between a size 16 and 18. Nice to know; I rarely weigh myself and have always bought clothes by fit. Now I know where I really stand!

Whether or not it's true, the mainstream images that are flashed before us brag of fitting

top (where the pants ride) measurement as the waist measurement. So, if you have 34" hips, and that's where you wear your pants, you'd be in a higher size range than if it were based on the waist measurement.

Women are still pitted against each other in a variety of contests ranging from body image to sexuality. Both men and women increasingly use the term "whore." I turned on the TV the other night during some insomnia and came across a show that I believe was called *Parental Control*. This show pitted two women against some guy's current girlfriend so he could choose if he liked these other women better. The parents and the current girlfriend would then sit back and watch the date while they insulted each other. The current girlfriend would whip insults at the chosen dates.

The catfight is now commercial television. I think other examples can be found in *America's Next Top Model* and those *Bachelor* shows. We can't go to the store without being informed about which celebrities are having some sort of feud, who stole whose boyfriend, and who is too fat, too skinny, or a cokehead. There's been an obvious increase in the amount of tabloids available at the checkout counter.

So, what the hell might this have to do with women in punk? Isn't punk an

gone a bit beyond that. I know. I know. Hear me out.)

At this point in time, I am by no means a pioneer as a woman in a band. The path has been blazed and it has been blazed well by Joan Jett, Debbie Harry, Penelope Houston, Exene Cervenka, Patti Smith, Theo Kogan, Kathleen Hanna, Sinéad O'Connor, and countless others. All of these women have been idolized and scrutinized and are still performing. However, women in bands are still the rare and criticized breed. We are still sexualized and held to mainstream standards no matter how DIY our bands might be. We are still held as sub par by so many, whether it be performance, vocal ability, musicianship, or plain old looks. We are often still not allowed to get aggressive onstage without the risk of backlash. So many still prefer us ladies to be "girly." (But, fuck, I've never, ever been girly.) So many still prefer us to be defined.

As mentioned, I am new to the world of being in a band and creating music myself; however, I've listened to music for as long as I can remember. I probably heard classical music the first week I was alive. My father has thousands of records and plays them every chance he gets. I now use the record player he had when I was born. I've been to the symphony, the opera, the ballet, and



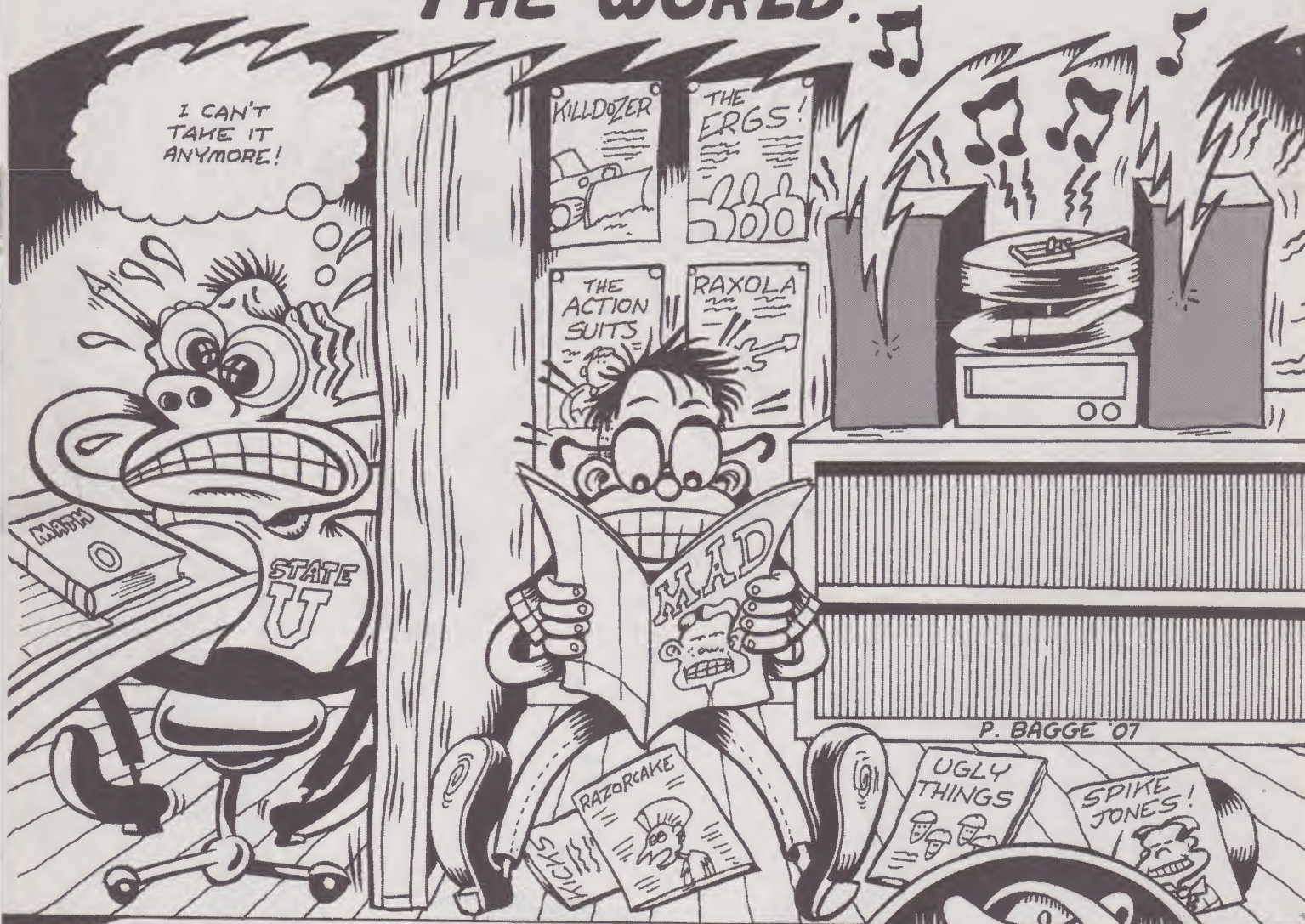




# ACADEMY RECORDS

"MAKING YOUR ROOMMATES MOVE OUT SINCE 2004"

## COMMUNIST RADIO! ALLL! OVER THE WORLD!



**ACADEMY RECORDS HAS NEW YORK'S  
BEST SELECTION OF PUNK ROCK REISSUES!  
AND STILL HAS NYC'S LARGEST SELECTION OF  
USED VINYL! AND WE'RE ALWAYS BUYING YOUR  
USED ALBUMS — BEST PRICES IN NYC!**



ACADEMY RECORDS  
96 NORTH 6TH ST.  
WILLIAMSBURG,  
BKN. NY. 11211

718-218-8200  
WWW.ACADEMYANNEX.COM  
ADD US TO YOUR MYSPACE:  
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/ACADEMYANNEX



Broadway shows. I listened to Top 40 before I knew there was something more intriguing out there.

I first came across punk rock in 1985 or 1986. My best friend's older sister had Dead Kennedys' *In God We Trust, Inc* in their room and I was immediately interested in the song titles. ("Nazi Punks Fuck Off!") I didn't yet know what to make of what I heard on the tape, but the punk and alternative music and lifestyle eventually took over my life. Years down the line, I ended up in a band and nothing will ever be the same.

So, why did I turn to this lifestyle in the late '80s? Why did so many of us end up in the middle of all of this? Because I never fucking fit in. I wanted to hear some different ideas. I was always the geek and always the loner. I was the one they kicked the most kickballs at. I thought differently. I joked differently. I farted

where the mainstream filters in, no matter whom you are, and what you have to say. We are bodies. We are sexuality. We are labeled by our age. We are what we wear. We become embodied purely by the opinion of others and so often that opinion is shaped by what we are fed by the media. We are bellies, butts, and boobs. We are hair and clothes. We have voices and musical skills that are dismissed by so many because they just don't like female singers or they simply think that girls can't play the drums.

Did you know that girl bands aren't selling well these days? Yes, "girl band" is a fucking genre. "Women in rock," "girl bands," and "girl-fronted bands" are all terms that have come to annoy me. The fact that these terms are still commonplace indicates that women are still separate in music.

This whole article will probably label me as a militant man hater. Not pointing any of

everything I do. In fact, I'm a bit obsessive when I get involved with projects. I don't think there is a single one of us out there who rises above being a human, but there are so many who are superior at what they do.

But, do you know what really sucks? It's the fact that I am on this rant and I have still bought into some of this shit. I want to be free of it, but I'm not. I have a slight degree of body dysmorphia, a self-degrading personal image of what my body looks like. (Michael Jackson would be a very extreme example of the disorder with the pains he has gone through to surgically alter his entire appearance.) I worry that I look old. I am thirty-three years old. I hear I look about twenty-five. I worry that I have a double chin. I worry that I've gained fifteen pounds over the last five years. I worry that I'm becoming less attractive. What a hypocritical asshole I

## THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH SEXY

*as long as there is a sense of self behind it.*

too much. I liked frogs and ants and lizards. I cracked open poor Mike M.'s head when I shoved him into a locker. My peers told me that I was not normal. I was told by society that I was not a normal girl. At that time I had one "positive" thing going for me which I was often praised for: I was very, very skinny. Some superficial views of positive never change.

I'm pretty fascinated with negative statements in general. I like psychology. I love the psychology of being in a band. It's one big psychological and sociological experiment. I find this very close parallel between this scene of ours and the mainstream very interesting. The two are definitely overlapping circles if I were to draw a diagram. So many fall face first into the overlap.

In our punk scene, we'd like to think that we view things differently and are more open-minded than the norm, but it often seems this is very much not the case. So often, women in bands are still viewed as "the other." The woman or women in a band are always pointed out or the band is flat-out labeled as a "girl band." I'm not sure I've ever read a review that took pains to point out an all-male lineup.

In the case of women on stage, it is all up for comment because we have been taught as such. We are still objects and the "other," no matter how hard we try and just do what we do. This is

this out, ignoring it, is what I'm supposed to do. Feminism, to many, has become a dirty word. Many deny that they are feminists due to the stigma of being labeled a man hater. Most those who call themselves feminists merely want equality between the genders and, as far as we've come, we still aren't there.

In some circles, we've come a long way since the days when women and girl groups were directed solely by men on their image and musical output. In the mainstream, many of the women who are thrust into the spotlight are still ruled by the powers that be. (What's that show? *Making the Band*?) However, we know that women can write their own songs, play their own instruments, and take control of what they are interested in creatively.

The critiques I have often read about myself mention—not performance or quality—but the clothes I wore a particular day, how tired, "spent," or old I looked, whether I am worth fucking, whether I sleep with women, or how much coke I did that night.

In my own case, I've never done coke and I always perform completely sober. I don't happen to be a lesbian, but wouldn't be ashamed if I were. I'm not the oldest and I'm not the youngest performer out there. I am actively involved in the songwriting in my band. I'm not the best singer out there, but I try the best with what I have and with

am! Where did this come from?

I find it amusing when the beauty industry tries to deny its part in influencing anything from full blown eating disorders to other self esteem issues. I certainly feel as if my own issues have stemmed from this. I am fairly positive that the three models who died from anorexia this past year were related to this. What about all the women who end up in this or that publication with their eyes blacked out and their "muffin tops" (the little roll of fat squeezing out over the top of pants) circled as a no no? How do they feel about it? What about the women with the cheek implants or the liposuction?

Interestingly enough, the men I have toured with have never made me feel like anything but an equal. Is it that these people have seen the dregs that we work in and have shoved gender rolls aside? Let's see—Epoxies, Phenomenauts, Teenage Bottlerocket—me and fourteen men. Aquabats, Epoxies, Phenomenauts—me and seventeen men. Punkvoter Tour II: oh fuck, I don't know!

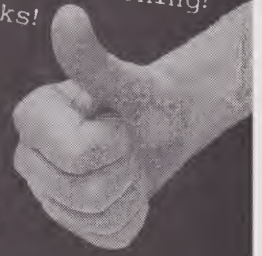
Let's talk about the reality of a DIY tour. Contrary to what some people think about the Epoxies, we are not raking in the money. There are no tour busses to be had, so we all live in close proximity in a van or RV that we hope will not break down. In fact, we don't even have a





# PUNK n JUNK

records!  
books! clothing!



one-stop punk rock direct!

[www.punknjunkdistro.com](http://www.punknjunkdistro.com)

all of these fine releases available now online!



order now at [www.punknjunkdistro.com](http://www.punknjunkdistro.com)

HEY NOW! Place your order during May, mention this ad & get a FREE 7in of your choice!

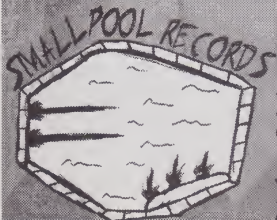
All of our prices are dirt cheap & include shipping & handling! Fuck yeah!

Support the DIY culture but ALWAYS check your local record shop first!

## NEW! KILLER DREAMER ALBUM OUT NOW!

OUT NOW! ON  
SMALL POOL RECORDS  
\$9 BUCKS POST PAID USA

BUY THE NEW KILLER DREAMER LP HERE! LIMITED EDITION 12 IN ALL HAND SCREENED, HAND PAINTED AND MADE WITH LOVE. SAN PEDRO FUCKING PUNK ROCK YOU'LL LOVE IT, EX-JAG OFFS AND FOUR LETTER WORDS, ALSO EVERY COVER IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER, GOING FAST ACT NOW OR YOU'LL BE SORRY, ALSO U CAN BUY FROM THESE LOVELY FRIENDS @ NO IDEA, DR, \$TRANGE, RADIATION RECORDS (ANAHEIM), RAZORCAKE, RECESS RECS, ADD RECORDS AND MORE!



TO ORDER THIS PLEASE WRITE TO SMALL POOL @ 2136 E, BLANCHARD AVE, ANAHEIM, CA 92806 SEND CASH HIDE THE SHIT!! CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO MATT VENZKE OR JON RAINIS NOT TO SMALL POOL RECORDS THANKS, OR FIND US ON MYSPACE IF YOU HAVE TO, YOU CAN ORDER FROM THERE TO BUT PLEASE WRITE FIRST WE LOVE MAIL THANKS!!!



vehicle right now because they all keep dying. On occasion, we all have a hard time finding showers and sleep. We sleep on floors next to litter boxes. A few years ago, we slept in an apartment that had many bags full of puppy poop. (How romantic!) We sleep in cars. We sleep in chairs. We deal with carrying our own gear. All traditional roles melt away and we just work on pulling our own weight. We just work on getting to the good part: the show itself. Other than that, we have a degree of survival mode. There is little room for "he versus she." There is plenty of room for fart jokes and stinky feet. There has

Ultimately, I am grateful for such programs such as the local Rock'n'Roll Camp for Girls ([www.girlsrockcamp.org](http://www.girlsrockcamp.org)). Ideally, there would just be one big ol' rock and roll camp for everyone who wants to rock, but we are still at a point where girls need a safe haven to learn that what they do is okay. I hope that programs such as this steer the participants away from the very common tendency of girls to gang up on each other and promotes a support system that is often lacking.

It is inspiring to see a woman on stage who is obviously enjoying what she is doing and is comfortable with herself. Sometimes

us to be in a constant state of pre-natal preparation and, on the other, we are pushing the boundaries of sexuality without really claiming that sexuality for ourselves. So, why not push these ideas in different directions?

There is such strength in women's bodies and minds and there shouldn't be shame in either. I think women's bodies are spectacular. Women's minds are spectacular. Women's expression is spectacular and we should be able to adorn and enjoy these things.

There is nothing wrong with sexy as long as there is a sense of self behind it. There is nothing wrong with fashion and makeup as long as there

**WE BECOME EMBODIED**  
*purely by the opinion of others and so often that opinion is shaped by what we are fed by the media.*  
*We are bellies, butts, and boobs.*

always been room in my life for fart jokes and stinky feet.

I've been asked countless times about what it is like to be the only girl on the road. The answer is that I hardly notice amongst the guys I am on the road with. The difference only seems to come from the outside. Once again, I am not the girliest girl out there, so being surrounded by three-day-old boy butt doesn't really faze me. They have to be around three-day girl butt too.

Femininity can be so many things. Aren't all women females? (Well, we could get into a discussion about transgenders here, but that would be a different article.) In that case, isn't it up to all women to define femininity for themselves?

Granted, I have gone on a rant about the cookie cutter female. Perhaps that is narrow-minded of me, however, I'd like to think that the mind of all women can go beyond this definition. I'd like to think that some women go for the defined norm, not out of fear of being different, but because it suits their personality. I'd like to think that there is conviction behind who they choose to be. Beyond this, I'd like to think that femininity *could* be anything. Femininity can include anything from makeup and hair to the masculine side of things. Feminine *can* rock out with its cock (cockless?) out. Feminine *can* play the drums. Feminine can skateboard. Feminine can date a man or a woman. Feminine can be monogamous or polyamorous. Feminine is defined by the woman.

it just takes a little bit of experimenting to figure out where that core comes from.

In that sense, let me take this last moment to flip some of the things I've mentioned on their head.

I once found a comment online about a stage outfit I once put together that consisted mostly of electrical tape on top—how could I wear such a thing if I viewed myself as a feminist? How could I portray my body in such a way? The answer is theatre, strength, character acting, and doing what feels right for any particular performance.

It might not be the case for all performers, but stage performance can be very theatrical. Music expresses ideas through its lyrics and its music and, in many cases, the potential theatre behind it can be left behind. Many a band decides to not participate in this aspect. That's fine.

I find it very interesting that so many people interested in music choose to take the theatre of it and push it aside as a novelty. I think many a time the self-expression available through music is misunderstood. In the case of any performer in music, not only are our voices and instruments our tools, but our bodies are as well.

Women's bodies have been long politicized in this country and the backlash has often ended up in a form of consumer-driven self-expression that I have mentioned previously. We are at such an interesting point. On one hand, the government is telling


is a sense of self behind it. There is nothing wrong with skin care and the gym. There is nothing wrong with pursuing what is out there if it leads to a sense of solidity. If these are the tools we choose to use, these things can go hand in hand with speaking out. So what do we do? Why do any of us do this? What is the reality of our world in this business of music? We learn to brush off the bullshit, and, if we can't, we try to figure out why it's there in the first place. We question what we have been taught as a whole society. We try to change what has been shoved in our faces every day since we are born. Now is the time to make art, music, and express in the face of all that is fed to us and in the face of everything that is in danger of being taken away. Fuck the assumptions. Fuck the pigeonholes. All we want to do is something we love. We've made our sacrifices and it is certainly not all glamorous. We want to be angry when we want to be. We want to smile when we want to. We want to make you think and we want to make you laugh. We want to make you dance and we want to dance with you.

We don't really care if you don't like what we've created if you honestly have an open mind and give us a chance. Not everyone likes everything and that's the way it should be. Isn't creativity and art being stifled enough these days without superficial attitudes getting in the way? We need all the boundary pushing we can get from all sides.

Now, isn't that really why you got into punk rock in the first place?







# Circle One

Going Against the Grain:  
an interview with Circle One's  
**Mike Vallejo**  
Part 1

interview by **Jimmy Alvarado**

and **Todd Taylor**

photos and artwork courtesy of

**Mike Vallejo**

art juke by **Amy Adoyzie**

intro by

**Jimmy Alvarado**

Perceptions are funny things. Two people can look at the same thing and come up with totally different conclusions about it, neither of them completely wrong or right. This gets sticky with something as morally ambiguous as a human being—the Borgia popes were total scumbags and Hitler and Manson both supported animal rights—and when you're talking about something involving four distinct personalities, trying to nail down some black and white definition of who they are and where they stand can be about as productive as pissing in the wind.

Take Circle One, one of the most controversial bands to come out of Los Angeles' hardcore scene of the 1980s. Revered and reviled, their reputation is a laundry list of what was both good and bad with that scene—calls for punk unity while participating in punk-on-punk violence, fanatical belief in both the freedom of the punk ethos and the rigid tenets of Christianity, advocating individualism while embracing the conformity of gang culture—and yet, while much of this may be true, it is not a wholly accurate assessment of the band or its members. Much of said reputation stems from original vocalist John Macias, a charismatic, complex person who truly believed in punk as a movement, but whose own best efforts were often hamstrung by mental illness. Even he didn't rigidly fit his reputation, though, and his views and actions did not necessarily reflect those of other band members, least of all guitarist Mike Vallejo, who started

the band in 1980. While neither denying his band's past nor condemning those responsible for it, Mike emphasizes that, outside of the music, he wasn't part of what brought its notoriety.

I've known Mike for a long time and I've never known him to have a propensity for violence or even to really speak ill of anyone. Quite the contrary, in fact—he's always been a helluva nice guy who avoids being judgmental, will often go the extra mile for you, has friends of all stripes and whose smile and smart-aleck sense of humor are ever-present, all of which kinda flies in the face of his band's image as a bunch of thug asshole gangsters. The only aspect of Circle One's rep that seems to apply to him is his unflagging dedication to punk rock: thirty-one years after first hearing the Ramones, Mike remains actively involved in the scene as musician (besides Circle One, Mike has done time in countless Southern California bands), record store proprietor (Feedback Records in West Covina), and fan.

Negative perceptions about Circle One persist, however. Though John, killed by police in the early '90s, and the questionable extracurricular activities associated with the band are very much in the past, another legendary L.A. hardcore band refused to perform on a recent bill with the reformed Circle One based on an incident two decades old. Funny things, perceptions are, and damned hard to shake.



**Jimmy:** What got you into punk rock at the very beginning?

**Mike:** The Ramones definitely got me into punk rock. Well, actually, it was my sister's old boyfriend at that time. He got the first Ramones album and he gave it to me and that was it. I was set.

**Jimmy:** What year was this?

**Mike:** Right when that came out. That was, what, '76, I believe.

**Jimmy:** Where were you from originally?

**Mike:** Pico Rivera.

**Jimmy:** And your family background?

**Mike:** Typical, you know, Spanish background. Everyone spoke Spanish except me. They were pretty supportive as far as what I was doing. They didn't seem like it, but they were.

**Jimmy:** Was there anything beforehand that predisposed you to punk?

**Mike:** Well, before that, I started listening to Elton John in the early/mid '70s. Big Elton John fan—I still am—and then early classic rock. I was into that and still am. That was before punk. I went to see Tull, Bad Company....

**Jimmy:** Jethro Tull?

**Mike:** Yeah, that was my first show ever. I think that was '74 or '75, and then the punk thing came.

**Jimmy:** What specifically about punk did you find so attractive?

**Mike:** I guess because it was so different and, coming from the typical Catholic Mexican-

American family suburbs of L.A., that whole scene, it just kind of fit in perfectly, because I was always a loner when I was younger and that was the thing to get into because nobody else was into it. Plus, I loved it. The people looked different. The music was different. It didn't sound like Zeppelin. It didn't sound like Sabbath. Even though I loved those bands at the time, it was just so different and it was unique. It was an individual thing that you could get into and you had an identity, pretty much.

**Jimmy:** When was the first time, beyond listening to the Ramones on a record, that you started identifying with punk rockers, like in a real social way?

**Mike:** Pretty much Rodney (Bingenheimer), his show (Rodney on the ROQ). I think I just happened to stumble upon it and I think he was playing the Eyes or the Randoms or something. Then I would look in the calendar section of the *Times* and I would see all the shows at the Whisky and the Starwood and stuff.

**Jimmy:** Was it a gradual thing or did you jump in with both feet?

**Mike:** It was gradual. I knew I liked it a lot, but I was what, fourteen then? I wasn't driving and nobody else was into it. Like I said, I was alone. I didn't really talk to anyone. I was shy back then. I just kept it to myself. I remember going to high school and wearing a Screamin' shirt under my sweater

because I didn't want anyone else to look at it—"This is my scene!"

**Jimmy:** How was the reaction in the neighborhood?

**Mike:** It was pretty dangerous, actually. People would freak out when they'd hear the music, or saw when I bleached my hair for the first time. They just didn't know what to think of it. It was just really foreign to everybody. They just looked at me differently, and that's what I liked about it. I wanted to be different. Everybody was into the stoner scene, classic rock, hard rock scene, or the disco thing was big then, too, and I was the only one that I knew of who was into punk and all these new bands who looked weird and crazy.

**Jimmy:** Coming from where we grew up—I imagine you grew up in either Pico Viejo or Pico Nuevo (local gangs), around that area—why is it that you veered toward punk as opposed to gang culture?

**Mike:** Probably because there was music and I was always involved in music, even before punk. Gangs weren't my thing. I saw that and just didn't like that from the beginning. It was too violent. I just didn't like the style, the attitude, or the look or anything. I always stayed away from that Mexican culture-type thing.

**Jimmy:** That aspect of it or Mexican culture in general?

**Mike:** In general. I didn't speak Spanish at all—I still don't—and I never used to go

Photo by Ed Colver, 1981, at the Pico Rico in Silverlake





to family outings with my family because I didn't like doing that. I didn't go to my prom. I went to see the WeirDOS instead, I used to take the bus to Hollywood to hang out at Oki Dog's or to go to shows. I was never involved in Mexican-American culture. I definitely have a stronger bond with the culture now, especially now that a lot of Chicano bands started coming out.

**Jimmy:** Do you think that punk rock kind of gave you an identity outside of that?

**Mike:** Yeah.

**Jimmy:** Some people I've spoken with believe punk rock was supposed to be something that kind of transcended racial identity. Did you feel that way: more a punk than a Chicano?

**Mike:** Yeah, definitely. Even though there were few blacks and Mexicans in the scene, I was definitely looking for an identity, because I didn't have anything. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I didn't fit in with the cultural thing, didn't fit in with the cholos, didn't fit in with the stoners. So when punk came in, that hit it right on the button.

**Jimmy:** Did you learn by trial and error? Off of records?

**Mike:** I just learned by myself. That's the best way for me to learn. I'd listen to a record and I could play it.

**Todd:** So did you name Circle One?

**Mike:** Yeah. Originally, it came from the Germs song. And I told Don (Bolles, the Germs' drummer) about that and he was cool with it.

**Todd:** Why adopt a Germs song for the title of your band?

**Mike:** They were one of my favorite bands then, and still are, and I just love the name "Circle One." I just thought, "Oh, that'd be a cool name for a band." And, eventually, as the band started, it changed into something else, the meaning and everything else. But I just thought it was a cool name for a band.

**Jimmy:** Was Circle One your first band?

**Mike:** Yeah.

**Jimmy:** Was John Macias part of it originally?

**Mike:** No. John wasn't in it originally. Originally it was me, Mike Ituarte, this guy named Carlos, and this other singer named Tuna. We called him Tuna. I don't know why.

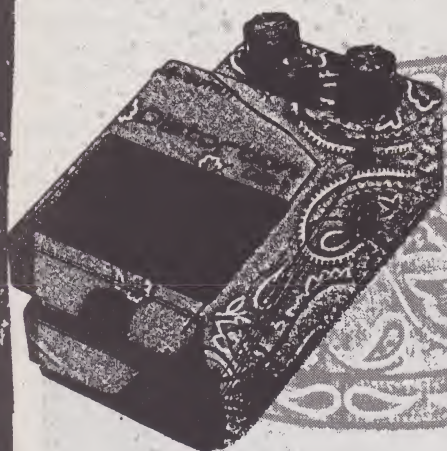
**Mike:** Yeah, pretty much. And he knew Mike Ituarte before he knew me because they were both big stoners, potheads. They called Mike Ituarte "Sleepy," because he always looked sleepy. They knew each other from just partying, going out. And I met John just because I was in four classes with him, and then Mike was like, "Oh, yeah, I know John Macias, too." So it was kind of a mutual thing.

**Jimmy:** How did John get into the band?

**Mike:** I pretty much got him into it. I gave him a tape of Circle Jerks and Black Flag: "Check this stuff out," and the next day he was just hooked big time. He was like, "Fuck, where did you get this?" Then he started coming over to my house and we started playing records and hanging out.

**Todd:** Did you automatically find out what type of voice he had? It's a very distinctive voice.

**Mike:** Yeah. I didn't know. Actually, it was Mike Ituarte's idea to have him sing. At the time, Tuna was still going to be our singer, but Mike was like, "Yeah, I think we should get John," because I think John was yelling



I didn't fit in with the cultural thing,  
didn't fit in with the cholos,  
didn't fit in with the stoners.  
So when punk came in,  
that hit it right on the button.

**Jimmy:** Did you have any race problems inside the punk scene?

**Mike:** No.

**Jimmy:** No one fucked with you for being Mexican?

**Mike:** No. I was too nice a guy. I always smiled.

**Todd:** So when was the first time you decided you wanted to pick up an instrument and be in a band?

**Mike:** The Ramones, of course. Them and the Pistols. I say that nowadays and people are like [affects patronizing voice], "Nahhhh, the Ramones and the Pistols," and it's like, "You should have heard them back then." They were such a big influence to me. Especially the Ramones, because they were the first band I heard, and the simplicity of the playing made me want to play guitar. My sister had gotten back from Mexico for a field trip from high school and she brought back a classical guitar. And that's how I learned Ramones songs—on her classical guitar.

**Jimmy:** Did you ever take classes?

**Mike:** I started taking classes at the Dick Grove School of Music, but that wasn't my thing. So, no, I didn't really take classes. I was only there for a few weeks and left.

**Jimmy:** And that was when?

**Mike:** That was early '80s. But they just wanted to do covers. It was just a joke back then, except for me and Mike. We were the more serious people.

**Todd:** What type of covers were you doing?

**Mike:** Germs, Dead Kennedys, lots of English stuff. Carlos and Tuna were more into Stiff Little Fingers, where we wanted to do the harder, original stuff.

**Jimmy:** Where did you meet John Macias?

**Mike:** I met John at high school. We had four classes in a row together. And I would just see him—"Oh, I had you last period! I had you in four classes in a row!" The guy was just such a character, especially in high school: frizzy hair, class clown all the way. He would always mess with the teachers, but in a joking, prankster way. Every Monday, for our home class, the teacher would ask the students what they did the previous weekend. Everybody would always say something different, but John would always say the same thing: "Yard work. I just did yard work." [laughs] And we would just bust up laughing.

**Todd:** So you forged a friendship starting from that?

at somebody. John would try anything, but I didn't know. It was a pretty unique sound, but it was different than, say, the *Patterns of Force* sound. I guess he later on kind of got more melodic.

**Jimmy:** Yeah, there's a vast difference between stuff like, say, "F.O." on the *Public Service* compilation, or even the early demos, and *Patterns of Force*. There's a lot of screaming on the early demos, and then, all of a sudden, he starts singing.

**Mike:** Yeah, almost Jello Biafra-ish.

**Todd:** He has kind of a waver to his voice.

**Mike:** Yeah. I think somebody in *Music Connection* compared him to the guy in Iron Butterfly.

**Jimmy:** I can hear that. So how did Bill (Ituarte) join the band?

**Mike:** At that time, none of us played any instruments. We just said, "Okay, you play bass, you play drums, I can play a little guitar." It was just because he was Mike's brother.

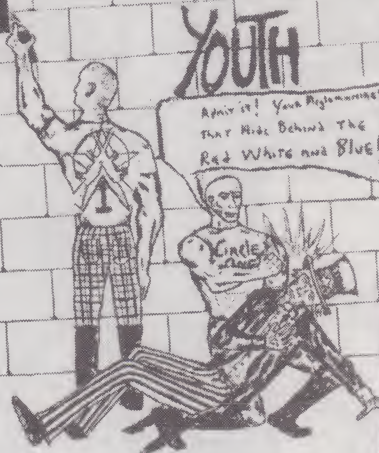
**Jimmy:** You mentioned other people. Was there an actual, cohesive scene in Pico Rivera at the time?

**Mike:** Yeah, it was like us four and four or five other people: Vince, this other guy



# BLACK FLAG WASTED YOUTH CIRCLE ONE

AT THE  
Cuckoos Nest  
1714 PLACENTIA  
COSTA MESA



Friday  
Aug. 21, 3pm  
MATINEE  
\$ 5.00

Photos by Javier Martinez, 1982, Mike Ituarte, bass (top), John (bottom), unknown L.A. club

named John Garcia, John's two younger brothers—mainly because they would follow John, so whatever he was into, they would just follow him. But they would always hang out with us and go to our rehearsals and shows—and there were a couple other local people from Pico and Downey.

**Jimmy:** Were there other bands at the time that were part of that scene too?

**Mike:** Not punk bands, just rock and metal bands, who were friends, but we never hung out with them. We just hung out by ourselves. And John's friends. John always had people following him. Since the first day I met him, he always had people following him.

**Jimmy:** What was the first show?

**Mike:** Our first real show as Circle One was at the Basement with Suicidal (Tendencies), and that was their first show, too. It was supposed to be Wasted Youth—I still have the homemade flyer for that, too. I found that when I was digging through my stuff—but they didn't show up. At that time, Mike Muir and the Wasted Youth guys didn't get along. You know, punk rock gang stuff. And then it was two folk singers at a basement of a Methodist Church on Alvarado Street.

**Jimmy:** And how did that show go down?

**Mike:** Ah, not too well. None of us knew how to play, including myself. We had people walking across the stage and stepping on my distortion box. I would be playing and all of a sudden it would be off. And we were partying before. We were just kids, so we messed up a lot. It was probably a really good show. [laughs] I remember Suicidal was really good, though.

**Jimmy:** And this was before the gang problems with them, right?

**Mike:** Yeah. That was when Mercenaries were happening.

**Jimmy:** What was Mercenaries?

**Mike:** This punk rock gang that John and Mike Ituarte and Mike Muir started. Mercenaries had that little teardrop going down. That was their thing. It didn't last that long. Just that summer, I think.

**Todd:** What did "Mercenaries" mean?

**Mike:** I don't really know. I think it was because of that Negative Trend song "Mercenaries," because we covered it back then. We used to do that song live, or at least when we rehearsed, and then it turned into the gang.

**Todd:** It's changed so much over the years. Explain what the gang did. Explain why you would want to form a gang and how it differed from the gangs already in the neighborhood.

**Mike:** They would go to shows and pretty much start trouble. Not really look for it, but if the LADS (L.A. Death Squad) were there, they might fight or get into some confrontation. But nobody really messed with us mainly because it was Mike Muir and John Macias, who were buff. And the LADS were pretty strong, too, back then. It was just an identity thing, but it got kind of violent at times.

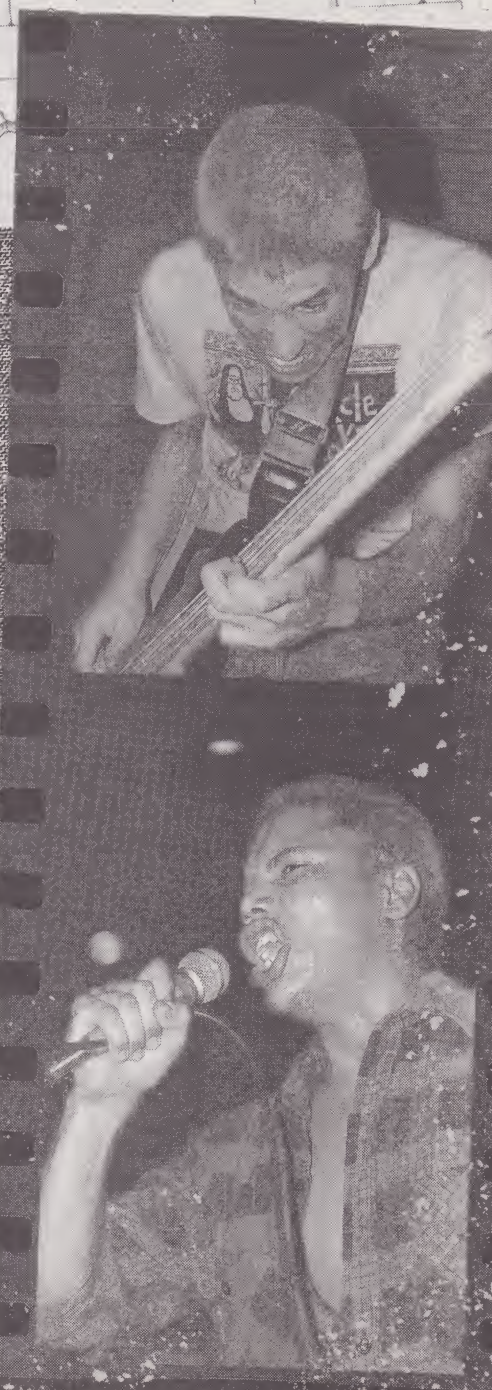






Photo by Kathy Rodgers took, 1991 (four days before John died), at Spankys in Riverside

**Jimmy:** Given what you were saying earlier about the aversion to the gang culture in your neighborhood, you didn't really get involved with The Family (the gang that Circle One was incorporated into), or any of that scene?

**Mike:** I'm a lover not a fighter. [laughs]

**Jimmy:** That must have caused some kind of conflict for you, though, because you have your singer who's this notorious gang member, and The Family is notorious....

**Mike:** It was a lot of conflict, but I didn't let it get to me. I was friends with all the Family guys. I just didn't run with them.

**Jimmy:** Right, but wouldn't that present a problem for you? Because here you are, this guy that's not really interested in the gang shit, but you're in a band that, in some people's eyes, is basically the musical representation of this gang.

**Mike:** Yeah. Well, I got a lot of slack for it, but it wasn't really a problem for me, because all The Family guys were my friends and we got along. Sometimes people would say, "Oh, you're in Circle One. Oh, shoot! You're in that gang," and I'm just like, "No. I'm not in a gang." It never was a problem for me. I don't know why. Probably because

they were all my friends, and the people who thought I was in a gang: "If that's what you want to think, fine."

**Jimmy:** Outside of it you didn't have a problem, except for the letters to *Flipside*? There was a letter war going on in there for a little while.

**Mike:** Yeah, that was kind of weird. That was mostly me writing the letter. It was mostly me just messing around, having fun, but we did get a lot of response from that. Other people who were like, "Well, you guys aren't for the scene. You guys are for destroying the scene. You guys always start fights," and stuff like that. And then I'm like, "Shoot, I know that The Family guys probably did do that." So I never defended them, and I never said, "No, we were in the right." I know John did respond once to a couple of those letters.

**Todd:** What did John's dad do?

**Mike:** He was a printer. He had his own business.

**Todd:** And did John work for his dad?

**Mike:** Sometimes, yeah, when he needed money to go to shows or something. But he did all of our flyers and, at that time, all of Black Flag's flyers, too. I think they were like

dirt cheap. He did all the issues of *We've Got Power* (fanzine) and, supposedly, that was really good paper for cheap.

**Todd:** Did his dad hire other workers?

**Mike:** I worked for him for one or two days. I remember we passed out flyers in South Central L.A. for his business, because that's where it was. We were walking in South Central in Blood and Crip-land. I remember walking down those streets where houses were burned, all these guys drinking beer outside, and there's me and John passing out flyers for his dad's store. I was shitting, but John didn't seem to mind doing it.

**Jimmy:** What was John's background?

**Mike:** He was Puerto Rican.

**Jimmy:** Do you remember what his family life was like?

**Mike:** As far as I know, he always had mental problems, but they weren't as visible until later. When the band first broke up, that's when I first saw his mental problems.

**Jimmy:** What were they?

**Mike:** Schizophrenia. And it wasn't really his fault, because they were always adjusting his medication, so he would react differently to all the meds they were giving him.



**Jimmy:** Was the religious stuff a byproduct of that?

**Mike:** Yeah. I think he was always into that, but, you know, a couple months he wouldn't be into it and then the next few months he would, so I think that was always a mental thing.

**Jimmy:** So the Christian stuff wasn't initially a part of Circle One's identity in the sense that you guys were like, "Okay, we're going to be like Shattered Faith and we're going to do this whole Jesus thing."

**Mike:** Oh, no.

**Jimmy:** Were any of the other band members involved in that?

**Mike:** Not as hardcore as John. I had my own beliefs, and I still do, but they are very personal. Our bass player was kind of like that, but he didn't express it like John did. John was totally into it.

**Jimmy:** That's kind of interesting, too, because the assumption is that if the guy sings about it, everybody in the band agrees with it.

**Mike:** There were some things that we agreed upon and other things that we didn't. But that was just John, and we let him do what he wanted to do. That was his voice. There were some things that I said, "We shouldn't do that," hateful stuff toward gays, and I really

didn't want to do that. I'd also seen him do some really bad stuff to people, and I never really supported that, but I didn't say, "You can't do that," until it got to a certain point. Then I would say, "No, no, we shouldn't do that. We shouldn't sing about that."

**Jimmy:** Going with the Christian aspect, to touch upon something else, was there actually ever any philosophies that Circle One ever followed?

**Mike:** [joking] "Kill the hippies." We killed hippies.

**Jimmy:** Well, like you had mentioned the name had a meaning. What was the meaning of the name? And were there ever any outlined philosophies that went along with the band?

**Mike:** Well, the meaning, originally, was just to copy the Germs, but it did change. John pretty much put a definition to it: "A group of friends bound together by a common interest." And "One" was "united." He just kind of dissected it and looked it up, "Oh, okay, this is cool. I'll put these together as Circle One." That was cool with us, so we just kept that definition of the name after he joined the band.

**Jimmy:** It just seemed that John was very, very interested in projecting certain images

and keeping philosophies. He was really big on this uniformity.

**Mike:** Yeah, big time on that. I remember when Ed Colver would take pictures, right before he would take pictures, John would say, "Nobody smile. Nobody laugh. We're all serious." And we would go out there [in tough guy voice], "Fuck!"

**Todd:** All the pictures are very militant.

**Mike:** Yeah, we kind of adopted that look. We would always go to thrift stores and get the army vests, the jackets, the pants, the boots, and that was our look.

**Jimmy:** The bandanas.

**Mike:** Yeah, the bandanas. And John got the chains. I remember him going to the hardware store and he got thick, big-ass chains, and he would just wrap them around. He would walk around and it was like, "Damn!" And I'd have this little tiny chain around my waist. [laughs]

**Jimmy:** And it's interesting, too, because he had these really extreme beliefs. He was totally into the Christian thing, he really pushed that, and then he pushed this other agenda, which was this punk unity thing. In theory, those two should have been clashing back and forth—the whole "punk is against anything with a mindless following," which

None of us knew how to play, including myself.  
And we were partying before.  
We were just kids, so we messed up a lot.  
It was probably a really good show.

Photo by Blake Cruz, Mike and Mandy Cruz (girlfriend at that time, Brandon Cruz) (Dr. Know) later, 1981, posing in Pico Rivera





is a lot of what Christianity is. He seemed to find some way to make them work for him.

**Mike:** If you look at it a certain way, though, they were kind of both the same thing, which is how I think he looked at it. He thought of the world as a bad, evil place and he would say, "Yeah, you shouldn't be of this world. You've got to do your best and there's another world after you die." And that was what punk was. Punk was just like, "Fuck this place. Fuck everything. Everything sucks here. It's just bad times." He kind of saw that, put those two together, and said, "Yeah, I'm going to get these kids, I'm going to start this movement, and we're going to go against society and unite and start doing good things." Then the mental disabilities kicked in, the drugs kicked in, the alcohol kicked in, and distorted pretty much everything. But, in a way, they're kind of the same thing, and I think that's what he saw—as far as the Bible saying man is not living the way he should be living and about corrupted governments. Stuff like that. And punk rock was the same way.

**Todd:** It almost sounds like hardshell Baptists. No matter hard drinking and hard swearing, they still believe they have this real savior in Christ that they're working toward.

**Mike:** Yeah. It was the only thing at that time that was against society. Before that, he was just a stoner, and there's nothing against society about that, other than having long hair.

**Todd:** Did he actually start a shelter?

**Mike:** Yeah, Richard Bolton and John started that at the Wig Factory. And again, the drugs kind of distorted that and so did the mental disabilities.

**Todd:** What was the Wig Factory?

**Mike:** It was a factory on La Brea, I think, in Hollywood. Richard Bolton's dad owned it. And it was a wig factory. You'd walk in there and there would be a bunch of mannequins and wigs and stuff like that, and [Bolton's dad] and John and Richard lived there. They would house these runaway kids and, at that time, there were a lot of them in Hollywood. Supposedly, for staying there they had to attend service every Sunday.

**Jimmy:** And that's where the *Another State of Mind* footage stuff came in?

**Mike:** Exactly. That's where that came in, even though I think in that footage it says that they were in Washington DC.

**Jimmy:** I think they kind of just threw it.... It doesn't say they were in Washington, they just threw it in the Minor Threat section, and all of a sudden John is standing there wearing bondage pants, singing.

**Mike:** I was there. I was in the crowd singing. I remember that. I remember the people coming in and filming.

**Todd:** Fact or fiction: that John got into a fight with a cop.

**Mike:** I heard that a lot, but I never saw it. I wouldn't put it past him, though. It probably happened.

**Todd:** And he helped turnover cop cars?

**Mike:** Yeah, that's true. I was there for that one time.

**Jimmy:** At the Olympic (Auditorium, an old boxing and wrestling venue and site of some of Los Angeles' largest punk shows)?

**Mike:** No, that was at Errol Flynn's (an old, run-down estate in the Hollywood Hills, supposedly owned at one time by Errol Flynn that was something of an after-gig hang out spot for punks in the '80s). But I don't think they tipped it over. They just rocked it back and forth, and then the helicopter came and everybody ran.

**Jimmy:** What was his aversion to police? Why did he specifically target them?

**Mike:** Because they would always bust up the gigs, and bust up the party at Oki Dog. And because they were authority figures, part of society. That was society: the cops. "That was them and this was us." That's the way I think he always saw that.

**Todd:** Can you remember specific times fairly clearly, like with cops shutting a show down, or him being cool about it and then just saying: "Okay. I can't take this anymore"?

**Mike:** All the time. Almost every time we went out the cops were always there, busting in, especially at the Whisky and The Starwood. Every other show at the Starwood, when we'd leave, there would be dozens of cop cars out there, telling everyone to go home, hitting cars. I remember one time—I think it was at the Whisky—they were looking for John. Everybody was running. I was drinking in the alley, probably, and John gave me his jacket, and goes, "Hey, gimme your jacket and take mine, because they're looking for a big guy with a black leather." And John had all his writing on there. Then the cops got me and they saw the jacket and said, "Hey, where's your friend?" And they were harassing me. I remember thinking, "Fuck. If they would have caught John wearing this jacket, that's it." They did catch him a couple times and threw him in jail. One time he had a pink mohawk in the North Hollywood jail, or the West Hollywood jail.

**Jimmy:** I seem to remember a story someone told me, I think it was at Oki Dog. The cops showed up and they were fucking with somebody. John got up, told the cop, "Stop," and stared the cop down and they didn't touch him. He told the guy they were fucking with, "If you show fear, they [the cops] will fuck with you, like dogs." Do you remember anything like that?

**Mike:** Not really, because when we hung out, I never really hung out with him. We used to go back and forth to the shows, but once we were there, he had his crowd and I had my crowd. I was going out with Julie (Lanfeld) from Sin 34, so we were always together, and then John would hang out with his crowd. But I would see a lot of stuff, and he would get me into shows, but we never really hung out the whole time. But in the early days we always did, because we never really knew anybody. But I remember him saying that, because when we would drive home, he would say, "Oh, yeah. This is what happened," and I remember him saying, "Yeah, you've got to stand up to the pigs. Otherwise they're going to run all over you."

**Jimmy:** Were his confrontations with the cops kind of gradual or always there?

**Mike:** He always did that with any kind of authority, especially police and teachers. With teachers, it wasn't a confrontation; it was more of like a prankster thing. He would just fuck with them, but with the police, he would stand up, and that's why everybody was like, "Oh shit!"

**Todd:** Did you guys play a lot of backyard shows?

**Mike:** Not a lot. We did a few, though. We did a few in La Puente, and I think we did one in Orange County, but we didn't do that many backyard shows. We rarely played—the original lineup. I think we did only about twenty shows total.

**Jimmy:** Did you play a lot in East L.A. over the years?

**Mike:** Just at a place called the Pico Rico—that's what I knew it by.

**Jimmy:** You never played the Vex (legendary '80s East L.A. punk club)?

**Mike:** We went to the Vex, but we never played there. For some reason, John never liked playing a lot, and in a way, that's kind of good. I remember we got offered a lot of shows, but John would have said, "No, we're not ready." We selected shows, and that was cool. Whatever John said was cool with me.

**Jimmy:** Did you guys identify yourself as an East L.A. band, or as part of an East L.A. scene, or did you see yourself as an L.A./Hollywood kind of thing?

**Mike:** We basically claimed Pico Rivera because there were no other bands, other than the Stains, that we knew of in East L.A.

**Todd:** Explain to someone not familiar with L.A. the geography you are dealing with here. If you just look on the map, East L.A. and Los Angeles (city) are adjacent. But to me, it's almost a different world.

**Mike:** Yeah, it was back then, too, because East L.A. was way different than, say, Uptown Whittier or even Pico Rivera. East L.A. was much more cultural than Pico Rivera, as far as more typical Mexican-American type stuff, and it was a lot more violent, I think, than Pico and Uptown Whittier. But we associated more with the Whittier crowd than the East L.A. crowd, even though people see that as kind of the same thing.

**Jimmy:** Now do you identify yourself with the East L.A. scene?

**Mike:** Yeah.

**Jimmy:** [joking] Do you have problems with that?

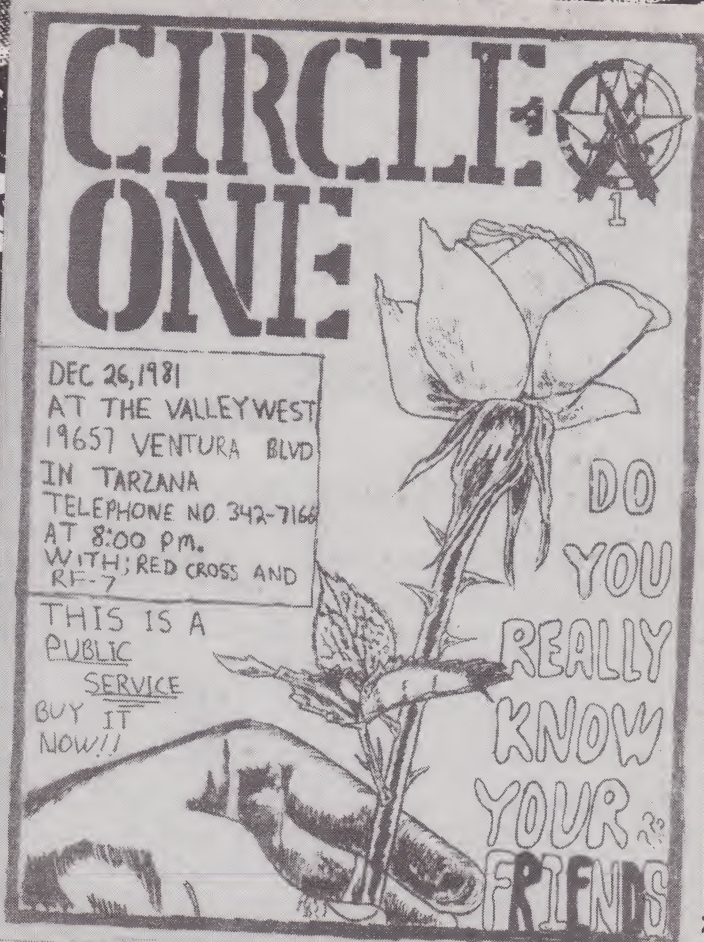
**Mike:** No, why? Are you causing problems? [laughs]

**Jimmy:** My interpretation of East L.A. has always been a little large, because East L.A. proper is like Whittier Boulevard between Garfield and Atlantic Avenues. But there are all of these other areas: City Terrace, Commerce, Pico Rivera, parts of Whittier, Highland Park....

**Mike:** We never knew any of those people back then. The only people we knew were like from Pico Rivera and more south. We were a little more in touch with the people in Orange County at that time than East L.A. I



**Kill the hippies.**  
**We killed hippies.**



**CIRCLE ONE**

DEC 26, 1981  
AT THE VALLEY WEST  
19657 VENTURA BLVD  
IN TARZANA  
TELEPHONE NO. 342-7166  
AT 8:00 PM.  
WITH: RED CROSS AND  
RF-7

DO YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR FRIENDS?

THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE  
BUY IT NOW!!

don't know why. Maybe because we played more that way.

**Jimmy:** [joking] Because the white guys were cuter?

**Mike:** No, because we played the Cuckoo's Nest, but never the Vex.

**Todd:** Did you have a lot of crossing over with TSOL at the time?

**Mike:** Yeah. When the Mercenaries started, that was the big rival—TSOL gang versus the Mercenaries.

**Jimmy:** Vicious Circle Gang?

**Mike:** Yeah. Well, I think that was after Vicious—or it could have been the same thing? Like I said, I wasn't really into the gang thing, but that was the big thing. After a while, Jack and John were friends. They kind of laughed over the whole thing. But, yeah, that was a rival.

**Jimmy:** That would have been a really scary fight, seeing those two go at each other.

**Mike:** Jack's really big, but he wasn't much of a fighter. When we played the Cuckoo's Nest for the first time, the big guy there was—what's his name? He was in *Decline*—Mike?

**Jimmy:** Oh, X-Head?

**Mike:** Yeah. X-Head, and that was the big clash thing—John and X-Head were going to clash that night. I think the fight lasted fifteen seconds. John just fucked him up pretty bad, but they were friends right after the fight.

**Jimmy:** X-Head had a pretty bad

reputation himself. He was supposed to be a big asshole.

**Mike:** I think he was a bigger asshole than John at that time. He was more of a bully, whereas John would be bully, then nice guy, bully, then nice guy.

**Jimmy:** Yeah, I remember seeing John at the Olympic shows. The Family thing was to rush the fucking doors, and John would be there breaking up fights. Then you turn around and he's socking someone in the fucking head. And then he would go back to, "We're brothers. Unity!" And then, "Fuck you!" Bam!

**Mike:** Yeah.

**Todd:** Jimmy said this too: Not only was there Orange County, but there was a Nardcore (Oxnard hardcore) connection, too, wasn't there?

**Mike:** Yeah, that's how The Family started. It was actually those Nardcore troublemakers who started The Family—Ron from Stalag 13, Becca, and Meg. Those three people started The Family.

**Jimmy:** Becca from BYO?

**Mike:** Yeah. Becca Porter, and Meg. They just called it "The Family" because it was like a family, and it was just those three people, and it was a fun-type thing. Then John started getting the Sylmar people behind him, and the South Bay people. There were different regions of The Family. There was Orange County, South Bay, Sylmar, and

Oxnard. The Oxnard Family was just the guys from Ill Repute, the guys in Dr. Know, they were just all those guys and they were just cool people.

**Jimmy:** So how many Family bands were there?

**Mike:** There were a lot. I mean, almost every band from Oxnard.

**Jimmy:** They all identified themselves with The Family?

**Mike:** Yeah.

**Jimmy:** Because I know that Ill Repute thanked The Family on the *Oxnard Land of No Toilets* liner notes.

**Mike:** Yeah, Ill Repute, Aggression, MIA—Oxnard's MIA. All those Oxnard bands were considered The Family, and there were bands from South Bay that considered themselves part of The Family, but no really big bands from South Bay.

**Jimmy:** Okay, so not Black Flag?

**Mike:** No, nothing like that. They were always.... Black Flag was always the top band back then. But just all of our friends' bands considered themselves Family bands.

**Part II, next issue.**





# X-Mist records

Interview by Jan Röhlk

## There's a Charlie Brown in Every One of Us: A Talk with Armin from X-Mist Records

Imagine a breathtaking landscape with mountains, tiny rivers, an endless forest, a dark and melancholic atmosphere, cute cities, very few people... then you got an idea of the Black Forest, "one of the most beautiful countrysides in Europe," as some people say. The Black Forest is located in Germany's Southwest. It is also where one of Europe's best independent record labels—at least that's what I would claim—is based: X-Mist Records.

X-Mist is a record label, mailorder, and a record shop located in the sweet city of Nagold. Ute and Armin have been operating out of the Black Forest since the beginning of the '80s, releasing classic records from the likes of Spermbirds, Men's Recovery Project, Wrangler Brutes, World Inferno Friendship Society, Ex-Models, The Seconds, Atom and His Package, and newer shit like Ten

Volt Shock or Fuck U Is My Name.

In this interview, facts, rumors, funny stories and all the various activities of a married couple—from organizing DIY concerts in a youth center, playing in one of Germany's first hardcore punk bands, publishing a very controversial zine, and continuously releasing challenging records to this day—are covered.

In 2007, X-Mist Records is alive, active, and Armin—although in his late forties—still searches and is interested in new ideas and alternative ways to the actual standards of "how this capitalist system works"...and, at least,

good music. Even if you've never heard a single word of the label or the mentioned (German) bands, you just can learn how American hardcore arrived in Germany in the '80s, what influences the tours from Born Against or Rorschach had on the scene during the '90s, and why it all went wrong—or at least not totally "right."

I really appreciate the attitude and contents of Razorcake Magazine and the same goes for X-Mist Records (they actually distribute the magazine in Germany). So I thought a mixture of two good things cannot be a total blow. That theory is proven by a lot of examples like if you take Coca-Cola and whisky or...well, I think you know what I mean, and hope it can be proven with this interview.

My name is Jan and I am an activist for the German Trust Fanzine. Have fun!

**Jan:** Yo, Armin, some people know you through twenty-plus years of releasing records of your label X-Mist Records and your mailorder—wasn't there a kind of an anniversary this year as you stated on your homepage that everything began in 1986 with a tape mailorder?

**Armin:** Well, your information here is not fully correct: actually it all started as a cassette-label and mailorder in 1981, to be precise. Back then, I had called it ExtremMist, but since almost no one did get the pun with the double-M, I decided to abbreviate it to X-Mist when I released my first vinyl in 1985 (which was the split 7" EP by Spermbirds and Walter Elf). Anyway, I'm not at all into anniversaries, celebrations, and all that crap. That's pathetic. So what I did instead was a legitimate re-issue of the first two LPs by the Big Boys as a double-LP, being some sort of gift to myself, and kinda celebrating twenty years of existence as a record label, since that band was one of the biggest influences in my life and had a huge impact on what I have personally

turned into respectively how I run the label. I was twenty years old.

**Jan:** The Big Boys Double LP is really great. For me it is a little bit too Gang Of Four like. In what sense is the music and the attitude of them a big influence on your life? Like "fuck all styles, let's rock" or more on a personal level that this music gives you the power to do the things the way you want to do them?

**Armin:** Well, sure enough, there was a Gang Of Four influence within the sound of the Big Boys, but there's tons more in it! From James Brown to the Cockney Rejects—and always full of energy, enthusiasm, and idealism. They were the most perfect example that "punk" is in the very first place an attitude and a way to look on life, and not just a simple style of music, or just another generic genre as it is mostly today. But it was not only their capability of picking up all kinds of musical influences and turning them into their own very-much-punk approach, it was as well their lyrics supporting the ideas of being actively involved, doing your very own thing! There were just so many

inspirations that could have been drawn from their records—too much to mention it all here. And there was always this note on their records saying: "Now go start your own band," and that's what I actually did then!

**Jan:** Would you go as far as to say that Big Boys are kind of our favorite band?

**Armin:** I do not have *any* favorite bands! There could be this one special record by a certain band, that's important and means a lot to me, while I may dislike or even despise all their other releases... The keywords are: Fuck your idols!

**Jan:** On your homepage you write about conditions for bands that are interested in being an X-Mist band stating, "When you think you don't fit in musically in a certain genre that could be exactly what we are looking for"... Are there other criteria for bands who want to do a record with you? Would you reject a cliché punk'n'roll-band, a total '88 youth crew posi band? Why?

**Armin:** I strongly believe that having a sense of humor, being ironic, or even a bit cynical was always a vital and important part of

**"So, basically, I just reject any clichés, and especially bands/artists whose only urge and purpose of existence seems to be to fit in a certain cliché-ridden scene."**



punk. And I don't mean to say that serious political bands don't have such a sense of humor; they still may be very humorous people... But if there's a band offering just silly fun and calling themselves punk, then this may be good once or twice for a good laugh, but after all I could not care less about it. Best example could be the Toy Dolls: I truly liked their first releases. Great fun! But now, twenty years later, I would not go to see them even if they played next door to my house. Should I listen to the same silly jokes over and over again? No way! And that's exactly why I'm interested in working with bands that "don't fit in."

If a band plays something like "88 youth crew posi-core," but is still able to add some of their own personality or identity to their music, then I can at least respect them... but if it seems to me that they are just copying this style once again almost twenty years later, then I don't give good damn shit about them! Such bands don't even have the excuse of being "born too late," since, obviously, they happen to know the "originals" and why would anyone want to be the copy of something that happened before, instead of expressing his/her own ideas? This is not only a sign of complete stupidity to me, it's exactly the same kind of boring rock shit that originally drove me into punk in the late '70s! So, basically, I just reject any clichés, and especially bands/artists whose only urge and purpose of existence seems to be to fit in a certain cliché-ridden scene. One of the best things about the early punk scene was that a lot of it just did not fit in with the pre-fabricated formulas and standards of society and you never knew what to expect.

But today, most of what is called "punk" has turned into a standard genre and there's way too many of these useless bands easily willing to fit into the pre-modeled formulas. Why should I want to release a record with such a band? Because it's easier to sell? Because I want my share of the cake as well? If it was only—or mostly—for the money, then I should have gotten a better paid job years ago. But I look at the label as being a part of my personal development, artistic, and socio-critical expression as well. And then, of course, I will work only with bands and artists that can offer me more than just a plain repetition of what I had already before...

**Jan:** Oh yeah, I agree with you in general. Big Boys are a good example for the just normal contradictions in punk, they demonstrate through their music that punk rock is not the music, but a certain attitude. Is that cool or what? You mentioned before, that under the influence of Big Boys, you formed your own band, the Skeezicks. Well, some people claim that this band was one of the first hardcore bands in Germany, along with Nuclear from Augsburg or the Challenger Crew. One band member of Skeezicks died this year and there was a reissue of your 7", *There's a Charlie Brown in Every One of Us*.

**Armin:** Well yes, we took the Big Boys slogan kinda literally and formed our own band then called the Skeezicks. Most probably really the

first hardcore band in Germany, along with the Spermbirds and Hostages Of Ayatollah... and influenced by what we listened to at that point: Minor Threat, Negative Approach, Faith. Unfortunately we weren't that good as musicians, so it was kinda limited what we were able to achieve. But we always knew that our records kinda sucked and did in no way reflect what the band was all about: playing live and having a great time, even though sometimes it was pretty controversial back then, running into troubles and fights with so-called "street punks" because our music was "too American." But back then we were totally into supporting those new ideas and values coming over from the American hardcore scene, to break up the lame and boring cliché of what punk had turned into in Europe. Whatever. We had a lot of energy when playing shows, and that's probably what gained us certain status, definitely not for the shitty records we put out. Singer Sunny died of a heart attack, shortly after Christmas last year. So there definitely won't be any further shitty, useless reunions!

**Jan:** Why did the band break up?

**Armin:** We broke up because we felt our abilities were limited and we could not get any further. My brother—our drummer—and I started jamming with my friend Ute, and when Jason Honea (singer of Social Unrest) stayed for one year in Germany, we played a few live gigs and released two singles as Happy Ever After. After Jason left, we had the idea of doing live shows, being supported by lots of friends—having lineups with two drummers, two bass players, lots of percussions, and stuff like that... No practicing, just telling the others what kind of ideas we had in mind, and then see what's

happening. Just letting it go! Pretty wild stuff, not only with aural, but even physical attacks onto the audience. At one of those shows I broke my bass and that was the definite end of my career as a musician then.

**Jan:** Do you know what happened to the band members of Hostages Of Ayatollah?

**Armin:** Jacho from the Hostages Of Ayatollah became a big famous rock star as guitarist for the Terrorgruppe (and is now playing in his new band the Bottrops). But I have no idea what happened to the other members.

**Jan:** Okay, so you don't play music for yourself or in a band since the '80s. Do you want to talk a little bit about some releases of X-Mist then?

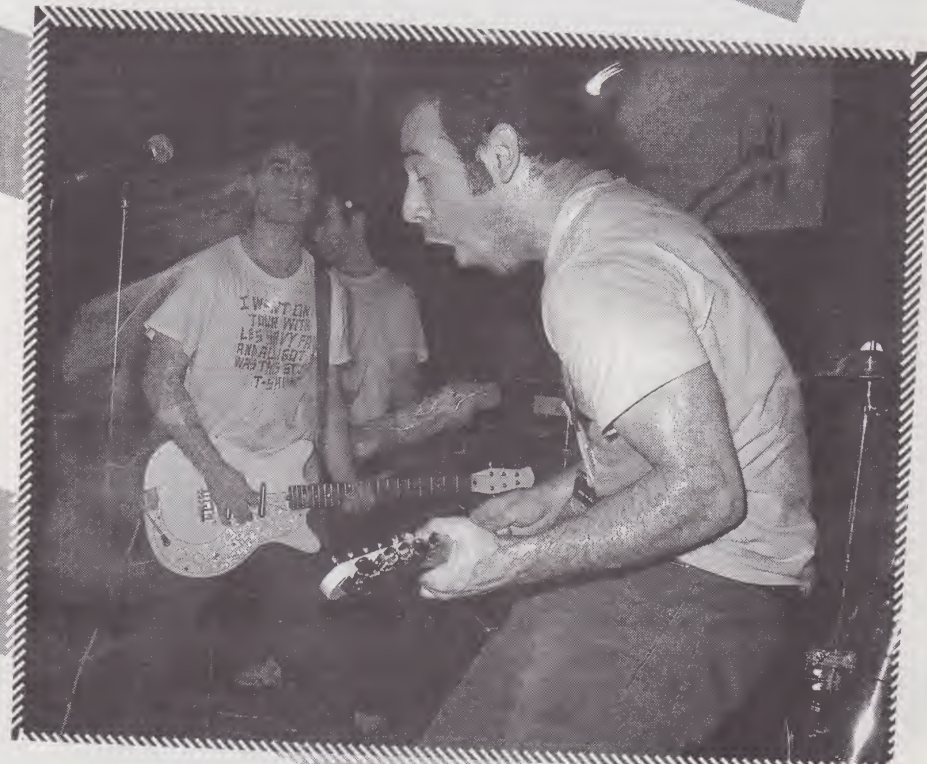
**Armin:** Go ahead and ask!

**Jan:** Cool, so what I am wondering about are two things: How did you come in contact with the Born Against guys? You released great records of Mens Recovery Project and the Wrangler Brutes. Was it through your connection with Rorschach?

**Armin:** Easy question: Back when Born Against were on their European tour, together with Nations On Fire, my wife Ute was their driver for some days. Also, we had arranged a gig for both bands here in Nagold and during some days off tour, they stayed at our house. So that was how we got "in contact."

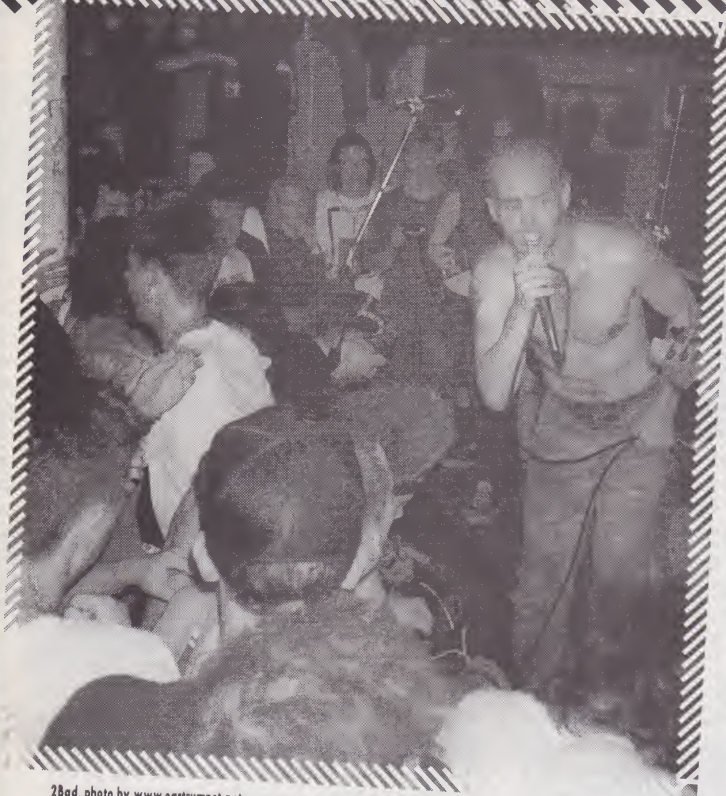
**Jan:** Second question would concern the record *Adios Armageddon* by this wonderful band from New York, Hell No. It's from 1995, but I completely missed that band. What a mistake. Was Hell No kind of a best kept secret in punk rock? The liner notes are the funniest ones I've read so far.

**Armin:** More or less the same story. The first contact with some of the guys in Hell No was via Rorschach. That band also played Nagold



Exmodels, photo by [www.eartrumpet.net](http://www.eartrumpet.net)





2Bad, photo by www.earttrumpet.net

and stayed at our house. One of the Hell No members was on tour with them. Later on, we were asked by the band and by Fred Alva (who released their first EP), if we were into doing a split release for the LP with Wardance Records. And yes, we were into it, and we still believe their records, especially *Adios Armageddon* to be some of the best things we ever put out. I guess it'd be some sort of exaggeration claiming Hell No to be the "best kept secret in punk rock," but they were surely underrated! I think it has something to do with them not really playing the kind of fast hardcore punk that everybody would have

expected from an "ex-Citizens Arrest" band to play... But fine with me. I never was and never will be into fulfilling expectations. So, to me, the development from Citizens Arrest to Hell No was a great move, even though it did not result in popular acceptance.

**Jan:** Are you still in contact with the Born Against guys? I read on the internet that one of them is going to have an art exhibition in Berlin in 2007? It's funny for me, Born Against really shook things up in Germany, like in my small hometown, *everything* changed after or with Born Against... the ones who were into NYHC like Youth Of Today or Agnostic Front or Judge skipped from that, gave their bands strange names instead of the classic New York "we're the crew, fuck you" names, became all vegetarian, handed out flyers against macho posing, wore patches for the rights of animals... everything okay with me, but it came so quickly and passed so quickly. What do you think about the impact of bands like Born Against and Rorschach or punk rock, hardcore scene? Why couldn't they last?

**Armin:** The tours of Born Against, and for the most part Rorschach, definitely had a huge impact onto the European hardcore punk scene! A lot of German bands like Acme and Systral Age would have never existed if it wasn't for their influence! Just like all

**"At one of those shows I broke my bass and that was the definite end of my career as a musician then."**



The Seconds, photo by www.earttrumpet.net

things in the world, it turned later into a fad with superficially carbon-copied clichés. But that's not the point. The important part is that both these bands (and probably some more) had a vitalizing and inspiring effect onto the European scene, no matter whether you regard it as having turned into something good or bad.

Maybe in your small hometown it faded away so quickly again because the kids doing it had only copied what they had seen without really living or even understanding it? Personally, I think that a lot of people who were into Born Against didn't have a fucking clue what this band was really saying. Anyway, I really do *not* think that some of the ideas and influences have passed away. It's all still happening, and it just may come in different musical ways. For example, when I'm going to the shows now happening at Komma in Esslingen, I can see there the same spirits and ideas as back then when we put on shows in Nagold in the '80s. It's the same attitudes, just a little bit of different kinds of music. And that's good as far as I'm concerned. Just as it was good that both Rorschach and Born Against split up real soon! Born Against's last release *Battle Hymns* was simply amazing, catching them at their very best. And it's just perfect, ending something at its climax! What would have been the point in five or six more and maybe



lame Born Against records, when the follow-up projects like Men's Recovery Project and Young Pioneers offered something newly surprising and exciting? Life is about progressing and permanently questioning, not about manifesting your values. I mean to say, it should be like always challenging yourself and your views with new ideas, and progressing instead of treading out on the same paths over and over again. Sticking to one certain kind or style of music, and feeling safely at home there, sounds like a dull and boring perspective to me.

Well, I'm still in contact with Sam McPheeters and Andy Coronado, since, obviously, I have released the Wrangler Brutes *Tape* album on vinyl as well here on X-Mist.

**Jan:** Did you see the Wrangler Brutes or Men's Recovery Project live? I think both never played in Europe but I am not quite sure....

**Armin:** No, actually we never saw those bands playing live. Men's Recovery Project were about to do a European tour, and we were trying to help them with getting it all arranged, but then it never really happened due to various personal reasons... Too bad! It could have been a blast. And we never sign contracts with bands. It's all about mutual agreements and trusting each other. Basically, I'm giving the bands all information about costs of manufacturing, record sales, so they happen to know as much as if they had a contract. And if they don't believe me, they would have to sue

**Armin:** Why Nagold and not Berlin? Simply because we had the chance putting on gigs at the local youth center with a good amount of people being actively involved and without any restrictions or harassments from the dudes being in charge of the place. And of course we had the connections (due to this mailorder located here as well). It's a small town with about 20,000 inhabitants, and unless you are organizing something by yourself, no one else will do it for you!

**Jan:** Was and is hardcore punk rock a movement from the suburbs? Could it be that a good scene needs to know each other and that can not happen in major cities?

**Armin:** That's probably the biggest difference to the "scenes" in big cities. Living in Berlin, you tend to believe it's "all happening there" and you get trapped in a consumerist attitude. But new and exciting things with not much a commercial potential yet will only happen if someone's really dedicated into doing it, no matter whether it's in a village or in a metropolis. The first gig we ever organized was with Toxoplasma, and right after that with the Canadian band D.O.A., back in 1984! I was just back home again from university. Ute came back from living in Berlin for a while, and then there were all those other kids being into punk and hardcore and hanging out at the youth center. Commercial promoters in cities like Stuttgart or Munich had no interest in putting on a concert with a band from Canada whose records were only available as imports.

So it all started here, and if people from

**Jan:** On your homepage there is your quote: "Speaking of 'growth,' I must admit that along the way we've made a few mistakes (releasing records that we're not that proud of anymore...). And I've learned my lesson and realized that success is most often spelled s-u-c-k-e-s-s." Which records do you regret?

**Armin:** Looking back on all these years, there had been a few records on X-Mist that weren't really necessary or important... not even to me. Especially during the period when we had the biggest financial success, with the release of Spermbirds' *Common Thread* and all others selling really good as well, I got trapped in the idea of releasing records with friends of friends, just because we had the money for doing it. To name it, that was the Crowbar LP, the records with B.S.G., and Trottell from Hungary. I guess I'll have to explain, especially the latter one: Hungary was still behind the Iron Curtain then, and I had some sort of sympathy for the band. Good people, but I wasn't that much into their music. So I should have been honest with myself and the band and not released their records.

A crucial point in the existence of X-Mist was the following two Spermbirds albums: *Eating Glass* and *Joe*. The band was our biggest seller ever, and there was absolutely no financial risk involved in releasing these records! But, personally, I had this feeling that the band was kinda stagnating, and somehow desperately trying to copy their own hits. Both albums were *not* all that bad, but I have to admit that I wasn't too much

**"Life is about progressing and permanently questioning, not about manifesting your values. I mean to say, it should be like always challenging yourself and your views with new ideas, and progressing instead of treading out on the same paths over and over again."**

me anyway even if they had a contract. Generally, in most cases (not all though) my "knowledge of humans" is good enough to judge if it's the kind of people I want to work with.

**Jan:** And that's funny when you mentioned Nagold (Nagold is a small town near Stuttgart in the South of Germany)—I mean, during the '80s, it must have been the epicenter of the European hardcore and German hardcore.

**Armin:** I guess it's safe to say, without being pathetic or flattering ourselves, that Nagold actually was one of the epicenters of the hardcore scene back in the '80s and early '90s.

**Jan:** Why did it happen there and not in Hamburg or Berlin?

South Germany wanted to see D.O.A., Government Issue, Heresy, Lärm, So Much Hate, Ignition, Yuppicide, Spitboy, Spermbirds, etc. etc. etc., then they had to get their asses to tiny little Nagold. That does not necessarily mean that hardcore was a movement from the suburbs, and that shows in big cities were not as good—it's just a question of kids being motivated enough doing something, no matter where you live. We stopped putting on gigs here in Nagold then in the late '90s for various reasons. One of it being that the "management" of the youth center got taken over by other folks who had different ideas about what the house should represent: Less punk, more mainstream, to cut it short.

into it anymore and it really did not thrill me. And, at the same time, there was too much business-like bullshit involved in having to deal with a popular band like the Spermbirds. I don't mean the members of the band, but all that crap with big promoters, agencies, journalists, and distributors! It came to a point where I had to deny my own personality and ideals just to fulfill the obligations involved with having such a band on the label. So we ended our relationship with the Spermbirds for the better for us and the band.

**Jan:** What record is kind of "listen to this and that is what X-Mist is all about"?

**Armin:** Recommendations? Ugh, tough question. After more than eighty releases and all marking different steps in the development





of the label, there is *not* that one record that will tell you all what X-Mist is about! What a boring idea of a label would that be! So let's just mention that the band Kurt is the longest-running stay on the label, and there are a few *good* reasons for that!

**Jan:** A few months ago there was the DVD release of the infamous German hardcore band Hammerhead which was quite popular during the '90s in Germany and split in 2004. You were interviewed on the DVD and released their classic record *Stay Where the Pepper Grows*. Why did this band seem to have something for you and why did you drop them?

**Armin:** We ran into Hammerhead at a time when I felt like all this so-called "emo-hardcore," which was really energetic and inspiring in the beginning, became more and more mellow, and close to college rock. And Hammerhead were *thee* band bringing back a snotty and rowdy punk-like attitude. So I thought like this could be a perfect statement of those days. Actually, the contact to Hammerhead was not really direct, but through a very close friend of ours and Ute just met them once. So I did not really exactly know what kind of people they were... And obviously, as it turned out, we did not fit together too well. Shortly after releasing the album, their singer called me up, asking if the record is selling well, and giving me his bank account number to transfer the

profits to. I wasn't sure if that was meant as a joke, but he sounded serious about it, so I was kinda puzzled. And only few weeks later their bass player asked me how many copies were sold and how much profit was made. Seemed like they had a totally wrong impression of how long it takes to collect money from record sales—sometimes up to a year or more—but definitely not after four or five weeks! So I told him that I didn't know exactly how many copies are really being sold by now, and since it's too soon to say anything definite about it, he'll just have to wait some more months. This answer was obviously not very much satisfying to them, and they made some bad remarks about me in a fanzine interview. So then, I thought "Fuck it," decided to not make any re-issues of this album and gave them figures of costs and profits for the initial first pressing, and this way the relationship with them was done for me. But now, all those years later, when they came by visiting me here, to videotape the interview for their DVD feature, there were no hard feelings anymore and, actually, it was pretty much fun.

**Jan:** What would you reply to three typical stereotypes people have about X-Mist? First: "Well, sure, okay, X-Mist did some classic hardcore records in the beginning of the '90s, but when they state on their homepage that they are looking for bands that don't fit in, and when I look at their latest releases...come on, this

guy Armin only likes noisecore mixed with up a little bit of Shellac and Dischord sound!"

**Armin:** Ha! That's truly a stereotype. So what about the records with the Flamingo Massacres, Winterbrief, or Atom & His Package...? What about Men's Recovery Project? And, needless to say, neither the Seconds nor the Ex Models are aptly described with "noisecore mixed with Shellac and Dischord sound"... Just because some of the latest releases with bands like Telémark and Ten Volt Shock may possibly sound like this, does not mean that I would not want to release any other stuff. There's just no other real good bands, playing other stuff than that, available in Germany right now, eh! Name me any German band or artist, that you think would be really cool, and I'll tell you why I think they suck.

**Jan:** Second: "Armin is kind of the typical I-know-more-than-you-guy, kind of really embittered person."

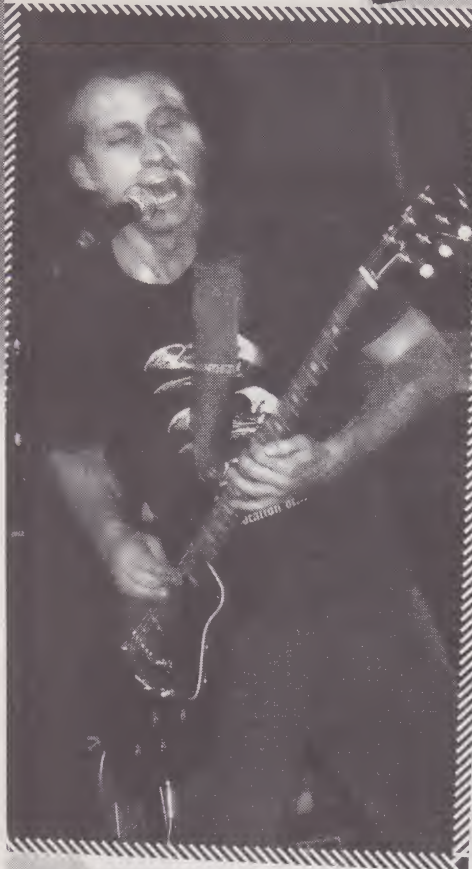
**Armin:** I've never claimed knowing more than any other person. Fact is simply that I've probably been around a little bit longer around than most others... and maybe I really happen to know a bit more just because of age? But it always struck me very strange that actually quite a lot of people think of me as being "really bitter"! Never got that! For sure, I like to be cynical and controversial, and I think that's pretty funny. Maybe I just got a different sense of humor? I know there are a good amount of people being pissed off by the reviews I'm writing in our news lists—but there are lots of people who are enjoying those rants as well.

**Jan:** Even though you say you aren't bitter, there's not one band, zine, or any punk thing in the present tense that you aren't directly involved with that you say you like. Why is this? If it is all crap, why be involved?

**Armin:** For sure there are a whole lot of bands in the present tense that I actually do like! Just for example the A Frames, Intelligence, This Moment In Black History, Crash Normal, Japanther, Mae Shi... I could come up with a list of tons more names here—but the point is that I don't care if any of these bands label themselves as a "punk thing," or if anybody else—including you and me—will label them as "punk." All I do care about is whether they convince me in one or more ways, no matter what label is used for them. I've never said anywhere that it's all crap—all I'm saying is that I'm not involved in anything for getting a label put onto me (aka being punk). And that's not being bitter, but just trying to find my own ways.

**"...no one really reads the stuff on the internet. You take a brief look, you scroll down. The internet could be the most democratic and accessible means of information the world has ever seen."**





Tim Yohi Shack, photo by www.eartrumpet.net

Thanks to our friend Chris of B.C.T.! That was totally cool and filled with lots of great experiences; a great way of getting across the country and meeting lots of people. Raw Power were, at that time, simply amazing, with killer live sets every night, full of energy and blowing away just anyone, while Riistetyt were complete assholes and stupid idiots, and sucked big time. Lucky enough, we always had the chance to get along in the van with the Italians.

**Jan:** P.J. Galligan of the Angry Samoans? Wow. It seems to me that everybody in Germany who is in his/her forties has this kind of story, like "When I was in the U.S. in the '80s, I hung out with GG Allin, I visited Tim Yo," and so on.

**Armin:** Actually, you can probably believe most of those stories from the '80s. It was a smaller scene back then, anyway, based more on personal relationships, a DIY-attitude and cooperation than it is now. Just remember: it was all in the stages of starting and beginning something new, with the hard work and idealism of lots of individuals—and it only progressed in all the following years into something "commercial" that even average Joe dudes in Hicksville now know about. So, back then, it was no big deal running

into people who are now being regarded as "icons" or "legends." When you had plans of visiting S.F. or D.C., there was always someone giving you the phone number of *MRR* or Dischord house, and then you stayed there! As simple as that. Or like with the Angry Samoans: I was writing to the address on the sleeve of their *Inside My Brain* record, asking for more copies for my mail order, and PJ was the one writing back to me. In another letter, I had mentioned our plans of going to the U.S., and he simply invited us to come and stay at his house. A truly funny and bizarre guy, by the way, who worked at the mental hospital where Charles Manson got stuck in. And speaking of the Angry Samoans, they may not have been "real big" or superstars, but for sure they put out some of the *best* records in the history of hardcore punk! Timeless classics!

**Jan:** Yeah, Angry Samoans are really timeless, good expression. I even love their later "psychedelic" phase. When you were there during that kind of pioneer time in the U.S., I think you mentioned that you saw really small bands playing at someone's garden parties and a little bit later you found out that you just saw NOFX and RKL and all these later famous bands...

**Jan:** Third: "And, besides, I'm really afraid to talk to him. Maybe he talks about a band that I don't know."

**Armin:** That's bullshit. Actually, I'm having some of the best conversations with young kids when they openly admit that they have no clue what kind of stuff I'm selling here in the shop. It's sorta difficult trying to give them some recommendations then, but it's also a challenge to me. So that's all fine, and no one ever should feel afraid of talking to anybody for such reasons.

**Jan:** You mentioned that you visited the USA in 1984. What memories still stick in your mind? You mentioned that you had an interesting visit at the *Maximum Rock N Roll* house and seeing how Tim Yohannan listened to his pile of records for review? Did that inspired you to do the *Plot* zine?

**Armin:** Oh no, not at all! That was far from being inspiring! It stuck in my mind 'cause I found it to be so strange. Tim Yo came home every day with a bunch of records for review in *MRR*. He put every record on the turntable, listened to each song for a few seconds, then he wrapped green gummed tape around all three closed sides of the sleeves, and put the records into this huge shelf with green-looking records. Totally bizarre and a weird way of reviewing records as well.

Before getting to San Francisco, my friend Yogi and I stayed for a few weeks in Ventura (north of L.A.) with P.J. Galligan of the Angry Samoans, and we had a lot of fun there! Later then in San Francisco, we got hooked up with Raw Power from Italy and Riistetyt from Finland to join them on their tour, getting back to the East Coast.



Kurt, photo by www.eartrumpet.net





## COME MEET THE BATTLING "BRO'S" OF DR. STRANGE RECORDS

These two fellas are dying to meet YOU. They're very competitive and jealous, so come on in and pick your favorite Dr. Strange employee to settle the score.

### CHAD'S LIKES:

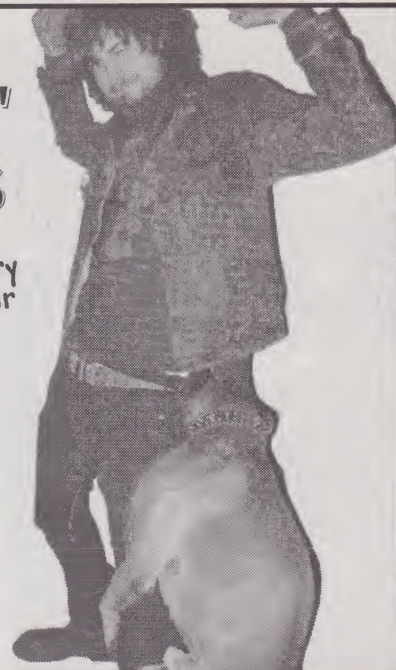
- smoking the reefer
- fav movie: "Reefer Madness"
- fav beer: anything that's free
- Hobbies: Xbox

### SLAPPY'S LIKES:

- smoking the reefer
- fav movie: "Reefer Madness"
- fav beer: anything that's free
- Hobbies: Xbox

Hmm..well I guess they're pretty much the same...  
So pick the one with the haircut you like best!

While you're there you can check out the  
largest selection in California of:



Fred Perrys, Penguin, Creepers, T-Shirts, Patches, Buttons, Stickers, Leather Jackets, Bondage Pants, and over 25,000 different RARE records, CDs, and cassettes. Don't believe me? Check out their website, it's secure and updated every 2 hours: [WWW.DRSTRANGE.COM](http://WWW.DRSTRANGE.COM)

**DOCTOR  
STRANGE  
RECORDS**

Open 10 to 7 every fuckin' day.  
7136 Amethyst Ave., Alta Loma, CA 91737 (909) 944-1778.



## SUPER SECRET RECORDS

P.O. BOX 1585 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78767

[SUPERSECRETCORDS@HOTMAIL.COM](mailto:SUPERSECRETCORDS@HOTMAIL.COM)

STILL AVAILABLE FACELESS WEREWOLVES

DEBUT CD "MEDIUM FREAKY"

OUT SOON MANIKIN

FULL LENGTH CD OUT NOW

# SPARKLE MOTION

CD \$10 PPD





World Inferno Friendship Society, photo by [www.earttrumpet.net](http://www.earttrumpet.net)

**Armin:** Ah yes, RKL and NOFX... I think that was somewhere near Santa Barbara: Ojai Mountain or something like that? Can't remember too much—or anything of it—because my friend Yogi forced me to smoke pot, which I usually never do.

**Jan:** I mentioned before the *Plot* fanzine, a German fanzine you founded—I hope it is safe to say that—which had a really huge impact on the German hardcore scene, may it be positive or negative but always funny. What happened to the *Plot*? I mean you were/are really avant-garde with discovering bands like World Inferno Friendship Society, Rocket From The Crypt, or Men's Recovery Project. There is an entry in Wikipedia with the famous attack of one of the band members on one of the *Plot* members with an ashtray? On the homepage of the band Murder Disco X, it said, "*Plot* is the fanzine our singer writes for which got him several death threats on the phone, some threats to sue him, and a serious beat down by the bass player of Madball who tried to prove that way that they are not the stupid violent gangsters they thought *Plot* called them."

**Armin:** Ah yes, that's true. Ralf, the singer of MDX, got harassed and violently attacked by the Madball idiots for something that was actually written by me in *Plot*. In the beginning, *Plot* was a collective. Various people with various opinions, but with the same goal: trying to offer a "nationwide" fanzine that's not commercially oriented and focused on "big names," but open and dedicated to new and good unknown bands, and last not least controversial! Sooner or later, as with all things in life, the original enthusiasm of most contributors faded away. It turned out to be more work than fun, and in the end it was almost only myself taking care of the thing. So that's why I stopped doing it after issue no. 21.

**Jan:** What is your opinion about the printed

fanzine situation in Germany today? People usually complain about how "internet killed the fanzine-stars" but I think that's too narrow: you can't blame a certain kind of technical progress for a decline in print zines. It must have other reasons.

**Armin:** I don't have any problem with the progression and development of zines and the likes via internet. But cutting it down to simplicity, it just looks like this: no one really reads the stuff on the internet. You take a brief look, you scroll down. The internet *could* be the most democratic and accessible means of information the world has ever seen. And I'm sure out there in this endless mass of blogs and webzines, there are expressions of new ideas, discussions, and controversial debates—but does anyone really care? It's just too much, and people tend to have a short attention span. Sitting in front of a computer screen, it's getting even shorter. One click and it's gone. Same thing happened to me today: got an email from some label I never heard of, polluting my mailbox with a mass of files and mp3's. I replied by writing "Stop sending me your shit!" and instantly I had a reply saying "asshole."

Now, if this was a face-to-face conversation, or via the phone, we would have probably gone more into details... but all I did was delete the message then and that's it. The point I'm trying to make is, that if you buy and actually *pay* for a fanzine, then more or less your brain will tell you to read it as well then—but the internet is for free (well, to some part) and then you just click through what will seem to be instantly attractive to you, while other and maybe more interesting things will go unnoticed. Who really reads reviews in all those hundreds of webzines? And by the way, to me it seems like those stupid webzines exist

only for the purpose of getting promos for free anyway.

So the problem turns out to be that we have tons of kids expressing themselves via the internet because it does not take as much effort and money as doing a print zine. And, on the other hand, the print-market falls completely into the hands of those doing it on a more professional level, or, worst of all, doing it for professional reasons only because that means ultimately compromising to marketing strategies.

A zine like *OX* has to sell thousands of copies every two months, and they need advertisement for each issue. Those paying a lot of money for their ads want to see their artists featured and their releases reviewed positively! And a zine like *OX* has to deal with this situation. The result is that there's not much space left in zines like *OX* for experiments. It looks more like a catalogue of the most recent releases of the financially most potent labels, instead of like a fanzine. And the innovation level is next to zero.

And finally, as far as your statement goes: What came first: The decline of fanzines or the development of punk turning into pure business? I guess both things have gone hand in hand, being mutually dependent to each other. The cultural side effect is that those truly exciting new ideas and innovative forms of expression are being pulled back into even smaller tiny niches and, paradoxically, in a world-wide connected culture even harder to discover than ever before.

**Jan:** Fuck, Armin, good observation at the end. Never heard that but it is true. Do you have any kind of a dream city or country where you want to live for a longer period. What about Los Angeles?

**Armin:** Definitely not L.A., nor any other city. Currently I'd be into moving to Oberaha, a tiny little village with four or five houses in the darkest corner of the Black Forest. Or maybe I'll move to Austria—because of the mountains, the skiing, and not to forget the lower taxes.

**Jan:** What made you laugh in recent times?

**Armin:** Uhm, well, looking at some excerpts of the *Borat* movie, the brilliant Austrian TV show *Dorfers Donnerstalk*, and kids wearing white sweaters and baggy pants.

**Jan:** What title would your autobiography have?

**Armin:** *There's a Charlie Brown in Every One of Us.*

**Jan:** I'd rather drink than fuck...or I can't live without soccer (watching and playing)?

**Armin:** For the latter, yes true. I spend most of my free time watching soccer or playing it myself. The first sentence is totally stupid though, both things are exquisitely fine with me and not comparable.

**Jan:** What are the new releases X-Mist is coming up with in 2007?

**Armin:** No idea. We'll see. Surprises are fun.

[www.x-mist.de](http://www.x-mist.de)





Oh!

# RADON!

Pictures  
by Madeleine Claire  
& Lindsay Beaumont  
Visually misleading  
by Uri García

Interview  
by Megan Pants



Radon is:  
Bill Clower: drums  
Dave Rohm: guitar, vocals  
Brent Wilson: guitar, vocals  
Mike Collins: bass



Radon has been the soundtrack to some of the best nights of my life. It's never been planned out that way, but it's not exactly arbitrary either. They complement late-night talks over beers, roadtrip mixtapes, or dudes on, shirts off fests.

They have a certain wisdom that would make sense after more than fifteen years together, but it's been there all along. They understand that there's a balance in life, and that balance is evident in everything they've recorded.

**Megan:** Who is the middle-aged Rasta jogger guy?

**Brent:** His name is Timothy Lightfoot. That's really his name. I was his social worker, dude. I used to work at HRS years ago. He's a very, very nice man who happens to be schizophrenic. He's Ethiopian. He runs like crazy, nonstop, and he holds his hand way up high in the air. I asked him, "Timothy, why do you hold your hand way up high in the air?" and he says that there's an angel that's going to land on his hand.

**Mike:** You say that as if it's not true.

**Dave:** Actually it was a pigeon dropping that landed on his hand.

**Bill:** Going on the schizophrenic thing...he was interviewed in a zine and said that he was cursed by a woman, which is why he runs and runs. I saw him three days ago. But, he said he was cursed by a woman in Jamaica that he went out with and she put this curse on him that he's always going to be running away.

**Brent:** He's just one of those characters that demands that a song be written about them.

**Megan:** How is he kind of like Pac Man?

**Bill:** He's not running through the streets of Babylon either.

**Dave:** All Jamaicans, from what I've learned, think that the U.S. is Babylon.

**Megan:** I didn't want to know about Babylon; I wanted to know about Pac Man.

**Dave:** He's running up and down the blocks.

**Megan:** Does he magically appear on the other side of town when he gets to the edge?

**Brent:** He looks nothing like Pac Man. Maybe the dots are like the people he passes and he gobbles them up.

**Bill:** Maybe they're vitamins. I've seen him buying vitamins.

**Dave:** I think Bill's been eating vitamins. Multiple vitamins. Thanks for the heads up.

**Bill:** ...I don't know where that is. You too, man....

**Dave:** Somebody unplug Bill!

**Megan:** What's the difference between a metric buttload of rock and a mosaic of musical monument?

**Brent:** One was created by Pat Hughes and the other was created by Bill Clower.

**Bill:** One was created by these guys and one was created by the Ozarks.

**Brent:** Bill is fucked up. Someone on the internet had the equivalency of the metric buttload is ten super assloads.

**Dave:** It's a buttload every day for a fortnight. Ask a Canadian, that's our answer.

**Megan:** This is your first time playing outside of Florida. How does that happen since you've been together for more than ten years?

**Brent:** You know how that happens? You have a show...

**Mike:** You finally get a real musician in the band, and you get real gigs.

**Brent:** We tried before, but it ended in catastrophe. There was a very, very bad wreck in South Carolina on I-95 on our way to Chapel Hill to play with Archers Of Loaf. We didn't quite make it. It was bad. I went to see Dave in the hospital. Number one, I didn't recognize him.

**Megan:** His head had swelled, right?

**Brent:** It was huge. It was like Dave's face had been stung by twenty bees.

**Megan:** What was actually wrong with you to make you swell?

**Dave:** Just the impact.

**Bill:** He flew fifteen feet. The other passenger flew thirty. When we told him we said, "Hey Dave, you flew fifteen feet." He was like, "Whatever." "Ananda flew thirty." He was like, "She won."

**Brent:** I walked away without a scratch.

**Dave:** Good job, dude. Way to keep it stealthy.

**Brent:** After that, life just started separating us. We started moving out of town and never wound up getting the chance to go out of state again till now.

**Bill:** I went on tour.

**Brent:** That wasn't the question, buddy.

**Megan:** Were you supposed to go on tour with Grey Goose, but then you couldn't because of some legal problems?

**Bill:** Yeah, the timing was really bad for me to get put on probation and not be able to go to Europe because we had just talked our friend into giving us three grand to put out the album and go on tour in Europe, but by the time I could...I still want to badly. I really

The night of the interview this balance manifested itself in the seamless transition between talking politics outside the show to trying to play around toppling men sliding down the half pipe which was being used as a stage, and ending up with dancing (not in the moonlight) to Thin Lizzy.

They've survived hurricanes, lightning storms, and parenthood.

They're Radon, and they're not science fiction.

owe that guy, and, geez, I guess I'll have to go to Europe to make it up to him.

**Megan:** What was it for?

**Bill:** Oh, I got in trouble with the law.

**Megan:** Dave, how old are your kids?

**Dave:** I've got two kids. I've got a one-and-a-half year-old and a six-and-a-half year-old.

**Megan:** How does that affect you in music, not just in scheduling, but when you realize that they're going to start understanding the lyrics, does that actually impact what you do?

**Dave:** "I should not be doing this. I should not be doing this." I enjoy it too much, and I



"Work motivates me to write more punk rock and to stay young"





know that they would want me to do what I enjoy, so I do. My six-and-a-half year-old, two years ago, was saying some crazy stuff in the back of the car, and I used it in one of our songs. He kept saying, "a little lie, a little lie, a little, little lie."

**Bill:** He's a chip off the old block.

**Dave:** I'm hoping to steal more stuff. They're going to pull it out against me and shove it right in my face. "But Dad, you did this, and you did this." We'll get there when we get there. Hopefully, I'll have it figured out by then.

**Megan:** Do you play it for them?

**Dave:** My older child is a Radon fan. He's only heard "Radon," the song, but he likes it.

**Brent:** He's already a rocker, too.

**Bill:** There's no way he could go against them. He'd probably be more disappointed if you didn't play your music and write songs now. "This is what I did before I had you." "Well, what happened when you had me?" "Oh, well, you know...."

**Dave:** I'm hoping he'll be rebellious and start playing some really dark metal.

**Bill:** I mean, when he's thirteen and you go, "Hey man, you wrote this line for me in the back seat of the ca," and then play it for him; he's going to think that's the coolest thing in the world.

**Megan:** Unless he wants royalties.

**Bill:** You'd better get him to sign a waiver now.

**Brent:** Dave's son is best friends with the son of...what's her name? From the B-52s?

**Dave:** Cindy.

**Brent:** Her son and Owen are best friends.

**Dave:** They're going to start a band and it's going to be called Skull Shack or Phantoms of Doom. So, they've got a band.

**Mike:** She lives in Atlanta?

**Dave:** No, she lives in Chattanooga; we drive him over there every day, man. Welcome to the band, buddy.

**Megan:** How do you guys work around everyone living in different states?

**Brent:** Better than I thought it would. We work better together now as a team than we ever did when we lived in the same town.

**Bill:** If we know people are going to come to the show, then we know we're going to pay those expenses, then we can do it.

**Mike:** I feel like it's all come together in the last twenty-four hours or so.

**Dave:** Brent emailed me a part of a song, and we didn't hear it until we were in the studio, it was "Four Inches of Heaven." I don't know how we pulled that one off.

**Brent:** The internet makes it a lot easier. We can record parts of a song at home and mail it to one another.

**Bill:** I've always been the kind of drummer that I love...they spoil me. I sit down, and they already have the song.

**Brent:** Luckily for us, Bill is technically right where we want him to be, and he always does more than we expect.

**Bill:** With lots of guys that I've played with, it's the same thing, but there's a lot more arranging. With these guys, it's just there.

**Brent:** One day, we'll be in the same room and write a song together.

**Megan:** When did you start writing the songs for *Metric*?



# "The lightning came out of my cock, struck me in the eye"

**Brent:** We recorded it in June. We started writing the songs before we played Fest IV, so it was about a year in advance.

**Bill:** I got done with my legal problems in April, and by June, my birthday, we'd recorded the album. In April, when I got out, there was a tiny clip of "Here's our idea."

**Dave:** Fest was a huge inspiration.

**Brent:** The closer it got to having studio time, the more incentive I had to work the songs out.

**Megan:** How long had it been since you'd written Radon songs before that?

**Brent:** The last time we'd recorded before together as Radon was 1995. So, it had been ten years.

**Dave:** Wasn't it '93?

**Brent:** It was '93, so twelve years. Mike was seven years old.

**Mike:** I was a sophomore in high school.

**Megan:** How do you approach writing with that timeframe—not that you don't hear a similar sound now—of '90s bands?

**Brent:** Yeah, definitely Soundgarden. Screaming Trees. Grunge is coming back.

**Bill:** We started in '91, so I wouldn't say we sounded like '90s.

**Megan:** A lot of the things that were coming out in the early '90s.

**Bill:** We were definitely into that.

**Megan:** I don't think that's a bad thing at all. But, when you're looking at ten or twelve years down the road, how do you go into the writing process? Is there a balance of "Do I still want to sound like that? Do I want to sound like something now?" Because there are bands that still sound that way now, so it still fits, but is there anything in you that says, "Well, that's what we sounded like then, but now we should sound this way?"

**Brent:** When I write songs, the music that inspires me the most is actually early- to mid-'80s. So, early Replacements, Articles Of Faith, Hüsker Dü, things of that nature. When it comes out, I guess it sounds like early- or mid-'90s, but I would say that I'm more influenced by early-'80s post-hardcore than anything else.

**Mike:** People who write music don't really actually think about what it sounds like.

**Bill:** You just are what you are and that's how you've been writing since you've been writing. You just do what you do.

**Brent:** Until you realize it sucks and it ends up on the cutting room floor. There's a lot on the cutting room floor.

**Dave:** I'd say we throw out about half of the songs we write.

**Megan:** I just think that there are some bands that have a definite sound that doesn't change throughout the entire course of their career, no matter how long it is. But, then you have people like David Bowie.

**Brent:** Radiohead.

**Megan:** It changes so often with what's going on now. Obviously, they're aiming for a radio audience.

**Mike:** It's the producers, too.

**Bill:** If someone gave us twenty million dollars to record, there's some things that we'd change.

**Brent:** A lot of things.

**Megan:** You'd hire Mike Collins.

**Mike:** You wouldn't have to go to work during the day.

**Brent:** Like The Beastie Boys. I can see they've got all of these ideas in their heads that they would love to flush out if they had the time to, and they do have the time to.

**Megan:** What do you guys do for jobs?

**Bill:** I manage a pizza/sports bar. I make hundreds of dollars of years. Years. Over years, I make hundreds of dollars.

**Mike:** I win contests.

**Megan:** What kind of contests?

**Mike:** Contests where I win things and I sell those things. Maybe you've heard of Thunder from Down Under. I haggle.

**Brent:** I sell commercial real estate.

**Mike:** I'm a pilot.

**Brent:** You're a private investigator.

**Megan:** Are you a scientist?

**Dave:** I used to be. I studied engineering and got my MBA (Masters of Business Administration). After that, I started working for this really cool battery research company, in the marketing department, not in





# "You should have asked me in '95"

(young, athletic, new bass player)

oh!  
**RADON!**

PER  
DIEM



PAT  
HUGHES

the engineering part of it. That ended recently. We sold our patent portfolio to Ray-o-vac and now I work for the telephone company.

**Megan:** Doing what?

**Dave:** Spreadsheet work and staff stuff. Really boring stuff.

**Bill:** What's your official title?

**Dave:** Channel manager.

**Megan:** Does any of that affect your music?

**Dave:** I wrote a song about a lady who sits next to me at work. She's got quotes in a couple songs.

**Brent:** "King of the Shitlist" is about her.

**Dave:** Being able to exorcise that from my brain was very satisfying for some reason. And I really want to play it for her one day. I want to write more songs about people I work with.

**Brent:** Work motivates me to write more punk rock and to stay young.

**Mike:** Tell me about your work. I know what you mean about work.

**Brent:** I love my job.

**Mike:** I thought you were talking about your coworkers.

**Brent:** We won't go there. That's why I love my job. Oh yeah, her picture is on the CD cover of the album. We'll tell you all the secrets about Radon.

**Megan:** With you just mentioning staying young, in the *Coffeebreath* interview you guys did with Replay Dave, you brought up the 2001 T-shirt design, and you brought up *Logan's Run*. I actually had a friend of a friend say something about how I was in trouble because I was going to turn thirty soon, and there's a *Logan's Run* for punk rock. Once you turn thirty, you have to voluntarily leave or they're going to come and get you.

**Dave:** Be careful.

**Megan:** They haven't gotten me yet. How do you feel about age playing a role, not only in music, but in the punk rock community?

**Brent:** When I was younger and *really* into punk—it kind of shaped my whole existence—I still wasn't experienced enough in the world to know what was right and what was wrong. I sometimes straddled the fence between punk and mainstream society. As I get older, I realize more what's right and wrong and I subscribe more to the punk ethos now more than I did twenty years ago.

**Megan:** One thing that's happening in L.A. right now that's pretty cool is that there's a huge variety of people.

**Mike:** It's like that everywhere now.

**Megan:** That's awesome. With age range,



(old, bitter bandmate)

# "You were six years-old, dude"

too. There's people who haven't been going to shows in fifteen years that are coming out, but then there's also fifteen year olds. But the interesting part is that they're interacting. It's amazing to see.

**Mike:** It's better that there's a thirty-five year old dude talking to a seventeen year old kid, and totally understand him, and they think about the same things.

**Megan:** And another thing is that a lot of people, now that they are older, are getting their shit together and doing things like starting nonprofits and starting venues.

**Dave:** I'm going to start an under twenty-one club. I'm sick of seeing these old fucking fogies at shows.

**Megan:** Dave, who's Gretchen the realtor?

**Dave:** She sounds like a hardcore German type of realtor. She probably lives in a nice little house...I don't know.

**Brent:** What is that?

**Megan:** It came up when I was doing research. It's an artist named Dave Rohm in Atlanta, and he did this art thing.

**Dave:** He's in drag?

**Megan:** It wasn't a drag show, it was performance art.

**Dave:** He's from Miami Beach, and I'm from Miami. They did a piece on him in the paper, and in his picture—he's in drag—and at the bottom, "David Rohm." In the *Miami Herald*!

**Megan:** And the picture I had was small, he was in drag, and it was taken from pretty far away.

**Brent:** Skeletons in the closet!

**Dave:** He's got multiple personalities that he does as a performer.

**Brent:** Now you're talking about yourself in the third person! That's scary.

**Megan:** Did you lose your record collection in Hurricane Andrew?

**Brent:** I did, most of it.

**Megan:** What's the one record you miss the most?

**Brent:** It was an EP by Bad Brains called *Destroy Babylon*.

**Dave:** You've whined about the Battalion Of Saints record to me, too.

**Brent:** Yeah, but that one's easy to get. I can still get that one. That Bad Brains EP was really rare.

**Megan:** Have you gone and gotten the one that's really easy to get?

**Brent:** I have the Battalion Of Saints CD now. I don't need the LP.

**Dave:** That's bullshit right there. I like the LP.

**Megan:** I always think that it would be something weird that I would end up missing.

**Brent:** I had about five hundred records until the hurricane. Then, when it was all said and done, I had forty.

**Megan:** Ouch.

**Brent:** Angelic Upstarts, that's another one.

**Bill:** I just got back...this really doesn't have anything to do with the question...I just got back our first test pressing.

**Megan:** You originally wanted to be two guitars and a drummer, right?

**Brent:** That was Dave's idea.

**Megan:** How long did that last?

**Brent:** Until I said no.

**Dave:** He didn't share my artistic vision and now we're tortured by bass sounds always.

**Brent:** We've wanted to go to a four-piece for twelve years, at least. We actually played with a couple of different guys and it wasn't until Mike Collins.

**Mike:** Last night.

**Brent:** At Fest we decided we wanted to ask Mike if he wanted to be in the band.

**Mike:** I didn't know what was happening. I didn't know if you were quitting.

**Bill:** That's why I told him that he could only tell you with all three of us around. I find him like an hour later and he's all, "So...I'm in Radon?" "Motherfuckers!"

**Brent:** We needed to find someone who was a good fit both musically and personality-wise.

**Bill:** It was instantaneous.

**Brent:** Since Chattanooga.

**Mike:** I'd better get my per diem today.

**Bill:** Brent was like, "What do you think about going to a four-piece?" And I was all, "Man, I've been thinking about this too." "Well, what should I do?" "I think you should play guitar."

**Dave:** Brent's always played guitar on the records, every record we've got.

**Bill:** So, we're getting a bass player. "What do you think about Mike Collins?" "Yup." That was it.

**Brent:** It was pretty much unanimous. The man can rock.

**Mike:** You should have asked me in '95.

**Brent:** You were six years-old, dude.

**Bill:** We're all from Miami. We all went to the same high school.

**Brent:** Not Mike Collins.

**Bill:** He's an honorary Miamian.

**Brent:** He's a Marinoan.

**Bill:** It made sense.

**Brent:** This is going to be a great interview, Bill.

**Megan:** So Bill, what's it like to be struck by lightning?

**Bill:** Well, it wasn't really that big of a deal.

**Megan:** Were you just walking down the street?

**Bill:** I was walking to catch the bus to work. I missed the bus. It was a nice day out, actually. A little overcast, not too hot. It was July. It was barely sprinkling, and then I was on the ground. What's it like? Well, the first instant...I stopped under a tree, a big tree, and though, "Oh, you're not supposed to that when it's raining." I'd never thought that before. I walked about five more steps and here's the answer: in my eyes, it looked like I was watching a movie that was shaking, and then was a car coming. The next thing I knew, it felt like I was sinking into the ground, like quicksand. I was falling to my knees, but it felt like I was going straight down.

**Megan:** Like melting?

**Bill:** Next thing I know, I was down and out, but I wasn't out for long because it was like a movie had skipped a frame. The car was here and then it was there. I didn't know what happened. I hopped up real quick, thinking I tripped. "Oh boy, that was embarrassing." Then I was like, "What's that smell?" I smelled smoke, and looked right above me.

**Dave:** That was your pubes.

**Bill:** The lightning came out of my cock, struck me in the eye.... It was no big deal. I skinned my knees. I ran home, got a ride to work, and was actually early. I was going to catch the next bus, but my roommate's like, "Man, fuck that. Call out sick. Call out struck by lightning." No, I actually couldn't wait to get to work and be like, "I got struck by lightning." It's a part of my legend.

**Brent:** We're witnessing some real dumpster diving right now.

**Dave:** Fuck all this punk rock bullshit, "I'm dumpstering doughnuts behind the doughnut shop." This is real.

**Megan:** On *Metric*, you have a soundbite of George Bush talking. He's saying that he saw the plane going into the first tower before he went into the classroom. Do you know if there's actual footage of the first plane going into the tower?

**Brent:** The footage was taken by a City of New York public works crew. There's no way he could have seen it at that time. The thing about that soundbite that is even more relevant to me is that this is a President that was briefed for weeks and weeks about a pending terrorist attack using planes as a weapon, and after learning that a plane hit the





PO BOX 204! RENO, NV! 89504! U.S.A.

775-358-7865!

[www.stickerguy.com!](http://www.stickerguy.com!)

[info@stickerguy.com!](mailto:info@stickerguy.com)

## LASERHEAD

DEBUT ALBUM "RIDE YOUR STATIC" OUT NOW

### OTHER RELEASES

GRABASS CHARLESTONS - WHEN THE FUNK HITS THE FAN 7"

SIR PRIZE FIGHTER - BEAT IT TO LIVE CD

TOWERS OF HANOI - BLACK FEATHERS CD

NINJA GUN - SMOOTH TRANSITIONS CD

TOWERS OF HANOI - SELF TITLED EP

### TOWERS OF HANOI ON TOUR THIS SUMMER!

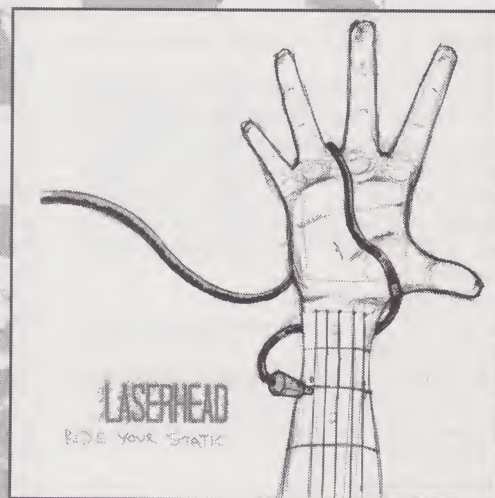
CHECK [WWW.MYSPACE.COM/TOWERSOFHANOI](http://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/TOWERSOFHANOI) FOR MORE DETAILS!

### COMING SOON

TOWERS OF HANOI - PARANOIA FOR THE NEW YEAR

NINJA GUN - DANG

AVERKIOU - TBA



AVAILABLE THROUGH  
NO IDEA RECORDS  
[LITTLETYPE.COM](http://LITTLETYPE.COM)  
[INTERPUNK.COM](http://INTERPUNK.COM)  
[CDBABY.NET](http://CDBABY.NET)



FOR MORE INFORMATION ON LASERHEAD & OTHER BARRACUDA SOUND ARTIST PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE: [WWW.BARRACUDASOUND.COM](http://WWW.BARRACUDASOUND.COM) [WWW.MYSPACE.COM/BARRACUDASOUND](http://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/BARRACUDASOUND)

BARRACUDA SOUND RELEASES ARE PROUDLY DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA RECORDS [WWW.NOIDEARECORDS.COM](http://WWW.NOIDEARECORDS.COM)

OTHER DISTRIBUTORS: [WWW.LITTLETYPE.COM](http://WWW.LITTLETYPE.COM) AND [WWW.INTERPUNK.COM](http://WWW.INTERPUNK.COM)

BARRACUDA SOUND: PO Box 11994 GAINESVILLE, FL 32604

[BARRACUDASOUND@GMAIL.COM](mailto:BARRACUDASOUND@GMAIL.COM)





World Trade Center, his response was, "Wow, that's one horrible pilot." The guy's lying about many, many things about that event. And to think that it was a pilot that goofed after being briefed for months about Al Queda and planes as a weapon. There's just a lot of things that they're not being straight with the American people about. One of the worst jokes in history, too. Unbelievably bad.

**Dave:** What?

**Brent:** His script writer wrote that as a joke.

**Megan:** You talk about questioning immigration policy, phosphate mining in Florida, American foreign policy, but you also talk about the benefits of a smaller-penis lover, holding your penis at night... why do you think it's important to have both of those parts?

**Brent:** Because America's foreign policy is driven by men with small penises. It's important to do both. It's important to write protest music about things that move you, but it's also important to not take yourself too seriously.

**Megan:** I agree.

**Dave:** That's bullshit.

**Megan:** You're right. I don't agree. Fuck that!

**Dave:** Taking acid helps to write those.

**Brent:** The people who influenced us, some of them were very politically serious—Bob

Dylan, Op Ivy maybe, as far as my own personal politics—some of them were just god damned hilarious—The Meatmen.

**Mike:** It's pretty normal. If you're a smart person, you're going to laugh at the stupid shit.

**Dave:** And if it's the same thing, it all starts to become one...

**Mike:** You start to not respect them because it's obviously not them. You can tell with these guys when they write a song, it's just them. They can write a song that's serious as hell or emotional as hell or about a four-inch penis.

**Dave:** Spoken like a member of the Hair Beard Combo.

**Megan:** You also have some really lyrical lyrics. "A line goes up from your cigarette. It breaks into a panic and vanishes." That's pretty poetic.

**Brent:** I was worried that would come across as, "Wow, that's really fucking dumb. Why are you trying to pull that kind of shit in this song?" But, I had to go with it because I liked it.

**Megan:** I think if you had a whole song...

**Dave:** Line after line like that?

**Megan:** It would be dripping with bullshit—when it's pretty normal language surrounding it, but then you have that, it pops out—but it's not.

**Brent:** You've got one sentence of Rites Of Spring, then two verses of whatever the hell

it is. I really wanted to write that.

**Mike:** What song is that from?

**Brent:** "Write Back or Get Smacked."

**Megan:** I just assume that lines like that come from reading, so what do you read?

**Brent:** What comes to mind is Jesse Michaels, and then I found out that his dad (Leonard Michaels) was a writer, and I've been reading his dad's stuff. I read W.C. Handy's autobiography, which I could go through in a second, Johnny Rotten's autobiography, and I'm really into Pat Hughes's blog, which we wrote a song about.

**Dave:** I read a lot about politics. I'm kind of obsessed with politics.

**Brent:** Mike?

**Mike:** Non fiction.

**Megan:** About the Miami Dolphins?

**Brent:** Can you even name something you're reading now?

**Dave:** Is it called *Nonfiction*?

**Mike:** I just read a book about manic depressive disorder.

**Megan:** How was that?

**Mike:** Pretty fucking depressing.

**Megan:** Ups and downs?

**Mike:** A bit of a roller coaster.



# WE CAN SAVE THE WORLD NOW

I never aspired to be a writer nor do I consider myself one. Nevertheless, by about my junior year of college I started getting stuff published in magazines. All my initial pieces were on rock'n'roll music. Again, there was no epiphany—no light ever dawned on me to write record reviews. What motivated me to sit down in front of the computer was passion. My love of music was so strong that I was able to set aside personal fears of appearing stupid, of asking banal questions, of having a mediocre (at best) hold on grammar. I needed to have my voice heard; I needed to fulfill this desire I had growing inside me to get the musicians I loved the recognition they deserved.

One of the first interviews I did was with Gabriel Hart of the Starvations. I was (and still am) convinced his band was the greatest group to come out of Los Angeles in over a decade. When I was able to get him some press, I felt fulfilled; I had done my part.

Now you may be asking yourself what the preceding paragraphs have in common with Vietnam, and just what that infamous conflict has to do with *Razorcake*—for all intents and purposes—a rock rag. (When I asked my Dad if he wanted to do *this* interview he had a similar question.) Well, a lot. Music has always been a means of expression. It's ever-present in all cultures, taking shape in a myriad of forms—from throat singing in Tuva to morose roots-punk rock'n'roll in Los Angeles. Growing up in southern California, the son of a Vietnam veteran, I associated certain music with the war—Jefferson Airplane in my youthful mind was a product of Vietnam. Looking back at the '60s, the influence the war had on music is immeasurable (and vice versa); rock'n'roll and soul music were outlets for growing concerns over what was happening in Southeast Asia. Like Delta blues men, artists of the '60s (and early '70s) adopted the different perspectives of the oppressed—from the American lower class called upon to fight a war they had no interest in to that of Vietnamese civilians demanding self-determination. Some songs that come to mind are The Byrds' "Draft Morning," Hannibal's "I'm Coming Home," and Jimmy Cliff's "Vietnam." One band, the highly original Monks, made a career out of singing protest songs against the war in Vietnam. Another fringe group, Ed Sanders' brilliant The Fugs, did much the same.

Besides the literal connection the Vietnam War has to music, another reason (the major one) why I wrote this piece is because I feel passionately about Vietnam—and what's currently going on in Iraq (unlike a lot of things, enough to write about it). The connections are there—it's the same song, just a different day, with hubris being paid for in lives. Growing up with a father who went through a similar situation, I felt compelled to capture his thoughts on a conflict that has forever changed his life and millions of others, that destroyed two countries (Vietnam and neighboring Cambodia) and divided another (the United States). As Iraq turns more and more into a Vietnam-like situation every day, it's an important time to take stock in past lessons—and brace ourselves for what's to come.





BY RYAN LEACH

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MIKE LEACH

LAYOUT BY KEITH ROSSON & TODD TAYLOR

**Ryan:** Where did you grow up?

**Mike:** I grew up in the San Fernando Valley. (The San Fernando Valley, commonly referred to as "The Valley," is located just north of Los Angeles.)

**Ryan:** And what year did you graduate high school?

**Mike:** 1965.

**Ryan:** You worked at Muntz Stereo, which is now Tower Records on Sunset Boulevard. You worked with a guy who was in the Korean War—this was before you were drafted. Tell me about him.

**Mike:** Well, that was when I worked at the cabinet shop just after Muntz. Vietnam was happening and I was curious about it. So I just talked about it with guys who had been in World War II and the Korean War; and I found out he had been in the Korean War. And he didn't talk too much about it. I had to ask him about it. He told me he had been in some really bad battles where they had lost a lot of people. But he didn't talk too much about it.

**Ryan:** Beyond that?

**Mike:** Yeah. It sounded like it was pretty bad. And that kind of piqued my interest into what was happening in Vietnam.

**Ryan:** Right. And you left Muntz and started working at the cabinet shop right before you were drafted. Tell me about the boss hiring you.

**Mike:** I worked in Hollywood at Muntz and I wanted to do something else; I was sick of the Hollywood scene. I wanted to do something more legitimate. So I answered an ad for a cabinet shop and they were hiring a lot of people—but they weren't hiring me. So I went back two or three times. And finally I said, "I've been here and you're hiring people. Why aren't I being hired?" And the owner came out and looked at me and said: "You're draft bait. I'm not going to hire you just to see you go. I'm not going to train you for a few months just to see you gone." And I told him, "I'm married" (until 1969, married men—as well as college students—were usually deferred from service). They called me two days later and they said, "Come on in." Six months later, I was drafted.

**Ryan:** And in what year were you drafted?

**Mike:** 1967.

**Ryan:** And how much did you know about what was going on in Vietnam?

**Mike:** Actually didn't know much at all; didn't watch too much about it on TV. Just knew people were getting drafted.

**Ryan:** You were drafted in '67 and then you did boot camp.

**Mike:** Yeah, I did boot camp at Fort Ord. I started in January of 1968. That was ten weeks there. And then I went to Fort Polk, Louisiana which was another eight weeks. And then I got a month leave before being shipped off to Vietnam. Fort Polk was scarier than Vietnam. Entirely scarier.

**Ryan:** Tell me about that. Did you notice segregation still?

**Mike:** Well, not so much segregation. Just the racial tension down there was unbelievable. A lot of blacks, but blacks from Chicago. Blackstone Rangers. (The Blackstone Rangers were a Black "gang" based out of Chicago; leader Jeff Fort insists they were an "organization".) Their track record is dubious. However, the Rangers' actions deserve proper placement: I'd argue that elements of the Chicago Police—who murdered twenty-one year old Black Panther Fred Hampton in his bed—were as sinister as the Rangers. Certainly the FBI's COINTELPRO (Counter Intelligence Program) program was far more pernicious than the Rangers could have ever been; it was, in fact, the COINTELPRO program's rogues who undertook numerous heinous crimes which were later attributed to groups like the Blackstone Rangers and the Black Panthers—as well as other Black Power groups and leftist organizations. (The COINTELPRO program was exposed in Daniel Ellsberg's publication of the *Pentagon Papers*.) Even the black guys in my outfit were afraid of them. A lot of fights. My best friend that went there with me—he and a black guy got in a fight and he busted the guy over the head with an M-16; got scratches all over his face.

**Ryan:** In Louisiana?

**Mike:** In Louisiana. One night in the barracks we had what they call "fire watch." This is where somebody has to be awake constantly, watching the barracks. They'll walk the barracks, pull an hour, and then wake someone up. This was in case there was a fire, so you could get everybody out of there. And on this one particular night we had this white platoon squad leader. And there were these two black guys who wanted to pull watch together. They went over and shook the platoon leader—woke him up—and when he raised his head they beat the shit out of him.

**Ryan:** Digressing back a bit, tell me how you felt when you received your draft notice in the mail.

**Mike:** I was shocked because I was married and I thought I was exempt.

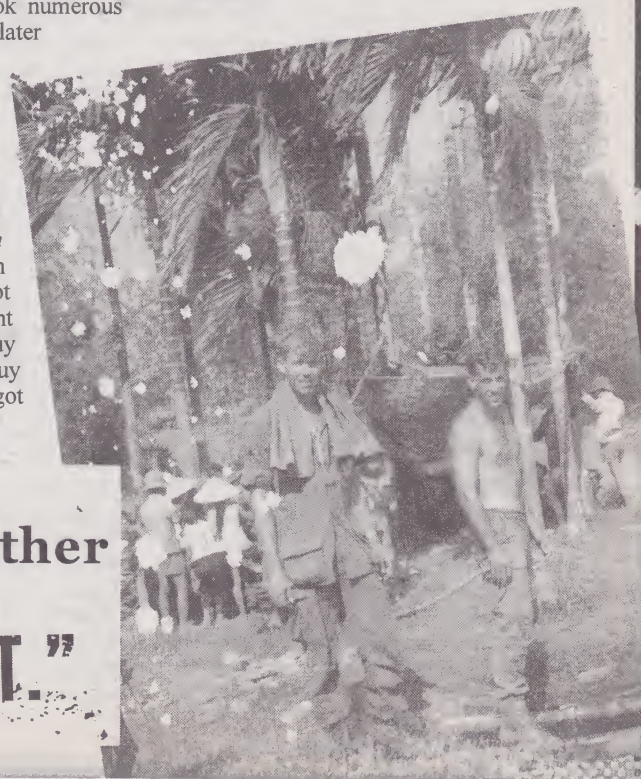
**Ryan:** Yeah, because the draft deferment was still going on then.

**Mike:** Yeah. I didn't think I was draft bait at all. I was shocked that I got drafted. I called the draft board and they said I had to go. And I went, "But I'm married!" And they said, "They drafted you. You have to go." Part of me wanted to go, part of me didn't. I was one of those John Wayne gung-ho kids. I grew up on him. I thought, "Well, this is defending America." But then the other part of you says, "Well, you can die over there. It really happens." Everything was an awakening. When I went to Fort Ord—we were bussed

All they told us was,

"You better get your shit together  
or you're gonna die.

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT."





up there—I didn't know anybody, so I was quiet the whole time. And we drive into Fort Ord and this sergeant jumps on our bus and says, "Everybody! Out now! I don't want to hear nothing! Empty your pockets! Shut up! Don't talk!" And I thought, "Damn—just like in the movies." I made a couple of friends later—Andy Lara and Danny Roberts—and they said, "Man. We thought you were dead. You didn't speak for three days." But that was the way I was. I was introverted and it was a culture shock: being ordered around, being told to shut up; you can't look at the sergeants. It was a different environment. I wasn't prepared for it.

**Ryan:** You were in boot camp—you started in January of 1968. In February of '68 the Tet Offensive happened. Did that hit you? Did you hear about that while you were there?

**Mike:** No. I didn't hear about it.

**Ryan:** A few historians (Noam Chomsky, Howard Zinn) have stated that the media really supported the war and President Lyndon Johnson prior to that offensive. But

very depressed. You could tell they were different from the people who hadn't been to Vietnam. The drill sergeants, they hadn't been to Vietnam. The lifers (career military men) were above the drill sergeants. These guys here, the two who trained us who had been to Vietnam, they were just sorry. They had the life sucked out of them.

**Ryan:** Did you notice that right then and there or was this on reflection?

**Mike:** No, right then and there. They just weren't happy people. They were morose and quiet. Sullen. Where the others who hadn't been were all filled with piss and vinegar.

**Ryan:** You told me about this before, about the military breaking you down. How they make you learn stuff—second-nature reactions—that wasn't part of your nature before. And obviously obeying orders.

**Mike:** Yeah, it's like a boxer. A boxer trains, hitting and ducking, until it's just like nature. If somebody throws a punch, he reacts and throws a counter-punch. Well that's what they do in the service. They want to break

from the San Fernando Valley, I grew up with a lot of Mexican guys. And I got along with them great. I never experienced racial problems with anyone. And when we got to Lake Charles we went to a country-western bar. And that was cool, but nobody wanted anything to do with us because they knew we were soldiers; we had our hair cut all short. So the next morning we went out to do something and the only place open was J.C. Penny's. And we were walking around and I had to go to the bathroom. So I ask them, "Can I use your bathroom?" And they said, "Yeah, it's over there." So I go over there and I see: "For Coloreds Only," "For Whites Only." And I looked at that and thought, "Holy shit! I don't believe this."

**Ryan:** Wow! And segregation was declared unconstitutional by that time, too.

**Mike:** Yeah, but they really had it. I had read about it but I had never seen it. The South was a culture shock for me. It was like out of the *Twilight Zone*. I was happy to get out of Fort Polk, Louisiana. It was scary as hell.

THEY SAID, "Here. You're going to carry the gun."  
AND I SAID, "I don't want to carry that gun."  
AND THEY SAID, "It doesn't  
matter what you want. IT'S YOURS."

when the Tet Offensive occurred—with North Vietnamese forces even taking over the U.S. embassy for a few hours—it really changed the war; it was a rude awakening. That really galvanized a lot of the protests and the way the war was covered by journalists—seeing as all they had to do was stick their cameras out their windows to catch gun fire. Was that brought to your attention in boot camp?

**Mike:** No. Not at all. In boot camp, it was like a microcosm of the U.S. military. We didn't watch television. We didn't hear anything. Actually, it was just getting through boot camp, just getting through every day, dealing with that day, getting up at four or five in the morning, literally running through the mess hall. You had to gobble your food and get out or they screamed at you. You could only have one glass of milk. You took what they offered you. When you were done, you took your tray up and ran out to your barracks. Basically, it was sleep deprivation so you were constantly tired. You didn't get news, you didn't know anything. The only thing I heard about Vietnam was there were two sergeants who came back (from Vietnam) who were training us at boot camp. And all they told us was that, "You'd better get your shit together or you're gonna die. It's as simple as that." And they were very quiet,

you down so you lose your individuality. They don't want you to be an individual. If you have long hair, they want to cut it. If you have short hair, they want it to grow out to a certain length. Anything to break you down from your individuality so you become a unit. Which, actually, if you had a bunch of individuals wanting to do their own thing—one guy thinking he's better than another—it's chaos. Like the night we got ambushed, the first thing I did was start strafing the area that was in front of me with my machine gun, even though there was nothing there, that's what I had to do and that's what other guys did. Just start firing up the area in case there is anything out there. And that's what they teach you to do. If you're ambushed, you run straight forward....

**Ryan:** Did you notice a difference between the enlisted men and the draftees?

**Mike:** Not really. No. We were just young kids doing our thing. Everyone was pretty much the same thing.

**Ryan:** Even when you got to 'Nam?

**Mike:** Nope. No real difference.

**Ryan:** Getting back to Fort Polk, you experienced a time in the South that was just fraught with turmoil.

**Mike:** Well, one weekend we got a two-day pass to go to Lake Charles. And being

**Ryan:** Was flying to Vietnam your first time on a plane?

**Mike:** Yeah, getting from Fort Ord to Fort Polk, then the twenty-two hour flight into Vietnam with stopovers....When we were coming into Vietnam, my first impression of it was all the craters in the jungles.

**Ryan:** From all the extensive bombing.

**Mike:** Yeah. You could see the jungle—the mountains with jungle—with just huge, huge craters. Recently, I flew from Seattle home to California and I could see where all the trees had been cut. Like you'll have these dense areas of pine trees and then, all of a sudden, acres of nothing from where they stripped the hillside for lumber. It was kind of like that. You could see just these huge craters from B-52 strikes in Vietnam. And when I was in the jungles, I actually walked around those. They seemed like fifty to sixty feet wide and thirty feet deep. And I remember being told that when a B-52 strike was going to happen, they'd pull all of us out of the area for one hundred miles, which seems like a lot now; it doesn't seem realistic. The B-52 strikes, they were heavy duty.

**Ryan:** Yeah, that's the thing people don't realize. And you were flying over the country before the real massive bombing strikes on Vietnam occurred.





**Mike:** Oh yeah.

**Ryan:** There were twice as many bombs dropped on Vietnam than on Europe during World War II.

**Mike:** I can't imagine. I can't imagine.

**Ryan:** What month did you arrive in the country?

**Mike:** I arrived on May 29, 1968. Hotter than hell. But it was hotter than hell every month. When you first get into the country, they take you to a place to indoctrinate you: get you used to the weather and being out in the field. So it took three or four days for me to find out what outfit I was in. They lost my outfit (army fatigues) on the plane; all I had was my dress (formal uniform), which was very uncomfortable. This colonel felt sorry for me, gave me a few of his fatigues. They had put me in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. I wasn't airborne, but they put me in an airborne outfit. I found out later that they wanted to take the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne—the real airborne—home, so they were filling the ranks with all non-airborne personnel. By my third month there, there really weren't any airborne personnel left—real airborne who jumped out of planes and stuff.

**Ryan:** Did you think they did that to reduce American casualties in the war?

**Mike:** No, I honestly don't know to this day.

You were just over there to stay alive. You don't question things.

**Ryan:** When they indoctrinated you, is that when you got your M-60? Or in Louisiana did you find out that you were going to get that huge automatic weapon?

**Mike:** No, we didn't get weapons until we were in our outfits. They gave you, like, an M-16 when you went out to your outfit. So they told me I was in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. Then they take you to another camp where they tell you what it's like to be out in the field. And they get a bunch of hard asses on you, crawling out in the field and firing live rounds over your head, just scaring the heck out of you. Waking you up in the middle of the night, telling you you've got incoming rounds, to get into these bunkers, and they're full of water up to your neck. Just to harass you. Just to keep you on edge. They were trying to get you used to not being used to anything. Get you pliable to anything that comes up and that's what they were doing. Everything was terrible. It was called hell week. It was the first week you spend in Vietnam.

Then after that week, they shipped me out to the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. They took me to Bien Hoa, which is kind of in the middle of South Vietnam. And then they flew me into Hue where the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne was and

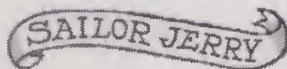
I saw the Citadel. And I didn't know what it was. I didn't pay much attention to the war in Vietnam. But in '68, during Tet, the Citadel was where there were huge firefights. Lost a lot of people in the 101<sup>st</sup>. The North Vietnamese took it over; just had hell getting them out of there. It's supposed to be this old shrine, a historic landmark. So, anyway, I saw that and they took me to Phu Bai, which was a huge hill. They had firebases there—Firebase Phu Bai and Firebase Birmingham. I was there for about three weeks, clearing roads and stuff for trucks to go through. And then they took us into our first combat assault in the A Shau Valley. I knew nothing about it, but that was one bad ass place. It was triple-canopy jungle (a dense covering of jungle so thick no sunlight is visible). That was really an experience. Down in South Vietnam we'd go into combat assaults with thirty helicopters and gunships laying out smoke and fire. You'd have to land one chopper at a time because it was such dense jungle. That was my first real experience in combat.

A monsoon hit us. We didn't have food for three days. We still had to hump the boonies. While on that one, we were supposed to get re-supplied with water. A huge chopper was lowering a large Lister bag (a large, canvas-covered bag which contains tens of gallons



# MATTERSVILLE

clothing ★ gear ★ footwear



SOURPUSS



Rocky Steady



...and  
lots  
more!

3575 E. COLORADO BLVD., PASADENA, CA 91107  
(626) 584-0975 WWW.MATTERSVILLEUSA.COM

WWW.MYSPACE.COM / MATTERSVILLEUSA





of drinking water) with water in it. It broke and he couldn't come back. We didn't have water for a day and a half. And that was really a hardship: humping the boonies with no water. The hills were so steep you'd take two steps forward and slide back one.

**Ryan:** When you were handed the M-60 machine gun, you weren't looking forward to it.

**Mike:** Not when I got there. When I got there—because I had a little bit of meat on me and size—they said, "Here. You're going to carry the gun." And I said, "I don't want to carry that gun." And they said, "It doesn't matter what you want. It's yours." So they gave it to me and I was very proficient with it. And I actually enjoyed it. Felt comfortable with the firepower and was glad I did have it.

**Ryan:** I was reading a statistic about a year ago that said eleven percent of all injuries and fatalities to U.S. Soldiers in Vietnam were caused by booby traps. I imagine

the monotony of walking got old fast, but *just* walking around in the jungle seemed scary as hell. To me, when an ambush occurs, at least you know something is happening: there's a firefight going on. But booby traps, as an outsider looking in, seemed the scariest part of Vietnam. And I know you personally ran into some.

**Mike:** Yeah, when I was in the A Shau, we were walking out. The first

squad was five people and

I was in the second, which had five. And I was the third in line. My assistant-machine gunner, who was in front of me, tripped a grenade. But whoever had set it didn't screw it on tight, and it pulled the blasting cap out and not the pin. That would have killed three or four of us. But you didn't give too much attention to that stuff because you had sixty-five pounds of food and water and grenades and ammunition. So you basically said, "Hey, if it happens, I just want to die. I don't want to lose any body parts. So if it's gonna happen, let it happen big time or not at all." But you just couldn't pay attention to that stuff. The jungles were so thick. If someone had an ambush going, you couldn't see them. The bunkers were so well hidden. And so you just did your thing.

**Ryan:** Although it was a guerilla war, you rarely saw the "real" guerillas, i.e., the people you couldn't even differentiate as soldiers to begin with.

**Mike:** Yeah. Mostly NVA (North Vietnamese Army regulars). But we hardly ever saw who we were fighting. Like that night we got ambushed. It was just an exchange of fire—whether it be small arms, artillery, rockets. Usually, it was an ambush where the first three or four guys got hit and then they (NVA) were gone. Or you took mortars; you never knew where they came from. You'd call in an air strike. But we never really saw too often who we were firing at or where it was coming from.

**Ryan:** That seemed to be the major reason why the air strikes would come in so quickly.

**Mike:** Oh, yeah. I remember we were down by the Cambodian border and we walked into this village. And we took some small arms fire. So we backed out and called in Phantoms and the Phantoms dropped five, six, eight napalm bombs which were scary as hell. Then the Huey helicopter dropped a fifty-gallon drum of napalm. And then a Cobra gunship was called in and he strafed the area with rockets and small arms fire. And so then after all of that we went back into the village and this mama-san came out crying and held her baby in her arms and handed us the baby. She couldn't hear from the bombing. What they would do was go underground and hardly anything would touch them.

**Ryan:** Those intricate underground networks.

**Mike:** Oh yeah. They were very innovative—and courageous.

**Ryan:** And what really comes through was the lopsidedness of the war in terms of technology and determination. And just how far will power will go.

**Mike:** My whole year over there—and I met quite a few guys—I never met anyone who was there thinking they were there to win the war. Or was proud of the war. We were there to stay alive. We were there to cover each other's asses. We didn't know what was going on most of the time. We would get dropped and told that we were going on a combat assault for thirty days in a certain area. When I was in the A Shau Valley, I didn't know it was the A Shau Valley. Not till the end of my tour, when I received a book telling us of our time there, did I even know what it was. Or where it was. I knew when we were over the Cambodian border; I kind of knew where we were then.

**Ryan:** You were missing the galvanizing effects of a Pearl Harbor. It was a war without a real enemy.

**Mike:** We knew it was Charlie. We knew it was NVA. But you didn't really know who they were. You'd hear stories about kids selling you sodas and they're the ones setting the booby traps. I don't know that to be true. But they all looked the same and they all acted the same.

**Ryan:** Did you ever at any time—and not because you were Westerners with money—really feel that anyone supported you? Did you experience just one specific, isolated incident where someone in South Vietnam gave you moral support?

**Mike:** Oh, absolutely not. They did not like us there.

**ANYONE WHO SAYS  
THERE WASN'T TORTURE  
OVER THERE, THAT'S CRAP.**





P.O. BOX 410892  
SAN FRANCISCO,  
CA 94141-0892 USA  
[WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM)

# TOTALITÄR



TOTALITÄR "VI ÄR ELITEN" LP/CD  
LP ADD \$1 FOR MAILORDER OR LIMITED EDITION LP ON CLEAR VINYL  
WITH BONUS 1-SIDED 7" EP \$12 PPD US (THROUGH APRIL 30TH)

LP/ CD'S = \$10 PPD 7" S = \$4 PPD U.S.A.  
LP'S = \$12 PPD CD'S = \$11 PPD 7" = \$5.50 PPD CANADA  
WRITE FOR OTHER OVERSEAS RATES = PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM

VISIT OUR EBAY STORE:  
[STORES.EBAY.COM/PRANK-RECORDS](http://STORES.EBAY.COM/PRANK-RECORDS)

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM: SOUND IDEA, REVELATION,  
INTERPUNK, PROFANE EXISTENCE, 29 NORTH,  
STICKFIGURE, DR. STRANGE, BRICKWALL,  
HARDCORE HOLOCAUST, ETC  
WHOLESALE FROM: EBULLITON, NO IDEA, REVOLVER  
USA, SUBTERRANEAN.

SEND A STAMP FOR COMPLETE CATALOG.

ON TOUR:  
SIGNAL LOST: WEST COAST APRIL 2007  
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH: JAPAN MAY 2007  
BORN/DEAD: SOUTHWEST / MEXICO MAY 2007

**COMING SOON:** WORLD BURNS TO  
DEATH DVD, IRON LUNG "SEXLESS/ NO SEX" LP,  
SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS LP/CD, ACURSED  
LP/CD **REPRESSED:** ANTISCHISM  
"STILL LIFE" CD, GAUZE 7", HIS HERO IS  
GONE "DEAD OF NIGHT IN EIGHT  
MOVEMENTS" 7" **SOON:** KYLESA LP/CD,  
AVSKUM 'CRUCIFIED BY THE SYSTEM' 7", WORLD  
BURNS TO DEATH "HUMAN MEAT" 7".



CHRIST ON PARADE "SOUNDS OF NATURE" LP



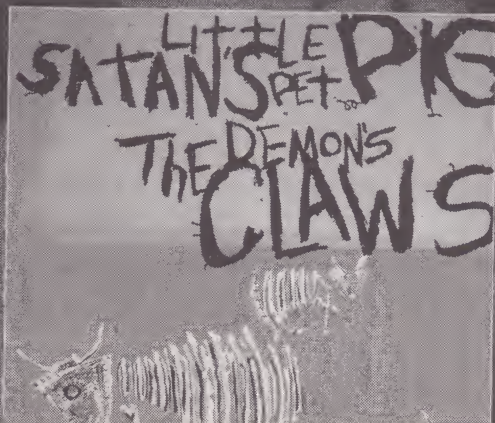
SIGNAL LOST "PROSTHETIC SCREAMS" LP/CD



TALK IS POISON "CONDENSED HUMANITY, THE PRANK EP'S"

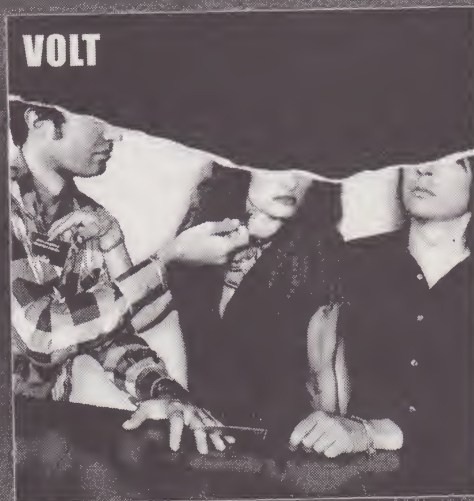


MARK SULTAN  
The Sultanic Verses  
LP/CD



DEMON'S CLAWS  
Satan's Little Pet Pig  
LP/CD

out now...



VOLT  
s/t  
LP/CD



[www.intheredrecords.com](http://www.intheredrecords.com)



**Ryan:** I'm just looking for one single incident.  
**Mike:** No. Never. No. They didn't like us. When we were in the villages, of course, they were so rural it wasn't even like we talked about the war. You'd walk into the villages. It was a culture shock. It was so different. I remember the first time I saw a mama-san grooming her son and picking and eating things. And I asked the Doc, "What's that?" "Oh. They're eating the lice." And I said, "No way." And he said, "Yep. Absolutely." But they were happy. They were content. But you didn't speak with them because they didn't speak English. You just knew a couple basic Vietnamese words. But when you go to Saigon, they were very vocal that they didn't like us and they didn't like the war. And you couldn't blame them. It was destroying their cities. And the G.I.s treated them like crap. They were subservient. They were less than us. And they treated them like that.

**Ryan:** You or some other Vietnam vet said this, "When you were out in the field, whatever racism groups might have held toward each other fell by the wayside."

**Mike:** Yeah. When we were out in the field we were equal and one. We were a unit. We shared water, drank out of the same canteens. But then when we would come back to the base camp, where we had some security, then there would be a breakdown in ethnic groups. Some animosities were shown. Not all felt that way. Just certain people felt that way. Most were just "I'm here to serve my time and get out."

**Ryan:** I know you like music a lot and whenever you watch Vietnam movies—and



grenade or other weapon, i.e. murdering a member of one's own army. There are at least 230 known cases of fragging which occurred in Vietnam amongst U.S. troops, according to Wikipedia [although that number could be as high as 1,400]. Fragging took place when superiors commanded soldiers to perform unpopular actions—with the likely result of high casualties.)

recognizable. I saw mutilations that we did.

**Ryan:** I read a quote from a high-ranking soldier over there, talking about the My Lai massacre, and he said that it wasn't an isolated event, which is sort of obvious. What he was getting at was that it was one of the few reported, although the extent of that specific killing is very grave and, unlike bombing, very tangible. But that

**WE WEREN'T THERE TO WIN THE WAR. WE WERE USED AS BAIT.**

**We couldn't even find the enemy half the time.**

I realize movies are a grave distortion of reality, but also from the books I've read—it seems like music was very big.

**Mike:** Music was everything. It congealed us at times. It was divisive, at times, if there was too much soul music. But mostly it was very binding. Everybody listened to music. Not too much country music, thank God.

**Ryan:** What songs do you remember personally over there?

**Mike:** There was one by the Turtles—"Eleanor." That one. There was one by Brooklyn Bridge. Diana Ross. Not "Baby Love."

**Ryan:** "Love Child"?

**Mike:** "Love Child." That was huge.

**Ryan:** That's a good song!

**Mike:** Glenn Campbell. The music always takes you back. Steppenwolf was big, too.

**Ryan:** Did you ever experience something bordering on fragging with higher ups? (Fragging occurred when a soldier killed a commanding officer with a fragmentation

grenade or other weapon, i.e. murdering a member of one's own army. There are at least 230 known cases of fragging which occurred in Vietnam amongst U.S. troops, according to Wikipedia [although that number could be as high as 1,400]. Fragging took place when superiors commanded soldiers to perform unpopular actions—with the likely result of high casualties.)

**Ryan:** Yeah, not the actual event of throwing a grenade in their tent, but you wished you could.

**Mike:** Oh, yeah. We had a couple really bad lieutenants and staff sergeants. And it was like, "Hey, when is this guy going home?"

**Ryan:** Can you explain from your experiences what war does to people in terms of atrocities?

**Mike:** Was there torture over there? Yeah. We tortured a few of them. Beat the hell out of them. Anyone who says there wasn't torture over there, that's crap. I saw people with electric shock put to them. People beat to a pulp to where their faces weren't

recognizable. I saw mutilations that we did.

**Ryan:** I read a quote from a high-ranking soldier over there, talking about the My Lai massacre, and he said that it wasn't an isolated event, which is sort of obvious. What he was getting at was that it was one of the few reported, although the extent of that specific killing is very grave and, unlike bombing, very tangible. But that

goes back to what you were saying earlier about the Vietnamese being viewed as fourth-class citizens.

**Mike:** Yeah. I think what happens in war when you go over there, your mindset is "I don't want to hurt anybody. I don't want to get hurt. I just want to go home." And then it starts. It starts with you hurting them or them hurting you. You start to see people killed, start to see people mutilated. And then your mindset changes and all you want to do is kill them, mutilate them. You want to be up at all times. You don't want to be down. I think war does it to all people. I never saw it, but I've talked to Vietnam vets that I've known, who've had different jobs, and one marine told me that after a big, bloody battle they had to retrieve U.S. Marine bodies. And he told me that he would see nails in the eyes of the radio operators. Number one: they (North Vietnamese soldiers/Viet Minh) hated lieutenants and captains because they



# PROPAGANDHI

**LIVE** from occupied  
territory  
an official bootleg

A ludicrously-edited 62 minutes of recklessly handcam-ed songs—filmed in Winnipeg, Canada in July 2003—riddled with the requisite cartoonish blunders and bewildering non-sequitorial banter that we've all come to know ~~and love~~ over the past 16 years of incomprehensibly precipitous live engagements. **BONUS FEATURES** include a ridiculous commentary track to said songs by band and label members, photo galleries, and two documentary films:

*Peace Propaganda and the Promised Land: U.S. Media and the Israel/Palestine Conflict;*  
and *As Long As the Rivers Flow: The Story of the Grassy Narrows Blockade.*

PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE  
GRASSY NARROWS BLOCKADE  
AND THE MIDDLE EAST  
CHILDREN'S ALLIANCE.

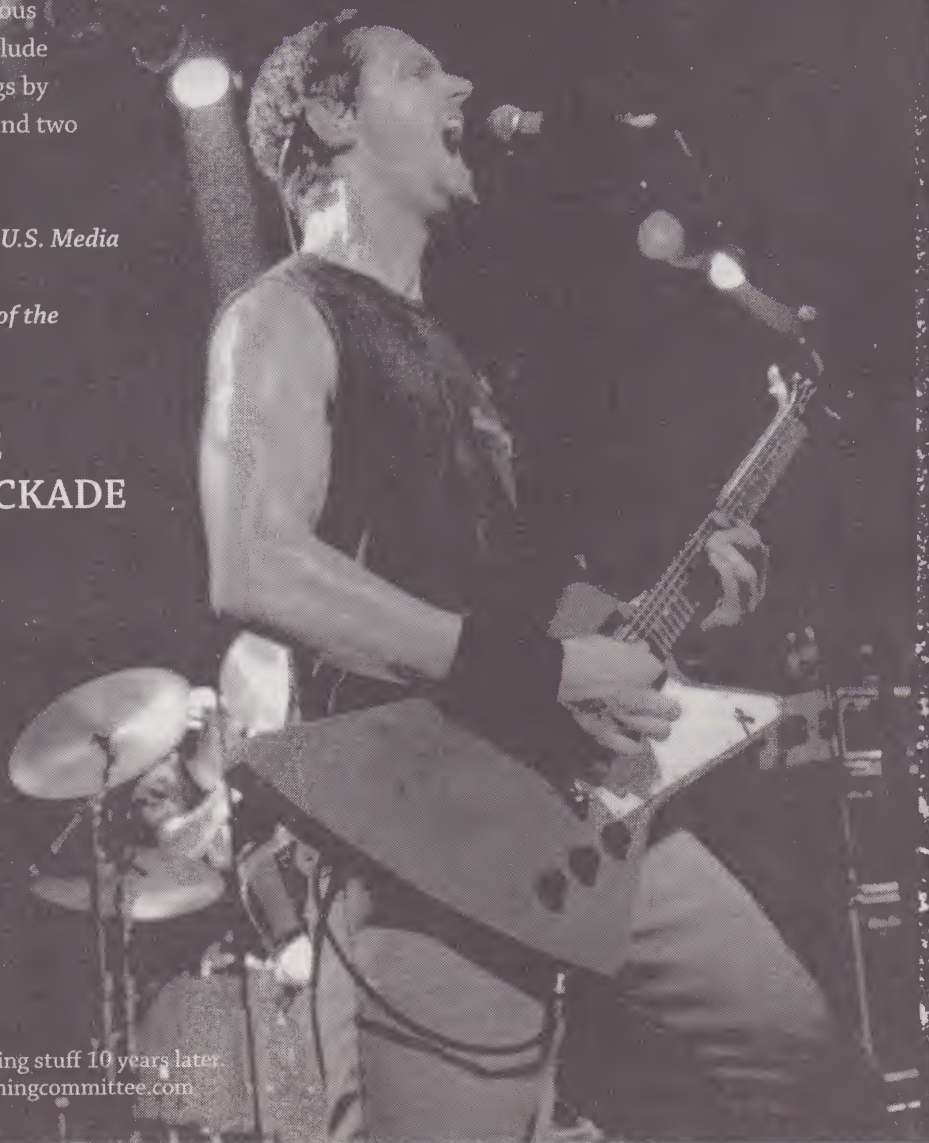


**DVD OUT  
05.15.07**

G7050



G7 Welcoming Committee Records. Still kinda doing stuff 10 years later.  
Find us on the instant web-net at <http://g7welcomingcommittee.com>







were leaders. Number two on their list were the radio operators because they would call in the air strikes. Number three were the machine gunners (M-60 machine gunners) because they had the firepower. So they would usually mutilate those people if they had time. So he said they would see nails in the eyes or stakes in the eyes. People were slashed and cut. I saw that. We did the same thing. I've seen people cut fingers off.

**Ryan:** Yeah, you could see that in Germany in World War II. Once the heavy bombing began in Germany, in Europe, that's when Hitler really flew off the handle and implemented the Final Solution. Before that, there was killing and obvious heavy persecution—Star of David arm bands, closing of shops, segregation, concentration camps—but it took a whole different form in genocide once the SS started getting desperate. It goes to show that no one can predict what happens in war, and although it was obvious something very horrible was going on in Germany, I don't think anyone could have predicted—prior to '42—the greatest killing machine the world has ever seen. Hitler was a good example of what happens to a human being, and even a country—even a well-developed one like Germany—once war breaks out and the unpredictability of it.

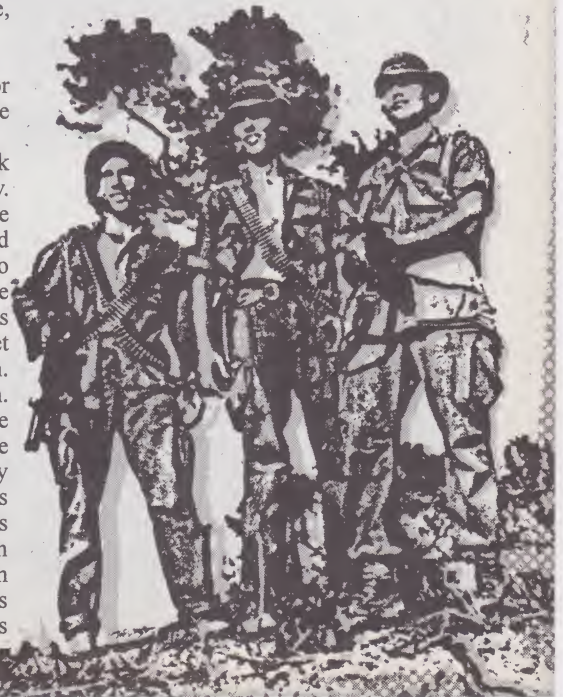
**Mike:** I think with regard to atrocities and crossing the line—people's moralities disappear. Like in that movie *Platoon*; it becomes okay to rape eight-year old girls. And, uh, it's okay to kill somebody. To cut fingers off, hands off. I never knew one person over there that, prior to coming there, was okay with that.

**Ryan:** They would have been in prison.

**Mike:** Yeah. But after a few firefights or seeing these things, it was okay. You were able to get back.

**Ryan:** Something struck me when you look back on the wars of the twentieth century. First off, Korea is forgotten, and that's the truth. But you look back and WW II—and even WW I—you get the movies, the video games—it's 2006 and they're making the 3,368<sup>th</sup> video game about WW II. Those wars are looked back on fondly. You don't get many—if any—video games on Vietnam. And the movies about Vietnam, they're grim. But the ones on WW II, there might be some really grim moments, but there is always some sort of happy closure, some sort of happy ending. And the thing you don't realize is that the suicide rate among WW II vets was huge—just as great as the rate among Vietnam vets. And there were a lot of draft dodgers in WW I and II. But the media labels and makes those two wars "good wars." Granted, Nazis

needed to be stopped, but what I'm getting at is a lot of those vets were really messed up. No war is clean. Some people don't realize that. At least that's what it seems like growing up with you. It seems like once you're involved





WHAT DA YA MEAN YOU NEVER HEARD OF FREEDOM SCHOOL RECORDS!?!  
WELL GET YR. SELF ACQUAINTED, CHEESE!!!

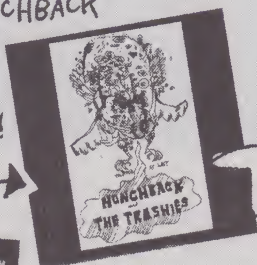
# FREEDOM SCHOOL RECORDS!

We're America's  
SOURCE for MUSIC!

I SWEAR MOM  
AND DAD! IT'S  
NOT A BAD  
IDEA!!!

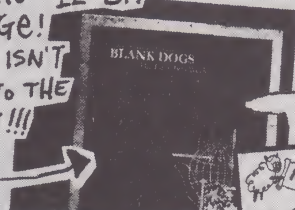
\$4

FSR#002: THE TRASHIES / HUNCHBACK  
SPLIT 7"! EAST COAST MEETS  
WEST COAST IN A FURY OF  
PUNK ROCK! CHECK OUT  
THE NEW TRASHIES LP TOO!!



FSR#003: BLANK DOGS-  
"THE FIRST 2 WEEKS" 12" EP!  
THEY'RE ALL THE RAGE!  
HERE, 'MINIMAL' ISN'T  
JUST REFERRING TO THE  
LEVEL OF TALENT!!!

\$8



FSR#005: NEVERENDING PARTY-  
"DOG EAT RAT FIGHT" 7" 45!  
THE THEME SONG FOR YOUR  
SUMMER ON ONE BIG LITTLE  
RECORD!

\$4



\$6

AND DON'T FORGET  
THIS DEBUT-CUM-BEER COASTER!  
HUNCHBACK'S "UGLY ON THE OUTSIDE" CD  
ONLY 8 BILLION COPIES LEFT!!!



SHIPPING: \$1 PER 7"

\$2 PER 12" OR CD

CONTACT US FOR BULK  
ORDERS AND ANYTHING  
OVERSEAS, PLEASE!!!

CONTACT:

thehunchback@hotmail.com

INTERWEB:

www.myspace.com/freeschoolrecords

FOR REAL:

FREEDOM SCHOOL RECORDS

707 LEE AVE.

NORTH BRUNSWICK, NJ

08902

PAYPAL: thehunchback@hotmail.com



in a war, you can't rebuild what you've lost. You can't come back.

**Mike:** Well, you can't really justify what you do. You can try. What's happened with me, I think, I've seen more and more what government officials are about. The extent of power. It's about power and money. They'll lie, steal, and whore. They have different laws for themselves. Once you see that, you realize that we were over there for no good reason.

**Ryan:** How about Nixon and Watergate? You send a bunch of guys over to Vietnam and then you commit burglary.

**Mike:** That's what ruined it for me.

**Ryan:** Watergate?

**Mike:** Watergate. Up until that time, I could justify Vietnam: I went over there for country. But that showed that there was no justice and no right thinking in the White

House. The loss of men; that didn't matter. Killing other human beings. Trying to instill our way of thinking, our "democracy," on another nation that probably wouldn't have done well with it. Why are we trying to inflict our views on them? If someone did that to the United States, we wouldn't take kindly to it. Again, it was just about staying alive. We weren't there to win the war. We were used as bait. We couldn't even find the enemy half the time. But we had supreme air power—send us out as bait, send in the air strikes. It was just crap.... Everything was propaganda. *Stars and Stripes* (military newspaper).

**Ryan:** When Saigon fell in April of '75, how did you feel? Do you remember that moment when you heard?

**Mike:** Yeah, I remember. I just felt a sense of shame as a veteran. That we lost. That's all I can tell you. I never felt a loyalty to South

Vietnam—sorry for South Vietnam. I was part of the United States losing the war. A tremendous amount of shame that's still with me to today.

**Ryan:** Tell me about the two major wars—I guess not real wars seeing as Congress never declares them—that the U.S. has been involved in since Vietnam: Desert Storm and the one we are in now. Also, seeing as you're in your late fifties now, I'm wondering about your retrospection of events and when is a war just? Is there such a thing?

**Mike:** When Desert Storm happened, it was a war I couldn't relate to. It seemed like a high-tech war. It seemed sterile. Bunker busters and such. It was like we were some sort of unbreakable superpower with weapons we didn't have in Vietnam. The Iraq war right now *totally* smacks of Vietnam. They don't know who the enemy is. If they kill innocents, we're crucified in the papers, in the world, while the enemy uses people as shields, destroys innocent civilians for nothing more than the horror of war, basically stating that we could bring this to your streets, your home. They behead people. "If we catch you here, this is what we'll do. Why are you over here in our country?" It's just the horror of war. I don't believe a war can ever be won again. Unless you're totally ruthless and brutal like they are. When you're held to a higher morality, you can never beat an enemy that receives food, clothing, and weapons from the people and is willing to die for their cause. How can you defeat them? The Russians had Afghanistan. They couldn't beat them. They'll go underground. They'll die. They don't care.

**Ryan:** The French in Algeria and Vietnam. Colonialism, imperialism is dead.

**Mike:** Yeah. As long as people will supply them with stuff, it's impossible. I don't understand why the United States with all its technology—I've never voted to this day. Politicians are all lairs. Why don't we use the billions of dollars we have for alternative fuels? Why destroy the environment? People? Why remain dependent on the Middle East for oil? We can't beat them. They hold us hostage with their oil and fossil fuels. It's the corporations who control things. Dictate prices and create false shortages.

**Ryan:** It'd be nice to finally set a good example.

**Mike:** Yeah, exactly.

For more information on the Vietnam War, I highly recommend the following books:

*Manufacturing Consent* by Noam Chomsky  
*A People's History of the United States* by Howard Zinn

*A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam* by Neil Sheehan



RAZORPINE 75

# I DON'T THINK A WAR CAN EVER BE WON AGAIN.





# TOP FIVES

## RAZORCAKE STAFF

Amy Adoyzie

*Engrish Questions from Students*

• Are you a virgin? (She meant to say *vegetarian*. But to answer the question on both fronts, *no* and *no*.)

• Your teeth are very white.

Which \_\_\_\_\_ do you use? (They didn't know the word for toothpaste. That might be the root of their problem.)

• Do you have boy friend? If not, you can think about me! (You couldn't pay me to *Mary Kay Letourneau* this shit.)

• When you in the U.S., what's different between you and the really U.S. people? (A couple months back, I was being snide and told a dude that I was not really Chinese. As it turns out, I'm also not "really U.S. people.")

• Why do you like punk music? Is punk music fun?

Aphid Peewit

• Negative Trend, Self-titled CD EP

• Kurt Vonnegut, *Essential Vonnegut Interviews* CD

• *American Hardcore* (DVD)

• Career Suicide, *Attempted Suicide* CD

• Bad Brains,

*Live CBGB 1982* (DVD)

Ben Snakepit

1. Land Action!! (Max gave me two CDs, they both rule.)

2. Steaming Wolf Penis, Live

3. Killer Dreamer 12"

4. Conniption Fitts,

*Bullfights on Acid* CD

5. Anti-Justice/Chinese

Telephones, Split 7"

Buttertooth

1. *The Weather Underground* (DVD)—A film about a 1970s group that bombed U.S. interests in protest of Vietnam War. The closest we ever came to a real revolution! (Besides the American Revolution.)

2. Bauhaus, *Bela Lugosi* 12"

3. Swing Ding Amigos, *Mongolita Chronicles* CD. These guys rule!

4. Hostile Combover, *Escape from Mount Island* CD. A San Diego band that rips!

5. Drag The River acoustic at Gene and Madeleine's Anniversary party! I got so drunk I fell off a chair!

Chris Pepus

*Top Five Kung Fu Films*

1. *Master of the Flying Guillotine*

2. *36th Chamber of Shaolin*

3. *Chinese Boxer*

4. *Enter the Dragon*

5. *Avenging Warriors of Shaolin*

Chris Prorock

• Howard Zinn,

*Artists in a Time of War* CD

• Robert Pollard, *Choreographed Man of War* LP

• Busy Signals, Live at the Radio

Heartbeat Power Pop Festival

• The Equals (mostly any 45 they cut)

• Geno Washington, *Hand*

*Clappin' Foot Stompin' Funky*

*Butt... Live!* LP

Daryl Gussin

• Hunchback/The Trashies,

*Together At Last*, Split 7"

• Harpoon Guns, 7"

• Career Suicide,

*Attempted Suicide* LP

• The Measure [SA], *Union Pool* 7"

• Killer Dreamer's new album

Dave Disorder

*Top Five Things From the Movie, Idiocracy, That Will Eventually Become Reality*

1. *Ow! My Balls!* will be the #1

show in America.

2. Americans will eat butter straight from a tub with a hose attached.

3. Fox News and the Masturbation

Channel will merge as one network.

4. The President will be a three-

time *Smackdown!* champion and

former super pornstar.

5. Fuddruckers will eventually

change the name of the restaurant

to Buttfuckers. (Honorable

mentions go to: a sports drink

will be universally substituted

for water. Carl's Jr. will adopt

as its motto, "Fuck you, I'm

eating." The phone company will have merged with several media companies, the U.S. government and, of course, Carl's Jr. Costco will house one of the nation's top law schools. "Hot Latte" from Starbucks will take on a totally different meaning. You'll see.)

Designated Dale

*Top Five Ramones Songs Used As a Soundtrack When Art "Air" Fuentes Leads a Wide Path of Destruction Through Your Home*

1. "Durango 95"

2. "Wart Hog"

3. "Endless Vacation"

4. "Animal Boy"

5. "Ignorance Is Bliss"

Jason Donnerparty

1. Pure Country Gold (Live)

2. Sonic Reducer (Live punk rock radio show, 9 PM Saturdays on [www.kexp.org](http://www.kexp.org).)

3. Seeing the DTs at

Fantagraphics Comics (Live)

4. Quitting my job.

5. Black Time (Live)

Jenny Moncayo

1. My grandma driving her car into a swarm of bike cops, hitting a cop who jumped off his bike to save his life, and my grandma explaining that it was his fault because he was taking too long to cross the street.

2. Marked Men, "Still Waiting"

3. Dirty Pretty Things, "Gin & Milk"

4. Dirty Pretty Things,

"Bang Bang You're Dead"

5. Seeing Jello Biafra speak at a

lecture at CSUN.

Jim Ruland

1. The Pegs at the Viper Room in Hollywood.

2. The Muslims at the Ken

Club in SD.

3. Dark Time at the Tower

Bar in SD.

4. The Stitches at Winston's in OB.

5. *The Road* (novel)

by Cormac McCarthy

Jimmy Alvarado

*The Faboo Five*

• Circle One. 'Nuff said. (Thanks for bein' patient, Mike.)

• Brutal Knights, *Feast of*

*Shame* CD: Gloriously loud,

fast'n'fucked up.

• MOTO, "Dance Dance Dance

Dance Dance to the Radio"

(song): Two minutes, three lines, two notes, too fucking catchy.

• Chillin' with the Our Band Sucks boys at a recent rehearsal. Even Martin the trash can player made an appearance. Yes, they're all still fugly bastards.

• If I don't find a way to fuck it up, I'll be a college grad by the time you read this. Huzzah! First order of business: sleep for a week straight.

Julia Smut

1. Bat Skates ([www.batskates.com](http://www.batskates.com))

2. Narcoleptic drifters, and the havoc they wreak.

3. Scrapbook pages about things I hate.

4. The warm summer weather approaching.

5. Gigposters.com

Kat Jetson

1. The Planet: The podcast for *L Word* fans. The funniest thing. In the world. Ever!

2. The Rapture, *Pieces of the People We Love*

3. Vinyl records. Yes, in general. (Sell your CDs now, kids,

'cause they'll be worth less than cassettes in about a week.)

4. Pink Floyd, "Lucifer Sam." It sounds especially mind-bending on headphones.

5. Getting Daft Punk tickets.

Keith Rosson

1. *Town Smokes* by Pinkney Benedict (short stories)

2. Pteradon demo CD-R

3. Daito, *Laisser Vivre Les*

*Squelettes* LP

4. Witches With Dicks, *Manual* CD

5. *The Things They Carried* by

Tim O'Brien (short stories)

Kiyoshi

Five Recent Used Bookstore

Graphic Novel Scores

1. *Astro Boy* vol. 2 and 14

2. *Samurai Executioner* vol. 9

3. *Phoenix* vol. 6

4. *Johnny Nemo*

5. *Hopping Mad*

Kurt Morris

1. Slayer, *God Hates Us All* CD

2. Osker, *Idle Will Kill* CD

3. Cursive, *The Ugly Organ* CD

4. Brazil,

*The Philosophy of Velocity* CD

5. *Welcome to Flavor Country*

#10 and #11 (zine)

"Are you a virgin? (She meant to say *vegetarian*.)"



### Maddy Tight Pants

1. *Pan's Labyrinth!*
2. Moldy Peaches, *Unreleased Cutz and Live Jamz 1994-2002 CD*
3. This Is My Fist, *A History of Rats CD*
4. Ella Baker and the Black Freedom Movement by Barbara Ransby
5. Hickey, Self-titled CD

### Maynard

- Top Five Albums I Enjoyed While Printing Gig Posters This Week*
1. Ramones, *Ramones*
  2. Daughters, *Hell Songs*
  3. Mastodon, *Leviathan*
  4. Long and Short Of It, *Flight of the Mallard*
  5. Sunn O))) and Boris, *Altar*

### Mike Frame

1. Lucinda Williams, *West CD*
2. This Is My Fist, *History of Rats CD*
3. Lifetime, Self-titled CD
4. Queers, *Munki Brain CD*
5. AC/DC *Maximum Rock & Roll* (book)

### Miss Namella J. Kim

#### Very Random Top Five

- The Intelligence "Dating Cops" video—Yes, as seen in the Food Network's Bobby Flay Show. Nothing says art rock more than two poorly animated crabs singing and rocking out. If there's a God, this clip would sweep the VMA's this year.
- The Stooges, *The Weirdness CD*—The Abrahams of punk rock return. Their motto: "My idea of fun is killing everyone!"
- The Automatic, *Not Accepted Anywhere CD*—U.K.'s latest offering of politically conscious pop hook-laden postpunk soundscapes.
- Peter Bjorn & John, *Young Folks*—It's that very breathy cool pop that's reminiscent of The Pastels. It kinda makes you wish you had a boyfriend and a very long scarf under the umbrella of shadow-stained tree.
- Wasted Youth (U.K.), *Jealousy*—just because...

### Mitch Clem

#### Five Albums I've Listened to at Work At Least Once a Day for the Past Two Plus Weeks

1. Fleshes, *Kill the Dreamer's Dream*
2. Archers Of Loaf, *Icky Mettle*
3. Bandits Of The Acoustic Revolution, *A Call to Arms*

4. Zeke, *Dirty Sanchez*
5. Paint It Black, *Paradise*

### MP Johnson

- Christina Aguilera and the Pussycat Dolls live
- Stephen and Damian Marley live
- Dead Moon, *Echoes of the Past CD*
- Easy Action, *Friends of Rock and Roll CD*
- Grindhouse (movie)

### Mr. Z

#### Current Top Five Pizza Toppings

1. Artichoke hearts
2. Veggie sausage or veggie ground beef
3. Bell peppers
4. Jalapenos
5. Freshly diced tomatoes (yuck to sun dried tomatoes!)

### Nardwuar The Human Serviette

1. The Sonics, *Busy Body Live in Tacoma 1964 CD*
2. Andrew WK motivational lecture, Empire Theatre, Vancouver BC
3. *Equalizing Distort Volume 7* (zine)
4. The Book Of Lists, *The Book Of Lists EP*
5. Various Artists, *Killed by Canada CD*

### Newtim

1. Protex, *Reissue*
2. Clorox Girls, *J'aime Les Filles*
3. First Alert, *Thrills and Spills of 48 Hour*
4. Shell Shag, *Destroy Me I'm Yours*
5. Teenage Confidential, *After School Rendezvous*

### Psychobilly Rob

1. Corpse Show Creeps, *Black Blood Call*
2. Miniskirt Blues, *The Itch*
3. Necromantix, *Life Is a Grave, & I Dig It!*
4. Billy Childish and Chatham Singers, *Heavens Journey*
5. DOM CON.2007 (This is a fetish fest! S and M, B and D, yaaaa!)

### Rev. Norb

1. Queers, *Munki Brain CD*
2. Tearjerkers, *Bad Mood Rising CD*
3. Black & Whites, *You're the Only Girl 45*
4. Artichoke, *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols CD*
5. Various Artists, *Trojan Mod Reggae Box Set 3 x CD*

### Rhythm Chicken

1. The Goodnight Loving, *Cemetery Trails CD*
2. Stressface, *Oh...You're Welcome CD*
3. *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* (movie)
4. *A Prairie Home Companion* (movie)
5. The Tim Version and Nervous Dogs live at the Atlantic

### Ryan Leach

1. Kurt Vonnegut died yesterday. This deserves recognition. Poor out some of your brew, homies.
2. Don DeLillo for ruling the novel format.
3. My Bloody Valentine for building on the promise of the Velvet's *White Light/White Heat*.
4. Peter Laughner's sincerity, erudition, and Albert Ayler fixation.
5. *Razorcake* for not sucking like every other Los Angeles-based rag, the latter chock-full of fools eager to suck the tit of paying advertisers. Banality abounds with these fucks in a fruitless effort to duplicate Arthur's "hipness" (i.e. is it cool to cover the Demon's Claw now? Is In The Red still hip?) Fucking heartless bastards. You know who you are. And by the way, that's your conscious eating you up, not the side-effect of some controlled substance.

### Sarah Shay

1. Even In Blackouts, *Myths & Imaginary Magicians CD*
2. The Loved Ones, *Keep Your Heart CD*
3. Steel Tigers Of Death, *Cockpuncher CDEP*
4. The Greencards, *Viridian CD*
5. Songs in ¾

### Sean Koepenick

#### Top Five Naked Raygun Bootlegs I'm Enjoying—Courtesy of Sir Lewdd!

1. The Metro, Chicago, IL, 5/29/88
2. AJZ, Beilefeld, Germany, 6/4/89
3. Peppermint Lounge, NYC, 4/15/85
4. 7th Street Entry, Minneapolis, MN, 5/3/88
5. Eagle's Club, Milwaukee, WI, 10/29/89

### Speedway Randy

#### Top Five DVDs on Repeat

1. Borat
2. Half-Nelson
3. Penn & Teller: *Bullshit*
4. Lunacy
5. Overlord

### Steve Larder

1. Neurosis, *A Sun That Never Sets LP*
2. Paul Baribeau, Self-titled CD
3. Set Fire To Flames, *Sings Reign Rebuilder LP*
4. Defiance, Ohio, *The Great Depression LP*
5. Dystopia, *The Aftermath LP*

### Stevo

1. Loudon Wainwright III, "The Swimming Song"
2. Modest Mouse, *We Were Dead... CD*
3. Arcade Fire, *Neon Bible CD*
4. *LOST....it's good again* (TV)
5. Jawbreaker, *Dear You LP*

### Susan Chung

#### Top Five Songs

1. The Bombettes, "It Ain't Me Babe"
2. The (International) Noise Conspiracy, "Inner City Rejects"
3. Common Rider, "Insurgents"
4. One Man Running, "Algebra"
5. Soda, "Basically the Same"

### Todd Taylor

- Jay Reatard, *Blood Visions LP*
- Tiltwheel vs. Dan Padilla (Their sides of their respective splits. Tie.)
- Reagan SS, *Bon Appetit! 7" EP*
- Geisha Girls, *In the Monotone b/w Last Touch 7"*
- Hunchback / The Trashies, *Split 7"*
- Touch Me Nots, *It's Not Right But It's Okay b/w Bag O'Money, Only Friends 7" EP*

### Travis T.

- The Trashies, *What Makes a Man Get Trashed LP*
- *The Walking Dead*, comic book
- *Dork #11*, comic book
- The Trashies, Louis Tully, Beach Patrol, Thomas Function live at The Tavern in Huntsville, AL.
- Opening day of the Huntsville Stars' 2007 season on \$1 beer night no less.

### Ty Stranglehold

#### Top Five Bands to Screenprint to (This Month)

1. Riverboat Gamblers
2. The Zeros
3. SNFU
4. Tiltwheel
5. Smogtown

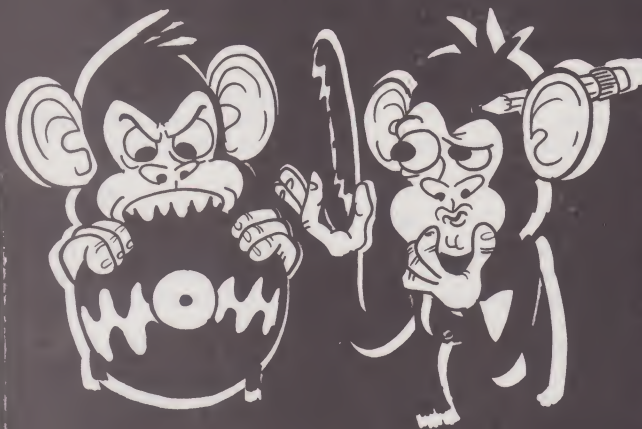
### Uri G.

1. Spring Break? busy busy busy...
2. New head! Laney Pro Tube Lead 50
3. Deadsea, live!
4. Possessed, *Seven Churches CD*
5. Budgie, *Budgie* album



Hey! Person putting your  
reviewable in the mail:  
full album art is required  
for review.  
Pre-releases go into  
the trash.

## RECORD REVIEWS



The idea of getting into a fight with my  
roommate in a nursing home about The  
Queers vs. Neurosis makes me almost okay  
with the prospect of shitting my pants.

-Maddy Tight Pants

**AKIMBO: *Harshing Your Mellow*: CD**  
(This is a reissue of their 2001 release and while the bands I'm about to compare them to probably weren't even around when it was released, I also have no idea whether they were influenced by this band. All I can do is use them for comparisons.) With that said, Akimbo has a pretty insane release here. They take the off-the-charts, super-charged guitar rock'n'roll aspects of the Bronx and mix it with the experimental "modern" hardcore of bands like Lickgoldensky. This album is consistently menacing, chaotic, and heavy as fuck. If you were already a fan of the band and its music, this re-mastered reissue comes with all new artwork and a cover of the Screamers' "Vertigo," which is really good and doesn't compromise the band's sound to the uniqueness of the Screamers. -Daryl (Alternative Tentacles)

**AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER:**  
**Self-titled: 7"**

Decent thrash to get you through your day. The mama bear in me wants to make a pot of tea with honey and lemon for the singer, though. -Megan (Tsunami)

**ANDREW DOUGLAS ROTHBARD:**  
**Abandoned Meander: CD-R**

This guy used to play in The Slaves, then VSS, then Pleasure Forever. I saw The Slaves at a house party back in '99 in Tempe, AZ. I thought they ruled. They played spaced-out noise music that was almost danceable. I think they were even playing in the kitchen but my memory might be a little foggy. All that said, this is the noisy, space part of the band. The vocals and mix of acoustic guitar make it seem '60s-out. I'm sure this guy's brain is partially composed of hash. I feel that he became inspired to write this record while studying the different Hindu gods and goddesses one night. This could be on the movie *Felix the Cat*, when he is getting totally baked in the bath tub and starts floating. -Buttertooth (Smooch, www.smoochrecords.com)

**ANGEL SLUTS / THE SIX STRING**  
**JET: Split: 7" EP**

Six String Jets: Loud, overdriven, and full of swagger. Angel Sluts: Their side isn't as sonically overbearing as the Jets, but the tunes are filled with just as much attitude. Good stuff. -Jimmy Alvarado (Wrecked 'Em)

**ANTI JUSTICE / CHINESE**  
**TELEPHONES: Split 7"**

Anti Justice: I'm not so sure about all the theories that the Japanese live longer because of their diet. My money's on the music. I don't know what it is, but I'm pretty sure I wouldn't be giving much credit to any U.S. band singing "He is a rainbow," but here I am, singing along giddy as all heck every time that line comes on. Gruff and anthemic in all the right ways. Chinese Telephones: Justin Telephone can write a damn good song. Catchy enough to stay in my head for days and interesting enough to not have the same song in my head for days annoy me in the least. These two tracks just add to my already well-established adoration. -Megan (Snuffy Smiles)

**APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT:**  
**Armageddon Won't Be Brought by**  
**Gods: 7" EP**

Anarcho-hardcore with the now-requisite alternating male/female vocal style. I'm all for being conscious of man's effect on the planet, understanding the evils of the monetary system, and how fucked war is. These are serious topics and really should be at the forefront of many a discussion. I do, however, have a real hard time taking seriously anyone who says things like, "Every single time we turn on the lights we're guilty," and have insert art obviously laid out on a computer and then can't even bother to copy edit their lyrics, especially when one of the words misspelled is "monetary." -Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence)

**AQUARIUM, THE: Self-titled: CD**

There is so much going on here, but not in a way that would turn you off. No. Let me start over. The Aquarium consists of two people: one playing drums and one playing keyboards and singing. That's it. But the sound that jumps out of the speakers is so full you'd call me a liar in ten seconds flat. This album reminds me a bit of '70s acid-influenced synthpop (as opposed to '80s coke-influenced synthpop), and at the same time the music is refreshingly not a rehash. So many influences can be heard throughout the disc like The Cure, The Gossip, Weezer, and Juliana Hatfield, to name a few. Really great stuff. Apparently when they play live they also run random movie clips too, and that kind of stuff is always a plus. Now, if I were making a movie... track one would be the soundtrack to the undercover cops meeting at the strip club to discuss the current situation and to deliberate where to go next. You bet I would. -Mr. Z (Dischord)

**ARMITAGE SHANKS:**  
**Smash the Cistern!: 7"**

These guys have been around for ages, so you know what they sound like, right? Well, I sure didn't. I've seen their singles, albums, and shows advertised and listed in punk magazines, big city weeklies, and on the interweb, but this is the first time I've actually heard their music. Boy, do I feel like a dolt for coming to the Armitage Shanks party so late. If this 7" is any indicator of the quality of all their releases, I'll have a great time collecting their back catalogue. Four songs played at 33 1/3 rpm, the

best of which is "Buzzcocks Mug," a tongue-in-cheek piss-take that'll have you rolling on the floor with laughter. "Me and Your Granny on Bongos" sounds kinda arty, but is equally hilarious. Great mid-tempo punk rock that ain't afraid to have a sense of humor. Go get it. -Josh Benke (Cock Energy)

**ARSONS, THE:**  
**Too True to Be Good: CD**

Comprising the bulk of this is really annoying pop punk filled with just enough market demo targeting and emo pretense to make the whole thing feel about as "real" as Justin Timberlake playing a tough guy. The lyrics, which try to be relevant but really don't succeed in being anything other than a vapid attempt at being conscious yet unthreatening, don't help matters much, either. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mad at the World)

**ASSAILANT, THE: Colera: CD**

I like the fucked-up disparity between this album's sounds and visuals—visually, there are all these really nice, subdued watercolors of a girl on sitting and walking on train tracks; it's a gatefold CD and there's quite a few of these panel illustrations, looking like graphics that could very well be splash pages for a Delia's catalog or something, right? And by the look of things, I figured I was about to be subjected to what may possibly be the shittiest emo band ever. Then I put the album on and just about got my skull caved in by these dudes who'd be right at home on a bill with Curl Up And Die, Dead Hearts, or Drowningman. Really punishing and technical hardcore stuff with a metallic undertone, they're a band that's absolutely unafraid to slow things down and slap your head with a sonic brick over and over again. Not a huge fan of the genre, but they come across as if they know exactly what they're doing, and if you're into any of the aforementioned bands then you'll be wanting to give this one a listen or three. -Keith Rosson (Rome Plow)

**ASSASSINATORS, THE:**  
**Self-titled 7"EP**

Much in the same vein of France's La Fraction—but not quite as bombastic and fuel-breathing—it's female-lead, melodic punk; this time from Denmark, sung in Danish, with English translations (with a nice balance between songs that range from police brutality to tender love). The music's got a seamless, watertight quality, much like Funeral Oration's instrumentation. It's so well realized, I'd be totally surprised if all the members haven't been slogging in out in other bands for a long time before forming this one. Good stuff and I have a feeling that folks in the Profane Existence and *Slug and Lettuce* camps would totally dig this. -Todd (Alerta Antifascista)





**fivcore records**

[www.Scorerecords.com](http://www.Scorerecords.com)

Surrounding the logo are several album covers and posters, including: "ballomierda", "FRONTIER FIVE", "FALL OUT OF LINE", "NO PEGS", "Fivcore Records 2006 SAMPLER", "jett black", "DINING WITH THE LE PERS", "TARD", "CCLEWIE", and "CHNT CUM".

# lyin' bitch and the restraining orders



**fivcore records**  
distributed by Cargo Music

[www.Scorerecords.com](http://www.Scorerecords.com)

**out now 2007**

In the bottom right corner, there is a small inset image of a cartoonish, punk-style illustration with the text "CHNT CUM" and "out now 2007".



**ATOMIC GARDEN:**  
*Reversing the Curse: CD*

This band plays power pop in the vein of Samiam or Jawbreaker. These guys are French and have been around about five years. The music is tight and solid with pounding, melodic, power chords, but I think I might have outgrown this style of music a bit. It's worth a listen even if you are jaded about the pop punk idiot parade of today. —Buttertooth ([www.myspace.com/atomicgarden](http://www.myspace.com/atomicgarden))

**BAD BACKS, THE:**  
*Tombstone Town: 7" EP*

This seems to take from a lot of different influences; it's not quite hardcore, and there are some pop punk/Jawbreaker aspects to it that are slight, but definitely there (especially in the song "Should Have Spoken Up"). The title track is also about being against pollution and cutting down trees, which scores points in my book. —Joe Evans III (Dirty River)

**BALLAST: Fuse: LP**

I never get over the feeling of having no expectations for a band, and then being blown away. If This Is My Fist was a whole lot darker and angrier and had both male and female vocals, you'd be pretty close to where Ballast is. And that is a damn fine place to start. Throw in intelligent lyrics and great artwork and you've got something special. —Megan (Trujaca Fala / Stonehenge)

**BECAUSE, THE / ONE REASON:**  
*You Made Me Cry Because of One Reason: Split 7"*

The Because: One of my favorite bands coming out of Japan (actually, out of anywhere) right now based on only the few songs of theirs that have made it my way. I was a little thrown for a while when I first got this. The first song has female lead vocals, which none of the other songs I've heard have used. I actually thought this had been mislabeled, but the lyrics sheet matching the words I was hearing proved me wrong. I think they've gone from a four- to a three-piece, and something just felt missing on early. But, with repeated listens, this has just further cemented them as a band to keep an ear out for. One Reason: Strikingly similar to The Measure at points, it manages both gruff and pretty at the same time. Good stuff. And, luckily for us in the states, this is also available through Salinas. —Megan (Snuffy Smiles / Salinas)

**BEHIND ENEMY LINES: One Nation under the Iron Fist of God: CD**

Musically, this sounds like a metal band that has one Conflict record too many in their collection, with mid-paced hardcore tempos; sludgy, down-tuned guitars; and topical, political, verbose lyrics. The thick-ass lyrics booklet seems a bit overkill, but is nice to look at, and the John Yates-influenced photo/text

art included in it is sometimes pretty funny in an "outraged, sarcastic, politically astute dude" kinda way. Ultimately, this ain't really something that'll leave a lasting impression, but the effort put in on all fronts is honestly appreciated. —Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence)

**BLANKITOS, LOS: Make Me Drool, My Own Worst Enemy b/w C.H.U.D.: 7" EP**

Ever watch cooking shows when you're really hungry? Even the raw ingredients in their little bowls make you realize how famished you are. Los Blankitos are little bowls of quality ingredients, but when they're put together, the promise of the recipe, although tasty, doesn't seem to live up to its full potential. My culinary advice? More Jewws spice! More Spaceshits heat! More Shemps slurping! More Stupor Stars cumin! It's just with music that's aligning itself with a crazy-eyed, human-brained octopus battling spaceships on the cover, the music didn't quite deliver what the packaging promised. (It was a lot more laid back.) —Todd (Discos Chango)

**BLITZKID: Five Cellars Below: CD**

This is what I call trying too hard. I understand the band has been around for nearly ten years and they're big in Germany, much like Hasselhoff, but goddamn: dudes covered in ghoul make up, fake blood, and devil locks

playing bad metal meets pop punk. Harmonized vocals, samples of rain, ska horns, doo wop, and even some gothic Peter Murphy caterwauling. It all comes off as confusing and highly over-produced. Looked 'em up on the interweb and apparently most folks write about the band not being a cliché Misfits-type horror punk band. Kinda wished they were. —Dave Disorder ([www.fiendforce.com](http://www.fiendforce.com))

**BOB BURNS & THE BREAKUPS: Frustration: CD**

Yay! Yet another band stirs up my Wisconsin pride! Great, fast, crazy lo-fi garage punk in the Rip Off Records style! So catchy! So good! If this were a cereal, it would be the kind of cereal you scream along to in the basement while dancing around like crazy! Sadly, the world has not yet seen a Wisconsin basement punk cereal. I recommend creating said cereal and naming it Favre-Ohs, because that's how big of a dork I am! —Maddy (Mad Cook)

**BRIGHT WHITE NOISE: Nevermind the Haircuts: CD**

More of the new fangled hardcore that the young people enjoy. You know, the kind where the singer screams out in pain like a man trying to piss with a bad case of burning gonorrhea. I say this because nothing really could be that terrible other than your dick falling off or your uterus dropping out. But I digress, because this is

**BIG ACTION RECORDS**  
Oh Shit

**MAASTER GAIDEN**  
CD  
\$10 ppd

**THE GASH / THE APE SHITS**  
SPLIT 7 INCH  
\$5 ppd

**Out Soon!**

**Maaster Gaiden / The Points**  
Split 7" May 2007

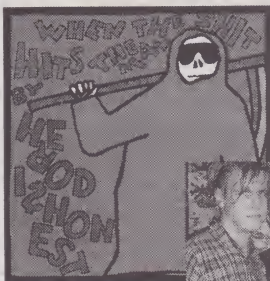
**The Dead Hookers 7"**  
July 2007

**BIG ACTION RECORDS**

915 Scheffer Ave.  
Saint Paul Minnesota 55102  
USA  
[www.Bigactionrecords.net](http://www.Bigactionrecords.net)  
[www.myspace.com/bigactionrecord](http://www.myspace.com/bigactionrecord)

# HERO DISHONEST

THE PUNISHING NEW ALBUM  
"WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE MAN"



NOW AVAILABLE ON  
CD IN THE US FROM

**ACME  
RECORDS**



From the dark frozen forests of Finland comes something wicked. A whirlwind of volume, spit, sweat and crushing sonic destruction. Hero Dishonest have proven themselves masters of the musical balancing act of being technically proficient and musically adventurous while still retaining every drop of passion and immediacy that hardcore punk is capable of conveying. Years of recording and international touring have honed them into the precision killing machine that is in full evidence on their latest album. It just doesn't really get any better than this.

\$8 ppd in the US from

ACME RECORDS • PO BOX 441 • DRACUT MA 01826 • USA  
[acmerecords.net](http://acmerecords.net) • [jevicci@juno.com](mailto:jevicci@juno.com)

**THE INOCULATORS**  
DROPPED THEIR BRAINS

**ALBUM OUT NOW**  
on CD and GREEN vinyl  
(MIXED BY JOHN SIDAS GRANFIELD  
(HORRORPOPS, NEKROMANTIX, FANCLID))

**WWW.INOCULATORS.COM**

"I say these guys are a shoe-in for the next Vans Warped super tour."  
(HM) Maximum Rock-n-Roll #270

ALSO AVAILABLE AT:  
**WWW.INTERPUNK.COM**  
**WWW.INOCULATORS.COM**



serious music, folks, and it deserves a serious review. Unfortunately, I'm the wrong person for that. So rather than waste precious words by saying how I really didn't feel one way or the other about this CD, I decided to make light of this band rather than shower them with false accolades. —Dave Disorder (Black Rag)

**BRUTAL KNIGHTS:**  
**Feast of Shame: CD**

Dunno why, but for some reason I thought this was some sorta metal band. Turns out I couldn't have been more wrong, as they wield as their weapon a more straightforward hardcore sound tempered with a little trash rock (or vice-versa), resulting in a sound not too far removed from bands like Los Ass Draggers. The proceedings are fast'n'sloppy and, at fourteen songs in eighteen minutes, blissfully to the point. —Jimmy Alvarado (Deranged)

**BULEMICS, THE:**  
**Still Too Young to Care: CD + DVD**

I am sure you know what to expect by now. Snotty punk with hate-the-world lyrics that veer off into garage punk and into hardcore from time to time. Fans of the Dwarves and GG Allin will love this. —Mike Frame (Scarey)

**CAMP RADIO: Self-titled: LP**

These guys harken back to the post-REM/pre-Nirvana alt rock era of

the mid to late-'80s, with its whiny, drone vocals and lackadaisical rhythms. Sometimes it even seems a sort of "Camper Van Beethoven with Marshalls" sound is being mined. Ain't bad, all told, although this kinda stuff always bored me silly, and this is no exception. —Jimmy Alvarado (Kelp)

**CANNIBALS, THEE:**  
**Suburban Sex: 7" EP**

I've never understood being subgenre locked in punk. There are too many cubby holes to keep track of. I like finding the hidden threads between two bands that probably have never heard a stitch of one another's music. For instance, Thee Cannibals, although placed in the hardcore punk camp, have quite a bit in common with the throwing rocks style of a band like The Dirtys, who were generally considered garage. Both bands are loud, they bleed red, they're unhappy, and they're punching back through their music. Thee Cannibals also have some nice, surfy undertones swelled up behind the crunch, too. They're an L.A. band with ex-members of Street Trash, Out of Vogue, and Harry Balzagna. —Todd (Cowabunga)

**CAPITAL STEPS:**  
**I'm Not Listening: CD**

I'm somewhat of a nerd when it comes to video games—I'll admit it, I'm okay with it. So while there's

already a number of bands that exclusively cover video game music, this seems to be a record of electronic music (which I admittedly don't know much about) that's created from samples and loops from old video games, particularly from the original Game Boy (yeah, that's right). The whole thing was a little too long for me to listen to in one sitting more than once, but it's still cool to check out if you're way into video games. —Joe Evans III (Go Midnight)

**CAREER SUICIDE:**  
**Attempted Suicide: CD**

We got a rager here! Aside from being a full-on thrashcore massacre, the sound and production are great. Career Suicide was definitely at a time as a band where they could get stuck in their sound or release something that still sounds like them but shows the world that they are a force to be reckoned with and this release is exactly that. I find myself listening to this much more frequently (and by that I mean constantly) than I did when I got their previous releases. It's relentless, it's melodic, and it's a must-have. —Daryl (Deranged)

**CATBURGLARS: Holy Shit: 7" EP**

Atonal, primal punk stuff with lyrics about making sex tapes, hating work, "dumbass" girlfriends and a love letter to Sylvia Plath. It's plenty loud and overdriven, but somehow just ain't working for me. There's enough

in evidence here, however, to lead me to believe these guys are probably a hoot live. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.toothdecayrecords.com)

**CHARLIE MEGIRA**  
**UND HEFKER GIRL: CD-R**

Note to all sending in review material: please be aware that CD-Rs just aren't as tough as CDs—I'm not saying they're as cool as CDs are, I couldn't care less, I'm just saying they literally seem more prone to getting scratched, fucked up, and damaged; they just aren't as durable. Reason I'm mentioning it is that this twelve track CD-R, by the time it made it from Israel to L.A. and then to my mailbox, was pretty scratched up, and only about half of the songs were playable for any amount of time. Still, that was enough time to inform me of the gist of Mr. Megira and Ms. Girl's sound, which is pretty much like an amalgamation of this one hilarious Christian-toned 7" I have by a band called Life In General (best song on that record is "Rebirth": it's about Jesus and the lyrics go, "He was born / And he diii-iii-iiied / When he died / People CRIII-III-IIIED!") and whatever that band is that plays that one song that goes, "I'll fly away and melt with you." You know what song I'm talking about? Anyway, this is straight-up, somber '80s dance music, which has got to be one of the loneliest sounds ever made on earth when you're at home listening

# CABANA 1 RECORDS

WHERE THE FUN NEVER SETS

**distributed exclusively by:**  
PUNK JUNK DISTRO [punkjunkdistro.com](http://punkjunkdistro.com)

**OUT NOW!**  
THE UNDERHILLS  
BIT BY BIT  
UNDERHILLS BIT BY BIT  
DIGI-EP CDR-001

**...and coming soon!**  
THE GUTS  
ADORKABLES  
RYBELLS  
THE PROZACS

[WWW.CABANA1RECORDS.COM](http://WWW.CABANA1RECORDS.COM)

# A.D.D. RECORDS

**DAN PADILLA & MADISON BLOODBATH 7"**

**TILT WHEEL & DOWN IN THE DUMPS 7"**

**OFF WITH THEIR HEADS & DUKES OF HILLSBOROUGH 7"**

**VENA CAVA & SICK SICK BIRDS 7"**

order online at:  
[myspace.com/addrecords](http://myspace.com/addrecords) - [littletype.com](http://littletype.com)  
[noidearecords.com](http://noidearecords.com) - [interpunk.com](http://interpunk.com)  
[stores.ebay.com/ADD-RECORDS-TAMPA-TOWN](http://stores.ebay.com/ADD-RECORDS-TAMPA-TOWN)  
mail orders to: PO BOX 8240 Tampa FL 33674



to it by yourself instead of in some club, sweat-drunk off PBR tallboys and trying like hell to woo the ladies with just your fuckin' *dance moves*, man. Were some of these songs played in the correct venue, with the right atmosphere, it might lead certain folks to partner up for heavy make out sessions and fluid exchange. If you're like me and find yourself listening to it alone in the middle of the night right before reviews are due, you might just wind up wanting to off yourself. —Keith Rosson (Charlie Megira)

**CHUGGA CHUGGA: ...Is Sweet, but If This Were a Flat Donut, It Would Be Much Sweeter: 7"**

Sweet, charming, and DIY-down, Chugga Chugga's (I say this in a very affectionate way), a mix between the *Grease* soundtrack and This Bike Is A Pipebomb. Imagine a cover of Lita Ford's "Kiss Me Deadly," with an accordion, as a sparse, happy female duet. They do a pneumatic roll call of the Great Lakes ("your lakes are good, but ours are so much greater!"), and entreat zombies to not eat their brains. For anyone with a kid, or a kid inside of you, Chugga Chugga'll make you smile. —Todd (Chugga Chugga)

**CHURCH OF THE RED MUSEUM: Self-titled: CD**

Upon playing this CD, I felt like I was listening to a bad version of the Black Heart Procession or maybe

BHP if it met up with the World Inferno Friendship Society and they came across Murder By Death and a carnival. With Rhodes, organ, violin, electric guitar, trumpet, bass, and percussion, there's definitely a large amount of instrumentation represented within Church of the Red Museum. The songs are well-constructed and utilize all the instruments quite well. They have that feel of a band that has a number of influences, all a little bit on the extravagant side of things. The primary vocals are male and are real throaty and whiskey-soothed: as usual, reminding me of someone I can't quite put my finger on at this point. I have no doubt that live, this band is probably really cool, as there would be a lot to take in and hear. However, on CD, it just doesn't excite as much as it should, given the range of instruments and the styles infused. —Kurt Morris (ManUp)

**CONTAMINATORS: Self-titled: 7" EP**

In a blind listening test, you could say, in a Killed By Death sort of way, "Brisbane, Australia. 1978. One of the dudes later joined The Scientists," and I'd believe you. This is from 2007 and released from Bakersfield and it sounds like that distant-in-time, in-a-void, we-like-Crime sound that collectors go nutty koo koo for. Time's elastic and the Contaminators show promise, in that Jay Reatard, Oblivians tap-from-the-source, don't-pay-attention-to-anything-else sort of way. —Todd (Going Underground)

**COPYRIGHTS, THE: Mutiny Pop: CD**

This fucking rules! I bow down before the mighty strength of The Copyrights, and their Marked Menishness! And this was recorded at Sonic Iguana by Mass Giorgini, so you already know the guitar sound will be awesome. Super cool back-up vocals! Super cool album name! Super cool album cover! Super cool Dillinger Four-ish lyrics! And they wear tight pants! If this were a cereal, it'd be Rice Krispie Treats. Punk rock! —Maddy (Insubordination)

**CRYPTKEEPER FIVE, THE: The Rise of Palace Depression/ Darker Days: CD**

Double record from this New Jersey outfit. Imagine Glenn Danzig fronting RFTC and you get the idea. Kind of formulaic in parts, but some may enjoy. Good musicians, just not something I would pop in the slot again. Actually, I'm hearing some Meatloaf in the vocals and that's scaring me shitless. —Sean Koepenick (BOR)

**DACTYL / BACON WAGON: Split 7"**

Cerebral noise rules this Maryland, USA/ Gothenburg, Sweden 7" and if you're up for it, you'll find yourself nodding along to these riff-ruled sonic explorations. I find myself enjoying Bacon Wagon a bit more, but I swear it's not due to any Suecophile leanings on my part. —Susan Chung (Hit Dat)

**DALI'S LLAMA: Chordata: CD**

Sounds like 1991 on the Sunset Strip, right around the time that all the rockers were making the transition from GNR to Jane's Addiction. I remember quite a few bands like this: Love/Hate, Animal Bag, the list was endless: heavy rock with a slight funk edge to it. Loved it in high school, but it hasn't aged well. This band also has a dose of the "desert rock" vibe to them as well, kind of a QOTSA or Masters Of Reality sound. Could have toured with Saigon Kick or Kyuss way back when. If you are a Mike Patton fan, you will wanna be all over this. —Mike Frame (Dali's Llama)

**DAN PADILLA /**

**MADISON BLOODBATH: Split 7"**

Funny stuff: the labels for the record are switched. Wrong bands on listed on each side, so ADD provides extra labels and a set of instructions to fix 'em yourself. Very thoughtful. Pan Padilla: with two-thirds of Tiltwheel and a drummer who came from nowhere and is rulin', the ingredients are there: happy tones, lyrics about dismal lives lived fully, gruff voices, wickedly addictive, dynamic guitar work, and the feeling that everything's so fucked, so blown clean through, it's almost good. For being drunk, disorganized, and seemingly constantly "tomorrow, sorry, I promise" dudes, they're prolific without letting any quality

## BLACK RAG RECORDS



**Bright White Noise**

"Nevermind the Haircuts E.P."

The second release from northern California's Bright White Noise. Songs filled with small town angst, intensity, and big choruses, Bright White Noise strives to bring change and integrity back to what remains of a scene.

[www.myspace.com/brightwhitenoise](http://www.myspace.com/brightwhitenoise)



**Dance For Destruction**

"Dance For Destruction E.P."

First release of Auburn Ca's Dance For Destruction, a five piece female fronted electro-punk/hardcore band featuring members of Pipedown and Beyond Your Eyes.

[www.dancefordestruction.com](http://www.dancefordestruction.com)

**Available at: [blackragrecords.com](http://blackragrecords.com) & [www.interpunk.com](http://www.interpunk.com)**

**COMING SOON FROM BLACK RAG....**

Compilation Featuring Songs by Zombie Apocalypse, The Banner, Shook Ones, Ambitions, With Honor, and many more.

& "ALL TEETH/PISTOL WHIP SPLIT"



Black Rag Records  
P.O. Box 1417  
Ukiah, CA 95482



slip. Madison Bloodbath: Self-described as punk / comedy / Christian rap, but are much more in line with Hot Water Music / Dukes of Hillsborough / Gainesville by way of California. They ain't building new cathedrals, but they sure as hell can nail songs into place and make sure the corners are true. —Todd (ADD)

#### DASH RIP ROCK: *Hee Haw Hell*: CD

It was a pleasant surprise to pop in *Hee Haw Hell* and discover that it's a concept album based on Dante's *Inferno*. It doesn't really sound twangy enough to be cow punk, and it's not really any kind of "abilly." Instead, this sounds like southern rock-infused punkage. Songs like "Southern Rain" and "MOAF" could probably even make it onto modern country radio if it wasn't for the odd lyrical twists and the bit of extra aggressiveness which prevent it from fitting in with the rest of the extra-polished shit kickery on the air. One of the quirks that really make this record is the spoken "cantos" between all the songs that describe the narrator's descent into Hee Haw Hell. This version of Hades is far less concerned with Italian political intrigues than Dante's original version, and instead sounds like *Deliverance* smashing into the Grand Ole Opry. This sets the mood for my favorite track, "Chariots of Hellfire" which

is a reworked version of "Chariots of Fire" providing the background music for a raging sermon from the right reverend Beelzebubba (Mojo Nixon). If that bit of witnessing don't save your soul and get you to recant your pig porking ways, then you truly are a lost cause. Also, I applaud the punkified cover of "Man of Constant Sorrow," which makes me want to watch *O' Brother Where Art Thou* for the sixth or seventh time. —Adrian Salas (Alternative Tentacles)

#### DEAD ONES USA / HOLLOW POINTS: Split: 7" EP

Wow, a split featuring two recent bands I really dig. I guess helping that old lady across the street *did* pay off. Dead Ones USA: "City Lights" is a nice mid-tempo punker tune, replete with "whoa" background vocals. "Modern Day Vietnam" is a bit zippier, and just as catchy. Neither track rivals "Third World USA," but they are strong in their own right. Hollow Points: Both tracks are just dead-on solid, catchy, and anthemic in all the right ways. This is guaranteed to get played so often it'll disintegrate within a month. —Jimmy Alvarado (No Front Teeth)

#### DELAY: ...Don't Laugh: CD

If those of my friends who said, "I really like Delay," had actually said, "I really think Jello Biafra should front a band that sounds like a lot

of the pop punk bands from the late '90s/early ought years," I probably wouldn't have picked this up. —Megan (Plan-It-X)

#### DELAY: ...Don't Laugh: CD

This album has spunk, and it's pretty possible that these guys are too young to catch the Mary Tyler Moore reference, so I won't even bother (plus it's not necessarily true). Aside from the overly dramatic lyrics, this is fun DIY pop punk. In the context of a crowded house show, I'm positive this band would be great, but when it comes to repeat listening, the lyrics and vocals really begin to annoy me. If the thought of a band somewhere between the Pink Razors and Defiance, OH really excites you, then you would probably dig this. —Daryl (Plan-It-X)

#### DIALOGUES / KIDS EXPLODE:

##### Split: 7"

This split 7", released by new Seattle label Rome Plow Records, is one of the nicest I have ever seen in terms of production and design. The 7" itself is heavy 70 gram vinyl. The artwork by Myles Karr is simply gorgeous; I fully intend to hang it on my wall. One side features Virginia's Dialogues, offering two tracks of despondent, shouty, slightly mathy Midwest-influenced hardcore. The other is just one song by Germany's Kids Explode, slightly more solid than

their neighbors but clearly in the same vein. The bands are well-paired: if you like one, you'll like the other. Full disclosure: The owner of Rome Plow is the brother of one of my best friends. I still got the 7" through the appropriate *Razorcake* channels; it's just a funny coincidence. —Sarah Shay (Rome Plow)

#### DICKS, THE: *Hungry Butt*: CD

Bringing together two things that usually leave a lot to be desired—live albums and reunited bands—is usually a crapshoot. Add to that the fact that I never got a chance to see the band in question during their heyday, and I'm more than skeptical. But, from the opening notes, I'm impressed. They still can put on a hell of a show (I was lucky enough to catch them in New York this summer: a smile plastered on my face the entire time), and the recording, from a 2005 show in Houston, captures all the energy perfectly. All the hits are here, kiddos, and a bunch of great songs you might not have hard. —Megan (hotboxreview@hotmail.com)

#### DISRUPT: *Unrest*: CD

#### DISRUPT: *The Rest*: 2X CD

Both feature grindy hardcore stuff. Both will also fuck up your computer if you make copies of them. —Jimmy Alvarado (Relapse)

**MONSTER Squad**

"FIRE THE FAITH" LP/CD

AVAILABLE APRIL 17TH

Northern California's hardcore punk legends return with their hard-hitting second album! Enhanced CD and limited vinyl version include free poster. First 200 LP copies are numbered, on colored vinyl and include a free back patch. Exclusively available from Punkutopia.com

**Punkcore Records**  
PO Box 916  
Middle Island, NY 11953

**CAREER SOLDIERS**

"LOSS OF WORDS" CD

AVAILABLE MAY 15TH

Punk Core continues to bring the noise in '07 with the release of "LOSS OF WORDS", the 2nd album by San Diego's hardcore street punk up-and-comers CAREER SOLDIERS! Catch them on the road this Summer, check punkcore.com for show dates!

**PUNKUTOPIA.COM**

Send two stamps/IRC's for a catalog with hundreds of punk rock CDs records shirts, DVDs, and clothing or order online at [punkutopia.com](http://punkutopia.com)  
Punk Core PO Box 916 Middle Island, NY 11953 USA

[WWW.PUNKCORE.COM](http://WWW.PUNKCORE.COM)



**DOUBLE D'S, THE: *Dillybar: 7"***

This rocks! Totally silly songs about fast food and grocery stores! And they wear fast food uniforms, too! If you like the Bobbyteens, the Flakes, and Candy Girl, you'll love this. And if you don't like those bands, then you're lame! If this were a cereal, it'd be Quisp! Cartoonish greatness is go! —Maddy (www.myspace.com/the Doubleds)

**DRATS!!!:****Welcome to New Granada: CD**

A self-described "rock operetta" that's inspired by the 1979 film *Welcome to New Granada*. Here's where the problem arises: I've never seen it. Still, people must be onto something: I've heard so many references to this movie over the years, and Sound Virus actually put out a pretty good comp LP five or six years back with the same title in homage of the film. Anyway, the other problem is that I've since lost or recycled the one-sheet that came with this album, but I seem to remember terms like "art punk" and people like Frank Zappa being tossed around. While those references may ring true, and while Drats!!! are certainly good musicians and this album sounds fully realized and fleshed out, it winds up coming across as an icky merging of jazz-fusion and prog rock, with "wacky" vocals and a dash of funk thrown in, meaning jaded Portland hipsters with

an irony fetish may enjoy it for its camp value, but I doubt the average *Razorcake* reader will. Sorry, guys. —Keith Rosson (Drats!!!)

**DT'S, THE: *Filthy Habits: CD***

The DT's play bluesy Rawk music with a capital "R" similar to the Demolition Doll Rods, but *Filthy Habits* is produced with less of the dive bar, beer-soaked, over-sexed vibe found on *There Is a Difference*. Diana Young-Blanchard has one helluva set of pipes and belts out the songs with raunchy abandon that seems to channel Janis Joplin much of the time. Estrus Records honcho, Dave Crider, is on guitar and does a fine job. I'm guessing that the DT's are a blast to see live, but this record falls flat to my ears. The recording is a little too clean for my taste, which snips away a good chunk of the album's balls. And we all know that rock'n'roll is best when the nutsack is left completely intact. —Josh Benke (Get Hip)

**EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS:*****Teenage Depression: CD***

For those not in the know, pub rock was a 1970s musical phenomenon in the U.K. that used R&B as its backbone and emphasized a "back-to-basics" approach to rock'n'roll. It was largely seen as a backlash to all the overblown, pretentious crap passing itself off as "rock" that permeated the airwaves at the

time—bands like Emerson Lake and Palmer, and Led Zeppelin ruled the roost, and disco was just starting to take over. It's also viewed as punk's immediate antecedent and many key members of the U.K. punk's first wave, including Joe Strummer, Ian Dury, and Nick Cash, had roots in pub rock. Eddie And The Hot Rods were one of the bands that kinda made the transition from pub rock to punk and this, their first album, illustrates why. Taking into consideration of the period when it was released, their frenetic beats, stripped-down tunes, and mounds of attitude manage to make rock'n'roll sound fresh, vibrant, and alive again. Even their cover of "The Kids Are Alright" rocks in ways that The Who had apparently forgotten by the mid-'70s, and the title track shows the band's willingness to roll with the punches and adopt punk's tenets. Although it sounds a little dated in some places, tunes like "Horseplay" still manage to retain enough of their immediacy to get the blood bumpin'. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

**ERGS!, THE: *Books about Miles Davis b/w Only Babies Cry: 7"***

I'm guessing that if you're reading this, you already know who The Ergs! are, or will find out soon enough. Anyway, you know the song where Mike gets up from the drum set to sing towards the end of their set now? You know, the one

that's insanely good, even for them? Yeah, this is it (featuring more egg shaker here than on the LP), backed with a Paul Baribeau cover. I don't think the pressing(s) were that large, so I'd pick this up ASAP if I were you. —Joe Evans III (Whoah Oh)

**ERGS!, THE: *Books about Miles Davis b/w Only Babies Cry: 7"***

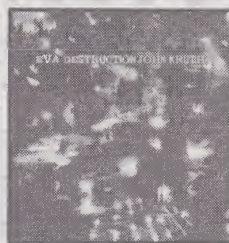
Released as a preview for their release, *Upstairs / Downstairs* on Dirtnap, you've got one original, the title track, which will be on the album (in a slightly different version), and "Only Babies Cry," a Paul Baribeau cover, which won't. I'm not sure how I first heard the song "Books about Miles Davis," but I do know I liked it immediately. I'm not sure how they do it (but I'm convinced the secret's got to be in that egg shaker), but The Ergs have managed to write a song that references books that would be one of the most annoying books for me to read. It's suspense all the way through, with a quick payoff at the end, which would make for a terrible, awful book. Fortunately, it makes a damn fine song. It just keeps building up to some sort of explosion that you finally resign yourself to knowing it's just not going to come. Then, the most blissful ten or so seconds of energy completely surprise and fulfill you simultaneously. And then the song ends. Dear lord, that song is amazing. —Megan (Whoah Oh)

# NOW YOU CAN BUY ONLINE

CD's/DVD's/LP's/CLOTHING AND MUCH MORE

**BEER CITY**  
RECORDS  
MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

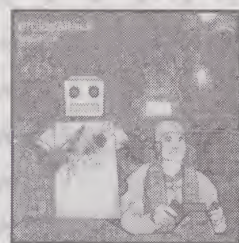
WWW.BEERCITYRECORDS.COM



\$12

**John Kruth - Eva Destruction**

"John Kruth comes through with a commendably smart, catchy and intriguing album" - Jersey Beat



\$12

**Droids Attack - Fatal/Error**

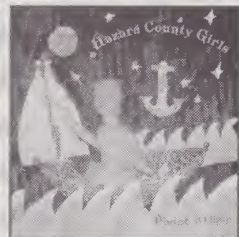
The sophomore release takes them to even heavier and more epic explorations in stoner metal



\$12

**Drunk Drivers - Model Citizen**

Fourth album from these Wisconsin vets. Equal parts NY+Crazy Horse, Wire, Jesus Lizard and early GBV



\$12

**Hazard County Girls - Divine Armor**

"Divine Armor is a solid slice of rock from New Orleans" - StonerRock.com

Also available: The Skintones, Screamin' Cyn Cyn & The Pons, Mad Trucker Gone Mad, Oufja Radio, Awesome Snakes, Killdozer, Soviettes, 26 (Doc Dart), Modern Machines, Rocket Fuel is the Key, Things Fall Apart and more

• NO SHIPPING CHARGES IN THE US AND CANADA

• FREE LABEL SAMPLER WITH EVERY ORDER

• INTL ORDERS ADD \$3 PER ORDER & \$2 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ITEM



**crustacean records**

PO Box 829 • Madison, WI 53701-0829 • crustaceanrecords.com

Available on  
iTunes and other  
download services

myspace.com/crustaceanrecords



## FILTHY THIEVING BASTARDS:

### ...I'm a Son of a Gun: CD

Say what you will about Irish-flavored punk music (from can't get enough of it to can't stand it), a greater measure in music is honesty. I have no doubt in my mind that the Filthy Thieving Bastards believe in the songs they're writing and in that, there's a lot to chew on. If you can, erase the expectations of the Swingin' Utters. Erase the expectation to be frozen in time like a caveman, only to be de-thawed to play anthems of yore. *I'm a Son of a Gun* follows the path of their previous outing: sitting instead of standing, weaving '60s pop and acoustic sensibilities in and out of hard knocks and alcohol-soaked triumphs and tragedies with a wry sense of humor. I never thought there'd be a musical parallel with The Utters in that Minor Threat to Fugazi way, but there is, and there you go. It takes some real grapes for these guys to follow their guts. —Todd (BYO)

## FINE LINES, THEE:

### Set You Straight: CD

I would VOLUNTEER that Thee Fine Lines is the best band to come out of Missouri in the last ten years. (What's that, you say? Tennessee is the VOLUNTEER state, not MizzOURI-uh!? Well, someone's gonna have to SHOW ME proof! Aah-hahahahaha...ahem.) State slogan nonsense aside, my hypothesis from the first sentence remains. I've been

meaning to check these guys out for a couple a years, but, lazy ass that I am, never got around to it. Their latest CD falls into my lap by the grace of *Razorcake*, and now I realize how much more fulfilling the last few years would'a been had I been officially hip to Thee Fine Lines. *Set You Straight* is primitive in the same manner that the Jewws' *L'explosion du son de Maintenant!* was—three band members, three instruments, one heart, one stripped-down now sound, baby! The moodier, atmospheric songs, "Midnight's Fine" and "You're So Fine," would fit nicely on any of the Teenage Shutdown compilations, while the trashier, up tempo numbers sound like they could have come out of San Francisco's garage rock heyday of the early- to mid-'90s. Just try to listen to *Set You Straight* and keep your legs from going into crazy, rock'n'roll induced spasms. —Josh Benke (Licorice Tree)

## FLASH ATTACKS, THE:

### Pray for Death: CD-R

You know the drill: the guitarist goes by the moniker Feces (you kiss your mother with that mouth, Feces? Gross!), song titles include "Worthless Wage Slave," "Toxic Mind Pollution," and "Terror TV," the cover's pixilated-as-hell, with the demo's title spelled out in a bone font. What makes the Flash Attacks slightly above average is the fact that while the lyrics are still pretty

simplistic, there are little lyrical jewels scattered throughout that says to me that with a bit more work, they could be busting out some really good, thought-provoking songs here pretty soon. Kind of reminds me how Forced March and/or Strung Up may have sounded when they first started out. Comes with a sweet patch. —Keith Rosson (Circle F)

## FLESH, THE: Fire Tower: CD

A nice potpourri of styles smooshed together here—a little gloomy pop, a little hip hop, a little fringy art punk—and some strong songwriting makes for a fairly unique, definitely engaging sound. The bulk of the songs here straddle a fine line between the musicians not being so busy pretentiously self-obsessed with their role as "artists" that the songs aren't catchy and infusing the hooks with some serious edge. Ultimately, this is interesting in all the right ways. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.gernblandsten.com)

## FOLSOM: Self-titled: CD

This mixture of metal and hardcore is as serious as fuck. And that's pretty fucking serious. Don't joke about this shit. It's well done and kicks all those emo CDs asses. Most of the songs are about being angry and hating people. How can you argue with that? It made me nod my head in a way that made me wish I had long hair to whip around. —Jason Donnerparty (Spook City)

## FORCED MARCH:

### Wasted Existence: 7"

They seem to have changed gears just a bit since their full-length—as in, they've tempered that ceaseless go-straight-for-the-throat approach with some pretty rockin', almost tuneful, moments here. The full-length eventually wore on me because of that relentlessness (it kind of felt like I was just hearing the same song over again), but these four songs have some mean breakdowns and, dare I say, *catchy* choruses, and I can actually tell the difference between songs. The vocals are still consistently gruff, but there are some nice backing vocals on the title track and, as a whole, they've remained tough as hell but are managing to find ways to expand on that oft-used Infest/hardcore template. Really nice work, guys: not a bad record at all. —Keith Rosson (Forced March)

## FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS:

### Better Live Than Demo: CD-R

I was thinking I'd be running across some more slop-crust punk stuff, judging by the fact that the cover has a skeleton, a Middle Class record, and a bottle of Thunderbird jumping out of Mr. Rogers' head—actually, maybe the Middle Class record should've given me a hint—but they're tilling some much older ground here. What I'm hearing is a kind of late '70s Agent Orange thing with a dash of, um, the Minutemen?

# NEVEIR FOIRGET



# THE CUJ

WWW.PUNKBANDSITES.COM

SUMMER OF NOISE BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

## AUSTRALIAN CATTLE GOD

ATTACK FORMATION  
"WE ARE ALIVE IN TUNE" The Insect Revolution will not be Silenced

Call to Arms... Instrumental Madness from Tel Aviv, Israel's Finest  
**LEBANON**  
"PLANET RUBBLE"

Tacoma Droner Metal Queens  
**LOZEN**  
"ENEMIES AGAINST POWER"

Brand new record from... Okinawa Thrash Legends  
**BLEACH03**  
"THE HEAD THAT CONTROLS BOTH THE RIGHT AND LEFT SIDES EATS MEAT AND SLOBBERS STILL TODAY."

Don't miss Bleach03 and Lozen live on their West coast tour May 8-22nd 2007

www.australiancattlegod.com



thrown in. As in, it goes from really decent, fast, and tuneable punk with clean vocals to these weird, jazzy, massively slowed-down parts. Four songs on here (the last one being, you guessed it, a Middle Class cover), and it's over in less than six minutes, so those few seconds when they turned into a frickin' jazz band didn't really bother me that much. I just wished they'd have kept up the speed a bit longer—when they do, it's some pretty decent shit. —Keith Rosson (Friendly Neighbors)

**FUCKED UP: Year of the Dog: 12" EP**  
Okay, I admit, I was lured by the collectability and the packaging. It's got a nice little paper ring around it, embossed in silver, a hand stamped label, and it's Fucked Up, who I'm willing to go to great lengths to voice my support of. That's the good news. The bad news? Two super-duper long, meandering songs recorded live (and not so well). (As opposed to the super long, but they pay off songs on *Looking for Gold*.) So, if you've got every single FU record except this one, knock yourself out. I ain't stopping you. If you're starting out, trying to get a grip on what to buy from their extensive catalog, there are many better places to start to really hear what force this band's capable of. (I'm still real partial to the *Baiting the Public 7"*.) —Todd (Blocks Recording Club)

#### FUNERAL DRESS:

**Hello from the Underground: CD**  
Another album by this long-running street punk band from Belgium. Fast punk with squealing leads, gruff vocals, and gang chorus vocals. As good as any, better than most bands of this style. Fans of the Adicts, Vice Squad, Varukers, and the Casualties can't do much better than this. —Mike Frame (SOS)

#### GEISHA GIRLS:

**In the Monotone b/w Last Touch: 7"**  
I'm encouraging the shit out of this latest crop of art rock, post new wave rock'n'roll that borrows not only from the usual suspects (early, pre-disco Wire and Gang Of Four), but brings in kung fu lessons learned from clenched fists and tightened vocal chords, like the Middle Class (who they cover) and Street Trash (the band that Mike, the drummer, was in), which lends a nice bit of knuckle to the suspected, angular flexibility. Nice, nice, nice. Fits right next their contemporary neighbors who I also admire muchly: The Fuses, Manikin, and Headache City. —Todd (Project Infinity)

#### GET RAD:

**Say Fuck No to Rules, Man: CD**  
Silly band name, silly art work, yet not silly music. Well, not completely silly at least. There are still times when this is pretty silly, but it definitely has its serious moments.

Without personally knowing this band, I would say that they either have very serious opinions but don't want to be taken completely seriously, or they don't take their serious opinions seriously. Anti-pit bull legislation is a serious problem and a lot of innocent pit bulls suffer because of it. This band approaches this issue with a song called "Stop the Puppy Holocaust." Holocaust? This band walks a fine line, and they do it pretty well while playing pretty good fast hardcore, too. —Daryl (Hyperrealist)

#### GOVERNMENT WARNING:

##### No Moderation: LP

My friend Joe says he likes Government Warning because it makes him feel like he can listen to hardcore. I totally understand that. They're easily accessible to people who don't listen to all that much current hardcore because their sound isn't new. It's a sound that's steeped in a tradition of pushing how fast it can get, but it never loses control. It's fast with a reason, and not just fast for speed's sake, so there's still a well thought-out, well orchestrated song in there. Fantastic stuff. —Megan (Feral Ward)

#### GUNSMOKE:

##### The Kitchen Sessions: CD

The band calls this Canadian country rockabilly punk, and that seems pretty accurate to me. It's roots rock with

a quick tempo, and thank ye gods it isn't another Misfits-worshipping psychobilly band. There's an upright bass and hollow body guitars all played without distortion, so you can hear the razor sharp guitar lines. The lyrics are good too, if a little hard to hear over the rest of the mix at times. —Jason Donnerparty (www.gunsmoke.ca)

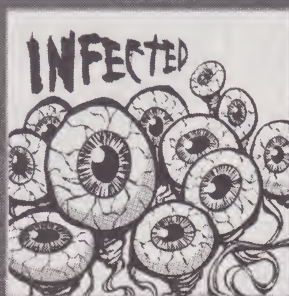
#### HAMMERLOCK:

##### Forgotten Range: CD

I will be goddamned if Hammerlock don't manage to win me over every time. I am sick to death of macho, shock value punk and rock but something about this band just seems to click. This is some more great country-influenced Southern rock with a punk edge to it. They write great songs and it is nice to hear Liza singing a little more here. Hope to see some more of that. My only complaint is that this is nineteen songs, which is just too much. I would rather hear ten tunes that I can play over and over again and then get another ten on the next record. I don't have the stamina for a record this long, no matter who writes it. I will also admit I get a little tired of the complaints of how they hate PC liberals and yet continue to live in San Francisco. Seems like there are a lot of cheaper places to live where folks might be more up their alley. I guess it is a constant inspiration for lyrics and songs, though. Some real strong tunes on here and with Simon

# EUGENE RECORDS

Lexington, KY's finest in punk rock since 1997



**Infected**  
"Insomnia" 7"

"Without hyping this beyond its capacity, I gotta say INFECTED is one of the best 'old' bands that's new to me that I've discovered in an age."  
—SCANNER ZINE



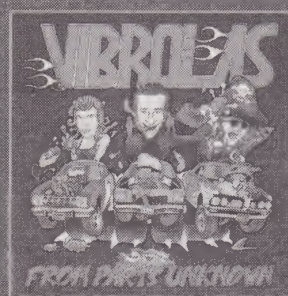
**Kill Toby Wyatt**  
"North to South -vs- East to West" CD

"KTW pull the best parts of Hot Water Music, Dillinger Four, & Cursive, add dabs of Metal, wad it up and throw it back in your face."  
—TOTALLY RAD ZINE



**The Yellow Belts**  
Self Titled EP CD

"There's nothing ground-breaking in the Yellow Belts' rockin' straight-up punk with garage-rock swagger, but it's doubtful that was the intent. Instead, they're probably content to play ass-kicking music with big hooks and lots of energy that no doubt kills at live shows."  
—PUNK PLANET



**The Vibrolas**  
"From Parts Unknown" CD

"If you haven't had the pleasure of getting rocked into dust by this ferocious power trio already, then this will serve as a fine introduction to their world of wrench n' roll."  
—SLEAZEGRINDER

Other releases available from Eugene Records:  
9 POUND HAMMER / SOUTH 75 Split 7" 2 Awesome fucking bands on one slab of vinyl... Almost sold out!  
DEEP 13 - "Eleven Stories" CD Hardcore punk rock from the sticks of Kentucky.  
COVEN and CRAZY D - "Gangsters and Busters" CD Comedic gangsta rap from the pioneers of the style!  
EUGENE VIDEOZINE DVD 2 Hours of cool footage! Lots of Eugene bands + Psypus, Electric Eel Shock & more!

Coming Soon:  
HEARTTHROB CD, ONWARD PILGRIM 7", SQUALL LINE 7", INFECTED re-presses, new YELLOW BELTS!



Eugene Records P.O. Box 1002 Lexington, KY 40588  
www.eugenerecords.com  
www.myspace.com/eugenerecords  
www.youtube.com/eugenewreck



Stokes as a songwriting and vocal helper, you know this is top notch. I think that is what really locks this in for me; I am a huge Simon Stokes fan and I feel like Hammerlock are definitely taking the torch from him and running with it. That's the thing; Hammerlock takes the time to write actual songs and not just bash you over the head with how badass they are or how "shocking" they are. I would love to hear Travis and Liza do up an album of country duets. That would be something to hear. Another pleasant surprise here. —Mike Frame (Steel Cage)

**HAPPY BASTARDS:**  
**Box of Hard Knocks: CD**

Nice blend of hardcore and melody here. Singer alternately sounds like Penelope Houston and Belinda Carlisle, which makes one wonder what the Avengers would've sounded like had they thrashed it up a bit. Good stuff. —Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence)

**HARPOON GUNS: Self-titled: 7"**

This record is really good. I've heard people talk about how good this band is, but this 7" has definitely made me a believer. It's the perfect balance of old school southern California (emphasis on the South Bay) hardcore punk rock while still sounding very relevant. No frills production in the sense that it's obviously not trying to sound polished or intentionally shitty. Just quality,

guitar-squealing, pissed-off punk. This will make you wanna pick up your board—skate, surf, Ouija, or otherwise. —Daryl (SquareWave/Eliminator, squarewaverecords@gmail.com)

**HERO CYCLE, THE:**  
**Lakes and Ponds: CDEP**

This EP from Vermont's The Hero Cycle serves up five tracks of subdued yet energetic indie rock. The vocals are shared between two members; the female half's voice has a chanty, ethereal quality. Their big, layered sound sweeps you in, and the songs manage to feel driving and chaotic without breaking a sweat. I feel the Built to Spill influences here. —Sarah Shay (Hidden Shoal)

**HIPSHAKES, THE:**  
**Shake Their Hips: CD**

Geography allowed me to be the first Yankee on the planet to own a vinyl copy of this release. I simply stopped by Slovenly HQ after work one day in January and picked it up. Been enjoying the hell out of it ever since. Ah, the benefits of living in Reno. *Shake Their Hips* is a blown-out, bash-you-in-the-eardrums punk fest recorded with the needles pinned in the red, which suits the music very well, indeed. "No No No No," "Try Again," and "I'm So Bored" are pulverizing, aggressive blasts of insanity that manage to stay tuneful and stuck on the brain for days on end. The Hipshakes slow the

tempo down on "See Me Coming," which grooves like a lost Velvet Underground tune with vocals spat wildly into the microphone. Killer covers of "Summertime Blues" and "Born to Lose" round out an album that is guaranteed to wind up on everyone's year-end top ten list. —Josh Benke (Slovenly)

**HUNCHBACK / THE TRASHIES:**  
**Together at Last: Split 7"**

Hunchback: They're all over the place, yet homogenized, which is a good trick that not a lot of bands can pull off. "16 Tons" reminds me of the Spits coupled with Atom and His Package—without the overt goofiness of Atom, but in that barely catching your breath, keeping the narration going in a higher-pitched male voice way, so more like Armalite—and those full-on pre-launch-into-the song parts of the Tyrades. That equals awesome in my book. They even do a non-hoser version of "Too Drunk to Fuck." Nicely played. The Trashies: Spits sung through a shopping cart of glass recyclables; bumcore with broken, plain-bagged, Fisher Price-tuned synthesizer. The really weird vibe I get? I bet the Trashies could play a pukey, cigarette burny basement show one evening and a progressive art museum the next and fit well in both. Tell me how the fuck that happens because I have no clue. Summation: more challenging than their previous outings, and a tastefully selected

Supercharger cover. Who wins out of the two? The listener. Thumbs up. —Todd (Freedom School)

**HUNCHBACK / TRASHIES, THE:**  
**Together at Last: Split 7"**

I've been looking forward to this split for a while now, and it didn't disappoint. Both of these bands are great in their own way and having them together on a split just highlights both of their individual qualities. The Trashies: Excruciatingly retarded synth punk for the eight-year-old smartass in all of us. Hunchback: Unbelievable punked-out freak show that never stops amazing me. Current Dead Kennedy's situation got you down? The Hunchback side contains a great rendition of "Too Drunk Too Fuck," which we all know is hard to come by. —Daryl (Freedom School)

**HUNCHBACK / TRASHIES, THE:**  
**Together at Last: Split 7"**

The Trashies: I'm pretty stoked on this band as of recently. Part surf and part punk that's sloppy as hell, but still knows exactly what it's doing. The more you listen, the more influences you can pick out, but it's not derivative in the least bit. Hunchback: One of the best bands in New Jersey that not many people outside of The Garden State are aware of. Taking inspiration from the most obscure, weirdo noise, '80s hardcore, and *Killed by Death* records, and combining it all together

# COLORING OUTSIDE

a memoir

# THE LINES

by aimee cooper

*"Innocent girl befriends motley gang of fellow punks who end up turning her share house into a sea of sleeping bag-clad bodies, and eventually ends up with the honours of watching over Johnny Thunders as he passes out in her living room, and preparing a dinner party for the members of Black Flag... It's a story of how our music finds us, beating us over the head and dragging us on a soundtracked journey into life." —Logged Off, Australia*

*"A must in every punk and hardcore kid's bookshelf." —Quebec Hardcore News*

*"Damn hard to put down." —Shredding Paper Magazine*

[www.punkrockmemoir.com](http://www.punkrockmemoir.com)



into some of the most beautiful songs about ugliness I've ever heard. —Joe Evans III (Freedom School)

#### I WALK THE LINE:

##### **Desolation Street: CD**

Despite the name, this isn't a Johnny Cash tribute band. In this case, it's a rock'n'roll punk band from Finland. This isn't psychobilly (the lyrics are more often about heart-break and overcoming adversity than zombies), but because of the accents and Gretschy-sounding guitars, the album sits comfortably in the space between the Nekromantix and Social Distortion. This isn't life changing or all that unique, but it's probably a good album to throw on when all your pompadoured friends over and aren't in the mood for something with a lot of upright bass breakdowns. —Adrian Salas (Gearhead)

#### ICTUS /

##### **THIS THING CALLED DYING: Split: LP**

Oh my god, I can't believe how hard Ictus bring it. They're a Spanish crust band and their side of the 12" is one song entitled "Sed de Venganza" ("Thirst of Revenge") and it takes up their entire side. It's sooooo long and sooooo good. Ictus' one song completely overshadows Norway's This Thing Called Dying's six songs of crusty hardcore punk. It's still pretty good, but it can't step to "Sed de Venganza." It appears that four different record labels from four different countries

had a hand in releasing this record, which kinda makes sense 'cause it comes in a totally pro gatefold jacket with quality artwork and lyrics printed in three or four languages. When it comes to crust with me, you have to do two things: musically, it has to be intense the whole way through, and the artwork has to be apocalyptic as fuck. This release goes above and beyond that. —Daryl (Alerta Antifascista)

#### INDECISION ALARM, THE:

##### **Self-titled: CD**

More boring metallic melodic hardcore, this time from Sweden. Not that all metallic melodic hardcore is boring, just that there are too many bands that sound the same. This review is about as boring as this CD. —Jason Donnerparty (Tic Tac Totally)

#### INFECTED, THE: *Out for Blood: CD*

This band lists their influences as Broken Bones, the Misfits, and Iron Maiden. I'll admit I am not intimately familiar with those particular bands, so my interpretation of their reliance on those influences is going to be fairly vague. That being said, The Infected is pretty fucking sweet. Their blistering metallic guitar riffs pay homage to '80s metal and hardcore that even I can recognize, without sounding too derivative. I'm pretty picky about screaming and Cookie Monster vocals, but vocalist Luke Diseased pulls it off with aplomb, sounding badass without coming

off like he's trying too hard. The difference between this and so many other "hardcore" acts out there is that this is still rock'n'roll at its core; noisy, frantic, and pissed off as hell, but it's still music, and doesn't tip the scales into the "just noise" category as so many others sadly do. They're not afraid of a little production, either: the album still sounds raw, but not like it was recorded by someone's cousin in their mom's basement. Overall, a quality piece of punk rock worth checking out. Plus, they sound like they'd kick ass live. —Sarah Shay (Bouncing Betty)

#### (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE

##### **CONSPIRACY, THE:**

##### ***Live at Oslo Jazz Festival: CD***

An exceptional live album from a favorite period of mine from the (I)NC. I've listened to *Survival Sickness* and *A New Morning, Changing Weather* many times through for years now and the songs still squeeze my heart, from the whispered dissatisfactions of modern living in songs like "Born into a Mess" and "Survival Sickness" to the rebellious dance-a-thons of songs like "Capitalism Stole My Virginity" and "Ever Felt Cheated?" This performance is an especially exuberant rendering of songs from that period, the seductive psychedelic dramas drawn out into intricate riots of sound. The song "Bodyheat," which I've never seen elsewhere, will have you falling back in lust with the (I)NC all over

again. If you missed this CD the first time around when it was an import, it is now available through Alternative Tentacles. If you missed seeing them live back then (as I did), pick up this album and relive a time now long gone but—thankfully—well-preserved here. —Susan Chung (Alternative Tentacles)

#### IRISH BROTHERS:


##### ***Freedom Is a Lonely Thing: CD***

Rock'n'roll sound with a bent for rocka/psychobilly: excellent production—consistent with their other releases—congruent harmonies, tight, talented musicianship, and a good, gruff tone in the vocals. However, the vocal and musical style range is expected and undeviating. Limited and repetitive. —Jessica T (Heap O'Trouble)

#### J CHURCH / FLAMINGO 50:

##### **Split 7" EP**


Must avert the need to comment on the number of J Church records! Must resist... Must... ack! Must resist statements about how cool Ben Snakepit is, as they are unrelated to the matter at hand! Must comment that the cover of The Cars "Just What I Needed" is ridiculous and unwarranted and totally dumb (in a good way)! Must state that the first Flamingo 50 song is fucking awesome! Must state that their lyrics are sometimes completely incomprehensible, in a good way! Must state: super catchy energetic power pop melodies with back-up



NEW SHIT FROM:  
SEX VID  
BRUTAL KNIGHTS  
ACID REFLUX  
THE PETS  
LIVE FAST DIE  
RED DONS  
OUT WITH A BANG  
KRUNCHIES  
TRANZMITORS  
+ MORE

BLOODSTAINRECORDS.COM

The  
Happiest  
Place  
On  
Earth



DOUBLE  
DOWN  
SALOON

LAS VEGAS  
4640 Paradise Rd  
NEW YORK  
14 Avenue A  
doubledownsaloons.com

NEW FROM **COCK ENERGY**

**ARMITAGE SHANKS**

"Smash The Cistern!" 7" EP



Still Red Hot and Ready!





**Rock The Light**  
"the summer we all got laid"  
- Compact Disc -  
Satin Capet rock about a  
hangin' out, gettin' high  
and making out.

**Knifethruhead**  
"Mince-Piece"  
- Seven Inch Vinyl -  
Psychotic punk influenced  
grindcore with a saxophone.  
Color art by Mike Dorn!!!

**Sacramento**  
"Self Titled"  
- Seven Inch Vinyl -  
Rampage: parking lot rock.  
Like Boi Score featuring  
a shiny garage band.

Cd=\$10, 7 Inch=\$5 (or 3 for \$10) Post Paid. Also available at [www.interpunk.com](http://www.interpunk.com), Little Teddy, Underground Medicine, Vinehell, Rockin' Bones and Green Noise. Send well hidden cash, check or money order (payable to Kevin Hinley) to:

**COCK ENERGY**  
[myspace.com/cockenergy](http://myspace.com/cockenergy) RECORDS  
PO BOX 8793 CHICO, CA 95927



vocals, leading me to declare this record Trix! Yummy sugary cereal! Hooray! —Maddy (Los Diaper)

#### JETSET RADIO:

##### *From Ashes to Life: LP*

I've nothing against these guys, but I don't seem to have a whole lot for them either. They live up to their self-described "Alkaline Trio, The Ataris, and Jimmy Eat World" influences and there certainly is a niche out there for their "Emotion, Pop, Punk and Rock" sound. They're German and for some reason I hadn't ever imagined this type of German boy angst, so perhaps their music can be considered an important cultural import in our understanding of their particular sensitivities and is therefore of some sociological value in that regard. —Susan Chung (Wanda)

#### JETT BLACK: *Dead Town: CD*

Straight ahead, no bullshit rock from Denver. The title track and "Dirty Girl" stand out on this second release from this outfit. Was there ever a question with a bass player named Igor? Plus, this baby features the best version of a Joe Walsh chestnut since Triumph covered it. No, I'm serious! —Sean Koeppenick (Fivecore)

#### JEWDRIVER:

##### *Hanukkah Hangover: 7" EP*

Funny, but I seem to remember hearing something about these guys being a Skrewdriver cover band

with some much-needed changing of the lyrics, a la Manic Hispanic, but the only obvious cover here is of the Nuns' "Decadent Jew." The rest sound like no Skrewdriver song I've heard and, truth be told, they remind me more of the Fuck Ups or maybe, maybe the Nihilistics than anyone else. Either way, it's not a bad listen. Also dig the cover model's tattoo. —Jimmy Alvarado (myspace.com/jewdriver)

#### JEWDRIVER:

##### *Hanukkah Hangover: 7" EP*

I'm not going to win any friends with this, but I like Skrewdriver's first record a fair sight more than this. (The reissue with "You're So Dumb," misprinted as "You're So Dump," is priceless.) Jewdriver's music reminds me of second-tier, early '90s East Bay punk (fill in band names of your own choosing), with guitars-so-waiting-to-wank, the scuzz of the recording, the scream-shouted vocals, the songs that could end nicely two or three times before they actually do, and the ultra-obvious theme running throughout. I get the joke, but it left me tepid. Sorry. I really wanted to like this more. —Todd (Jewdriver, myspace.com/jewdriver)

#### JIZZ KIDS, THE: *How about a Nice Cup of Shut the Fuck up?: 7"*

This band features Kevin Aper and a cameo appearance by two guys from the Queers (namely Joe and

Phillip Hill). Despite such a nice helping of pop punk cred...this 7" fell flat for me. Mediocre at best. —Mr. Z (Rally)

#### KYLESA:

##### *Time Will Fuse Its Worth: LP*

Sometimes it's all in the intent. Too much of the stuff that I've come across in recent years is in reality heavy metal played by short-haired jocks trying to cash in on the "thug" aspect of punk without having to pay any attention to the subculture that comes along with it, and you can totally suss out those bands from the very first note. Those kinda bands make me just wanna laugh in their faces 'cause you know deep down they wouldn't last fifteen minutes in front of a hostile Slayer audience, let alone a night at the Cuckoos Nest circa 1981. Then there are those bands whose sound is just up to its eyeballs in metal influence and yet still sound like a hardcore band, and you just know they mean business. Kylesa is one of those bands. Although I ain't too into the metal tinge to what they're doing, it's patently clear that the "crossover" brass ring is just not even in their field of vision and they're more interested in pummeling you with the metal than rocking you with it. It's all in the intent, man, and they mean you no good, and that makes all the difference. —Jimmy Alvarado (Havoc)

#### KRIMINAL POGO: *Demo: CD*

I like this CD. It's uptempo streetpunk with a female singer (for most of the songs). The female vocals make this stand out from other similar bands. The songs are catchy and there are some good guitar licks that are not wanky. I wish it was a little better produced, or at least mixed to make it sound a little thicker. But it is a demo, so hopefully I'll see a real produced record from them. Thanks for the free patch and pin, too. —Jason Donnerparty (Ditchdigg'n')

#### KRUM BUMS: *As the Tide Turns: CD*

Not sure why, but I'd always written these guys off as a bunch of crusties ala Fleas And Lice or some Dis-styled band. Pop the disc in the player and that idea is shattered in about six seconds flat—the intro could've come straight from the first Tragedy LP, and after that it's just thirteen songs of rock-solid consistency: dark, bitter, and oh-so-catchy punk rock with a slight streetpunk tinge. Every song on here's a keeper—they know when to overlay a guitar lead to *accentuate*, without strangling the rhythm section or turning the entire song into a Van Halenesque wankfest, the backing vocals aren't overused, the shit's simultaneously anthemic and mean as hell, and the production is even and crisp without being glossy. This one came out of left field and punched me right in the eye, and I couldn't be happier about it. —Keith Rosson (TKO)

## GONER RECORDS

### New stuff!



DIGITAL LEATHER  
She Had A Cameltoe 7"

BOSTON CHINKS  
Coltrane 7"

OSCARS  
Jump For Joy 7"

### Coming Soon!

JAY REATARD  
I Know A Place 7"  
FINAL SOLUTIONS  
Songs By Solutions lp/cd  
HARLAN T BOBO  
I'm Your Man lp/cd  
CARBONAS  
tha lp/cd  
GONERFEST IV  
Sept 27-29



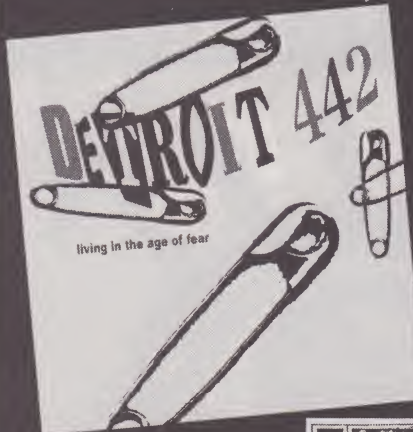
check out  
[www.goner-records.com](http://www.goner-records.com)  
online mailorder  
featuring labels  
like Douchemaster  
In The Red, Birdman  
Norton, Yakisakana  
Rave Up, Rob's House  
Shit Sandwich and  
tons more...  
Lots of hard-to-find  
7"s, Lps, and cds...  
Memphis music!  
Garage! Punk! Noise!  
Hyped2Deth!  
Killed By Death!  
Powerpop!  
Raw blues!

## GONER RECORDS

2152 YOUNG AVE  
MEMPHIS TN 38104

## DETROIT NOISE RECORDS

2506 Park, Detroit, MI. 48201



Detroit 442  
"living in the  
age of fear" CD

77 styled punk  
for 2007

THE RATFINKS  
"Detroit F\*\*kers" CD  
street punk from  
DETROIT streets

\$6 each p.p.



[www.detroitnoise.com](http://www.detroitnoise.com)



**LASERHEAD: *Ride Your Static*: CD**

A plethora of late '80s/early '90s swirling shoegazer guitar chords and ethereal vocal melodies blend for some post hardcore/indie rock that sounds more like Swervedriver than Superchunk. I was always more of a Punch Me Harder kind of guy, but I was into My Bloody Valentine, Lush, Curve, and some of the other bands who musically remind me of Laserhead. I just run into the same problem with those bands' recordings as I do with this one, in that eventually it all just blends together too well and ends up drowning me into a doldrums of sound that really doesn't have enough highs and lows for my short auditory attention span. But if that's your thing, maybe you should stop staring at your shoes and head over to the No Idea page and pick this up. —Dave Disorder (Barracuda Sound)

**LAZARUS:*****Dead Chicks Can't Say No*: CD**

Move along people, nothing to see here. Unless you like "hardcore" songs about Gettysburg, written by the Confederates. I can't make this stuff up. —Jessica T (self-released, chuck@lazaras.com)

**LEFTÖVER CRACK / CITIZEN FISH: *Deadline*: CD**

Citizen Fish kicks off their half of the split with some skatomatic horn goodness. Their brand of ska-punk

utilizes its horns and up-strokes with just enough precision to get you up and skanking, but not so over the top that they become cloying. Citizen Fish aren't really all that far removed from their sister band the Subhumans in producing intense yet memorable punk rock (at least on this release). Favorite tracks on this half have to be "Working on the Inside" and "Meltdown," although both unfortunately engage in dangerous leftist rabble rousing (why won't people learn to just let the smart people in charge to take care of everything?). Citizen Fish also takes a stab at covering Leftöver Crack's "Clear Channel (Fuck Off!)" and Choking Victims' "Money." Both of these covers come off quite well because they maintain the original versions' spirit but manage to sound uniquely different, in that they get a more minimalist but just as raw sounding Citizen Fish makeover. Leftöver Crack is in fine form, too. I'm a huge fan of their last effort *Fuck World Trade*, but where that was almost operatic with its expansive-sounding production and arrangements, this batch of songs has a more straight-ahead, back-to-basics vibe going on (except for the chorus of "World War 4" which sounds pretty damn epic). Stza still carries every song vocally, but he seems not quite as fierce this time out. Instead, every song's main hook kicks in when

somebody else takes over on vocals for a little bit, like when Brad or Ezra step in for a chorus or verse. "Baby-Punchers," in particular, features a near perfect guest spot from Jello Biafra that almost makes the song twist apart with manic tension. At the end of their side, L.O.C. takes a shot at covering a song apiece from Citizen Fish and the Subhumans. All in all, this album provides a good soundtrack to dance to as the apocalypse approaches (which should really start to hit around 2050, according to the news article I just saw about global warming). Sigh... I guess it was a nice enough Earth while it lasted. —Adrian Salas (Fat Wreck Chords)

**LEGEND OF DUTCH SAVAGE: *All Will Be Good When I'm Gone*: CD**

Heavy rock with a bit of a '90s garage feel to it. Maybe a little like Radio Birdman meets the Humpers or something like that. Also reminds me quite a bit of the Soundgarden side project Hater from the early '90s. I would say these dudes dig bands like the Supersuckers and Monster Magnet about equally. Pretty good disc for heavy rockers. —Mike Frame (www.myspace.com/legendofdutchsavage)

**LINDSAY, THE: *Man up*: CD**

This band has powerpop/postpunk sounds like the Pixies and some neo-psychedelia like My Bloody

Valentine. It's not my favorite type of music, but The Lindsay do an acceptable job at it. —Jason Donnerparty (Manup Music)

**LITTLE BRAZIL:*****Tighten the Noose*: CD**


Smoking Popes meets Ben Folds (however many he's folding these days). —Megan (Mt. Fuji)

**LOCO GRINGOS: *Self-titled*: CD**

Re-issue of late '80s/early '90s studio and live tracks from a defunct Texas bar punk band. A cavalier punk attitude doused with elements of Tex-Mex, Latin, dark Santana-esque guitar and ballads. Pensive and devil-may-care, it's just like Texas to give us the gem that inspired Reverend Horton Heat's "Loco Gringos Like to Party." RHH also covered Loco Gringos' "Nurture My Pig." A local (Austin?) treasure, very representative of the national punk club bar scenes of the time. —Jessica T (Saustex)

**MAG SEVEN, THE: *The Future Is Ours, If You Can Count*: CD**

This is an instrumental surf/punk band that, at the time of this album's recording, had like 3/5s of Only Crime in the lineup, including Bill Stevenson on drums. I like surf music, but this doesn't quite nail it for some reason. It's not bad, but none of the songs have those parts which jump out from the best of



**The RIPPERS**

**NOMELËC'S REVENGE!**

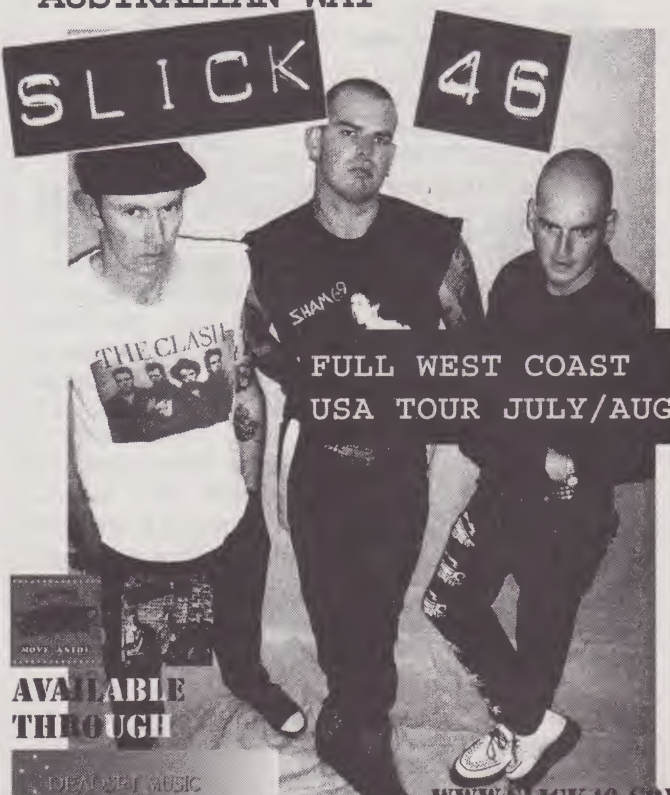
CD/LP  
**Rock. Deadly. Punk. DAMAGE**

www.therippers.net  
www.myspace.com/ripperssp

**ROCK ON MUSIC**

Distributed in the USA by  
www.DISCOURAGERECORDS.com  
Also available at interpunk.com

**OI OI OI STREETPUNK THE AUSTRALIAN WAY**



**FULL WEST COAST USA TOUR JULY/AUG**

**AVAILABLE THROUGH**

DEADSET MUSIC

**WWW.SLICK46.COM**  
**DEADSETMUSIC.NET WWW.MYSPACE.COM/SLICK46**



surf rock, grab you by the ears, and make you think, "My god, how did any mere person ever tap into such unbridled coolness with their guitar (or in some cases drums)?" I wanted to like this more but I'll probably still go for some Dick Dale when I want my instrumental surf fix. —Adrian Salas (End Sounds)

#### MAKEOUT MUSIC:

##### **Get off My Soapbox: CD**

This is fairly standard, fast tempo, melodic hardcore. The lyrics are kind of cliché. The fake Soviet propaganda poster cover is mighty cool though, but it's not enough to save this six-song record from sounding like it was made by a machine. —Jason Donnerparty (Makeoutmusic)

#### MERRY WIDOWS, THEE:

##### **Revenge Served Cold: CD**

An all-girl psychobilly band whose success is owed to novelty, not talent. —Jessica T (www.Merrywidowsmusic.com)

#### MODERN MACHINES, THE:

##### **Atama Ga Onara: cassette**

Oh man, I almost feel bad for reviewing this; it's a homemade compilation of various 7"/split/comp tracks, not to mention the last songs that Hanson played on. Oh yeah, and the songs are fucking amazing. This is even still pretty cool to have, even if you already have all the other records these songs are on. —Joe Evans III (Dingus)

#### MONIKERS: *Eat Your Young: CDEP*

Take Jawbreaker, Crimpshrine, and really disturbing cover art, make them into ice cream, and then let that ice cream get a little runny, and then eat that ice cream, and you will have...Monikers. Gruff vocals, lyrics generally about politics and girls, and... a drawing of a mom eating her baby's intestines on the CD cover. Seriously! These Florida-based boys probably play some amazing local basement shows. Not as powerful as Mr. Blake and Sir Cometbus, but still good! If this were a cereal, it'd be the store brand Honey Nut Cheerios I bought the other day. Not as good as the name brand, but still! —Maddy (Kiss of Death)

#### NO TRUCE:

##### **My Life, My Struggle: CD**

Mean, burly, hardcore in the vein of Blood For Blood, and various others of the same ilk, comprised of angry, shouted vocals amidst guitar feedback, and lyrical chants about being dealt a bad hand, stabbed in the back by so-called friends, and general disdain for the world. Can't help but think I've heard this song (or songs—all sounds the same to me) one too many times. I imagine these dudes never really colored outside the lines in their coloring books. Every now and then, you gotta venture outside the box and add that extra panel where Charlie Brown

returns with a firearm and discharges it in Lucy's face for pulling that goddamn football away countless times. Now that's hardcore. —Dave Disorder (High Fidelity)

#### NORMAN BATES & THE SHOWERHEADS, THE: *Psycho II 1987-1996 Discography: CD*

Melodic, driving, hardcore punk a la Ill Repute and D.O.A., but from NYC. Excellent example of the genre during the featured time period: well-timed, powerful, and fast with strong vocals and harmonic choruses. Includes the 1998 self-titled release, unreleased studio tracks from 1990-1996, songs from compilations, live performances on radio and at CBGB. —Jessica T (Haunted Town)

#### NOTHINGTON: *Self-titled: CD*

Although this description may seem a little blah, or predictable, the band's not. Mix in the gruffness, the layers upon layers texture of Leatherface and add Against Me's country-echoed ability to make anthems out of everyday life. Nothington's one of those bands that didn't strike me suddenly. It's like how with a sweating beer bottle, you can peel the label off if you pick at it slowly, instead of trying to rip it off right at the start and not get the whole thing. Nothington's got a little patience, a little reflection to work at a goal. As a band, I find them slowly creeping in, and since

nothing's missing musically, they set up shop, and this CDs been getting plenty of spins. The duets with Emily Whitehurst are especially good. Nice work. —Todd (BYO)

#### OFF WITH THEIR HEADS / TILTWHEEL: *Split 7"*

You'd be hard pressed to pair together two bands I love more. It's rare to find a band that's perfect both on days when the only thing keeping me from doing myself in is lack of motivation and some of the best days ever, let alone two. OWTW: "Closed Early" is true to what I've come to expect from them: pained depression played upbeat that makes me want to be in a crowded living room or basement with a bunch of friends. The second song, "Aqua Panther," totally threw me. And then I remembered Alex Ulloa had joined OWTW on this 7", and it made sense. This could sit up there with most Panthro UK United 13 songs, but it still (after at least fifty listens) feels strange as an OWTW song. Tiltwheel: I think the only way Tiltwheel could let me down is to stop recording. This should be listened to with good friends, good times, and cheap beer. Buy this or be stupid. —Megan (Fast Crowd / Small Pool)

#### ON THE MIGHT OF PRINCES:

##### **The Making of a Conversation: CD**

The vocals on this first recording by OTMOP are a pretty straight



# ANTELOPE

## Records & Stuff We Sell:

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 160. THE EVENS             | 'Get Evens' \$10   |
| 157. ANTELOPE              | 'Reflector' \$10   |
| 156. MAKE-UP               | 'In Film/On Video' DVD (96 min. NTSC non-region encoded) Includes 'Blue is Beautiful', videos, live clips \$18 |
| 155. THE AQUARIUM          | self-titled CD ONLY \$10   |
| 154. FRENCH TOAST          | 'Ingleside Terrace' \$10   |
| 153. JOE LALLY             | 'There to Here' \$10   |
| 152. SOCCER TEAM           | 'Volunteered' Civility & Professionalism' ONLY CD \$10   |
| 151. CHANNELS              | 'Waiting For the Next End of the World' ONLY CD \$10   |
| 149. MEDICATIONS           | 'Your Favorite People All in One Place' ONLY CD \$10   |
| 147. LUNGFISH              | 'Feral Hymns' \$10   |
| 125. TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY | 3 CD Set: 134-page book, 73 songs (21 unreleased) \$25   |
| 70. FUGAZI                 | 'In on the Kill Taker' CD Remastered \$10  |
| 27. MINOR THREAT           | Now on DVD - 3 Live Shows: DC Space, Buff Hall, 930 Club \$18  |
| 14. DISCHORD 1981          | Teen Idles, Minor Threat, SOA, GI?, Youth Brigade ONLY CD \$10   |

GOODBYE PRICE CODES YOU SERVED US WELL SINCE 85

Prices shown include postage within USA.

Postage on Foreign Orders will be calculated when you place your order on our website. (or you can call us to get postage total)

Visit our secure website: [www.dischord.com](http://www.dischord.com)

E-mail: [orders@dischord.com](mailto:orders@dischord.com) Phone: (703) 351-7507

Stores: Let's deal direct! Phone: (703) 351-7491

Fax (703) 351-7582 E-mail: [direct@dischord.com](mailto:direct@dischord.com)

Illustrated CATALOG! please send one US \$ or 3 US Stamps or 4 IRCs.



For a plain but complete LIST of all records, send us a US stamp or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH., D.C. 20007-1802



forward rip-off of *Rising Tide*-era Sunny Day Real Estate stuff. This is a decent record in mostly drop D but I don't hear anything too original here. If you like Hum and Sunny Day Real Estate and can't seem to get enough of bands that sound like them, you might dig this. —Buttertooth (RokLok/Eugenics)

**ON THE MIGHT OF PRINCES: *Where You Are and Where You Want to Be*: CD**  
This is indie-post-hardcore stuff that leans towards emo without becoming completely whiney. I like some of the transitions but think At The Drive In still rules 'em. These four Long Island screamers play heavy stuff but still retain a melody. I personally like the quiet interludes but think the screamed vocals are a bit repetitive. There aren't too many fast and furious tracks on here—its mostly mid tempo. I suggest this for folks who like the idea of mixing June of '44-style spacey parts, Sunny Day Real Estate melody vocals, and a little dash of angst. —Buttertooth (RokLok)

**OUT WITH A BANG: *I'm Against It* EP: 7"**  
Stupid, snotty, thrash punk. And by describing it as "stupid," I'm not trying to be insulting. I'm pretty sure that both Out With A Bang and their fans would agree that not only is this stupid, but it's intentionally trying to be stupid. And past all the poorly

drawn artwork, self-deprecation, and abrasive lyrics, there are in fact actual emotions and opinions being displayed on this record. Fuck, I think this is good but I'm probably too dumb to understand the societal commentary this band is trying to make. This is the reissue of the one-sided 12" Italian release. So it is possible to get stupider than this, but it's gonna cost you in shipping (unless you live in Italy). —Daryl (Fashionable Idiots)

**PAPER DRAGONS: demo: CD-R**  
This is a three song, five minute and fifteen second CD demo from this Baltimore band. While the band says this is mid-tempo and melodic, I would suggest that in comparison with most of the stuff *Razorcake* reviews that might be true, but it definitely still has a strong, punk rock feel. With roughly sung vocals, the songs here sound good and demonstrate some promise. On the other hand, while I can't remember who Paper Dragons reminds me of, they give off the air of about a hundred different opening bands I had to sit through to watch the band I really wanted to see. In the end, it's just three songs so who the hell knows where this is going? —Kurt Morris (paperdragons@gmail.com)

**PEABODYS, THE: *Awkward Age*: 7" EP**  
It's like Mutant Pop never died in the minds of these Queers-

ish, Rivethead-ish boys! They even have a song about lame emo fuckers. "Even nights you walk the train tracks/ Odd, read Kerouac on desolate rooftops/ We got it, got it all/ Are you through?" I just wish the songs were faster, because I could then compare this to a great punk rock cereal. As is, it would be Kix. Yes, there's sugar in it, but please! More sugar! More, um, speed? I am an idiot. —Maddy (Infringement/Incessant Drip)

**PLAN B PURSUIT: *And All I Got Was This Lousy...: CD***  
This band hails from the incredibly small town of Boerne, TX. This album does not do their musicianship justice. I saw them live before I bought this and they were much better than this album makes them seem. The music on this disc is pop punk in the vein of mid '90s NOFX mixed with some Green Day and it's pretty tight. The problem, however, is the vocals, which seem to have been recorded when one of the singers was very, very sick, drunk, or busy singing on karaoke night. Oh, and by the way guys, you totally could have gone without the "Fucked without a Kiss" song. —Bryan Static (Eunuch)

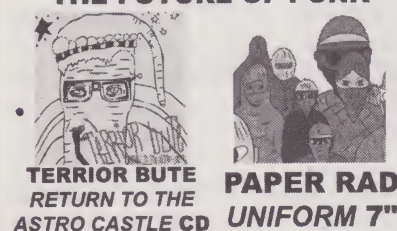
**POISON ARROWS, THE: *Straight into the Drift*: CDEP**  
This features an ex-member of Don Caballero, but that does little to

save this one: devoid of any type of excitement whatsoever, and meandering to the point of oblivion. Oh shit, guess my indie card will be revoked post haste. —Sean Koepenick (File 13)

**PRETTY BOY THORSON & THE FALLING ANGELS: *Ain't It Funny*: CD**  
Don't let the upbeat, jangly, and lovesick-adolescent-boy tone fool you—this sloppy-drunk punk is chock-full of forethought and honest, lighthearted lyrics about heartbreak, self-hate, and drinking to forget. Self-aware suburban punks who don't take themselves too seriously maintain a sense of humor on ten tracks with titles like "I Know I Said I Love You but I Guess I Don't," "If the Drinking Don't Kill Me Then I'll Think of Something Else," and "Things I Should Have Told You before." Keywords: Crimpshrine, East Bay, Sweet Baby, Lookout!, Gilman Street. —Jessica T (Redemption Value)

**PREVAIL WITHIN / SMARTBOMB: *Split*: 7"**  
Yummy-looking blue/green/yellow splattered clear vinyl holds fast, scream-the-lyrics-with-your-arm-around-your-buddy punk. The earnest unity of our scene lives on here, unmarred by scenester cynicism. —Susan Chung (Mightier Than Sword)

## VICIOUS POP RECORDS PRESENTS... THE FUTURE OF PUNK

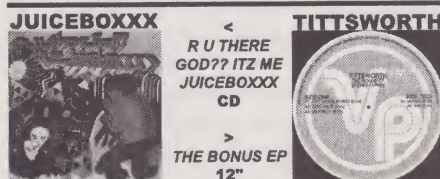


**OUT NOW**  
THE NEW DANCE FLOOR ANTHEM  
**JUICEBOXXX AND DRE SKULL**  
"SWEAT"

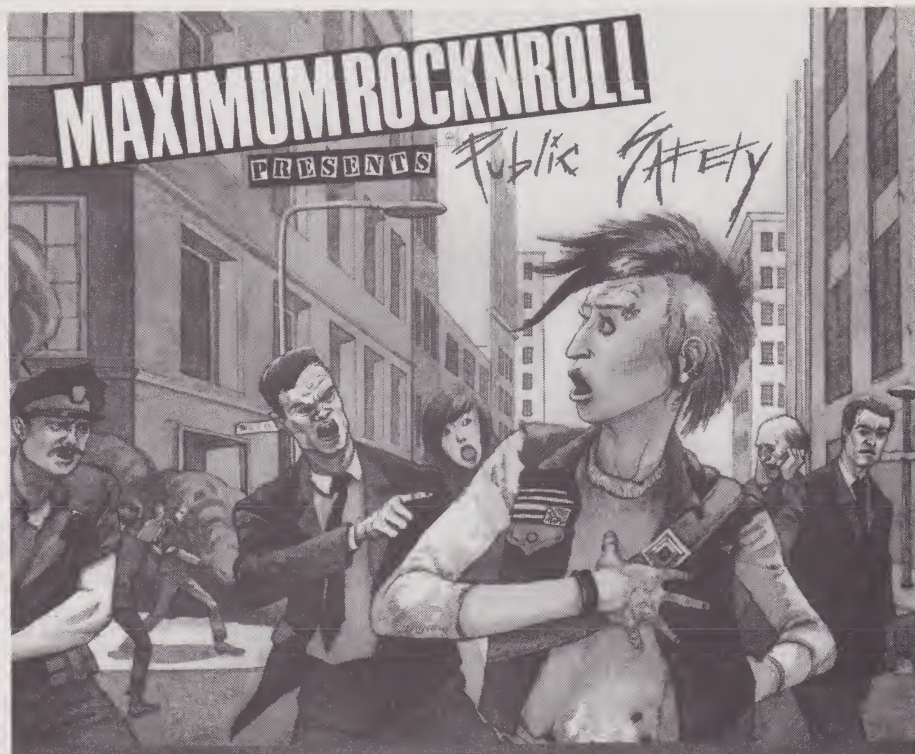
REMIXES BY  
DJ TECHNICS  
XXXCHANGE  
+ DRE SKULL



ON  
12" VINYL  
+  
MP3



**EXCLUSIVE DIGITAL TRAXXX**  
[WWW.VICIOUSPOPDIGITAL.COM](http://WWW.VICIOUSPOPDIGITAL.COM)  
[WWW.VICIOUSPOPRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.VICIOUSPOPRECORDS.COM)



International comp LP/CD out now! • \$10 pdd. in the US to: MRR • PO Box 460760 • SF, CA 94146

Äartila • Career Suicide • Deadfall • Direct Control • Disease • The First Step • Formaldehyde Junkies  
Framtid • Gorilla Angreb • Holy Shit! • Limp Wrist • Look Back And Laugh • Nightmare  
No Hope For The Kids • Observers • Pedestrians • Persevere • Regress • Regulations • Signal Lost  
Sin Dios • Sleeper Cell • Smalltown • Smartut Kahol Lavan • Strung Up • Sunday Morning Einsteins

Go to [maximumrocknroll.com](http://maximumrocknroll.com) (click "MRR Merch") for int'l/distro rates and online ordering.



**PREVAIL WITHIN/  
SMARTBOMB: Split: 7"**

Prevail Within: *The* leading hardcore political punk force out of San Antonio, TX. I will admit that I'm biased in their favor due to the fact that they helped my first band start out. These songs answer the questions that their full length presented. Mainly, can these guys play a song in less than four minutes? Yes they can, and it's awesome. Smartbomb: Features members of No Trigger and Shock Nagasaki. They're also politically charged, but more skate punk than hardcore. Musically, they remind me a little of Satanic Surfers with lyrics that don't seem to have any sort of beat or measure. Recommended for the thirteen-year-old skater who thinks The Casualties have good political lyrics. All copies on clear vinyl with puke colored splatter. —Bryan Static (Mightier Than Sword)

**PTERADON: Demo: CD-R**

Okay, where to go with this one? How about: I'm pretty sure this is the best demo I've ever received from *Razorcake*. Or: this spray painted, skips-like-fuck CD-R that plays on my stereo about half the time will most likely make my "Top Ten of 2007" list at the end of the year. Maybe this one'll work: in only six songs, Pteradon manages to combine elements of post-punk, jazz, rock'n'roll, and mean-as-nails punk

rock into three-minute crystalline bursts, distill it and serve it right back to you in a way that sounds entirely new. It's riddled with hope, it's melancholy as shit, and it's all around just *rad*. They name-drop Black Flag, The Clash, and the Filth/Blatz *Shit Split* in their songs but sound nothing like any of those bands. At times the guitars meander and weave amongst each other (such as on "Iron Lung") in a way that'd make Tonie Joy weep with, uh, joy, while in others (like the fuckin' jaw-dropping opener, "Broadway") they blaze and soar like lightning cracking the sky or some shit. How's that for some crappy, ill-fitting imagery? This is the curse of the record reviewer: how easy it is to launch a salvo on a record you dislike, and how hard it is to explain it when you come across songs that sound unlike anything you've heard before but still send electricity up and down your spine the first and fiftieth time you hear them. For me, and for whatever reason, Pteradon is writing those songs right now. All six of 'em are all over the map and yet perfectly gelled all at once: they manage to put five or six parts into a song that still forms into something seamless, coherent and, again, awesome. They've apparently signed to Asian Man, and nine times out of ten I'd say you should just wait until their official full-length comes out. This is apparently that tenth time, because with *this* band, I'd say fire 'em off a

nice letter and request the demo. It's indescribable; I can't tell you exactly what it is that they're doing right, but the demo, man, it's that good. —Keith Rosson (Pteradon)

**QUEERS, THE: Munki Brain: CD**

Wow. This really kind of stinks. And I say that as someone who will defend the Queers to my dying days, primarily because the idea of getting into a fight with my roommate in a nursing home about the Queers vs. Neurosis makes me almost okay with the prospect of shitting my pants. There's still a ton of Beach Boys-esque harmonies, plus two songs co-written by Ben Weasel (including the amazing "Tangerine," the best song on the album), three songs co-written by Lisa Marr, and a song about Brian Wilson. There's also a definite Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* influence. How does this formula not create success? I could blame the song "Monkey in a Suit," a political song comparing Bush to Hitler. (Note: The Queers should stick to writing about girls.) But if every song on this album was as good as "Tangerine," this would be so cool. Alas, if this were a cereal, it'd be Cap 'n Crunch. I can't explain why I don't like it, other than the fact that it once scraped my mouth and I started to bleed. —Maddy (Asian Man)

**RAUNCH HANDS, THE:**

**Bigg Topp: CD**

Kind of Humpers/ Lazy Cowgirls in a greasy, swaggering way. Based in roots

and early rock, this album is a plain good ol' time with a moonshine bottle and sleazy chicks who like to party after hours. —Jessica T (Licorice Tree)

**RAY GRADYS, THE:**

**Die Mindless Fools: CDEP**

Pretty standard metallic, melodic hardcore punk, with standard lyrics about hating the rich, the police, and yourself. Covers of the A-Team theme, "Tomorrow," and "Chinese Rocks." Are they trying to cross over to the Me First and the Gimme Gimmes' audience with all the covers? In any case, it's not enough to save this from being mediocre. —Jason Donnerparty (Grady Core)

**REAGAN SS: Bon Appetit! 7" EP**

When Daryl comes over twice a week to Razorcake, we've come to some mutual conclusions about hardcore and thrash, and it's become a "what side of the fence you on?" distinction. Both he and I think that the Government Warning's *No Moderation 12"* kicks some serious ass. Speed is one thing. Powerviolence pushed it so fast that it seemed that the music was standing still, like spinning wheels before the traction. But speed only covers so much. Shit, almost-blind grandparents can drive a car in a straight line as fast as possible. The trick that sticks, for Daryl and me, is to somehow hide a sheet of melody under a song that's barreling along at 120 MPH, while—

**FULL BREACH KICKS**  
new releases...

COMING MAY 2007!

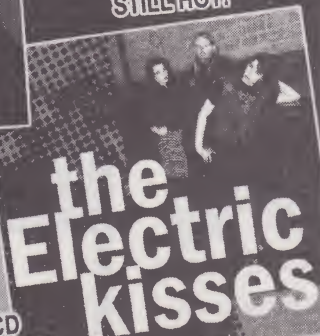


SICK FITS  
"S/T" CD/LP  
REVVED-UP  
ROCK'N' ROLL  
PUNK-THUNDER  
THE CANADIAN BOYS  
ARE BACK!

CD  
VERSION

THE JONESES  
"KEEPING UP WITH  
THE JONESES" CD/LP  
REISSUE OF THE  
'80s CLASSIC  
LA's INFAMOUS  
GLAM PUNK LEGENDS!

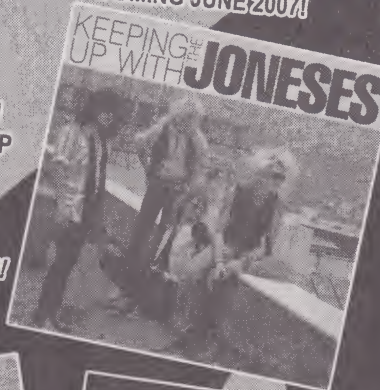
STILL HOT!



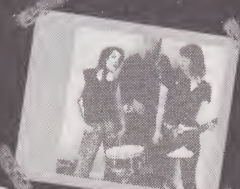
the  
Electric  
Kisses

LP  
VERSION

COMING JUNE 2007!

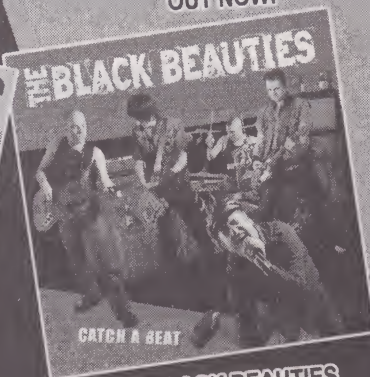


THE  
ELECTRIC KISSES



THE ELECTRIC KISSES  
"S/T" CD/LP  
SEATTLE CO-ED POWER POP PUNK  
ELECTRIFYING EXCITEMENT!

OUT NOW!



THE BLACK BEAUTIES  
"CATCH A BEAT" CD  
WINDY CITY TRASH PUNK ROCK  
GET IN ON THE ACTION PARTY!

COMING SOON: Soho Roses CD collection & "Sedated Just Like You: 25 Songs About & Inspired by the Ramones" comp. Distributed by Redeye • [www.redeyeusa.com](http://www.redeyeusa.com)

Come visit the FULL BREACH 77 online store for original punk rock & rock 'n' roll t-shirts, leather jackets, and more!

**FULL BREACH KICKS** 2060 N. California Ave. • Chicago, IL 60647 • [www.fullbreach77.com](http://www.fullbreach77.com)



to the outside world—it may sound like a wall of noise. Reagan SS: Man, these dudes have it dialed. The music sounds mean and nasty, can peg the tachometer, but where it's the most interesting is how they use top speed as a dynamic that makes this 7"—to tuned ears—seem like the band's playing on the top of a car (maybe like *Teen Wolf*) while in the middle of a race. That's another trick entire. —Todd (Rabid Dog)

#### RETARDED: *Goes Louder*: CD

Italian punk rockers with a sound somewhere between the Ramones, Turbonegro, and Motörhead. I'm too much of a dork to like Motörhead's hard rock, but if you do, I bet you'd think this was amazing. If this were a cereal, it would be Apple Jacks. I'll take 'em, but I'd rather have Froot Loops. More color (Ramones), less apple (AC/DC)! —Maddy (Insubordination)

#### RIFLES, THE: *No Love Lost*: CD

Incredible debut from this London foursome. If you like The Buzzcocks, The Jam, or any outfit where melody and a full head of steam are all you need, this is your new band. "Hometown Blues," "She's Got Standards," and "Peace And Quiet" simply churn with energy. Produced by Ian Broudie (Icicle Works, Echo & The Bunnymen) no less! Let's hope record number two generates some

U.S. buzz since I'm like to hear this album in a small, smelly club. —Sean Koepenick (Red Ink)

#### SAINTS, THE: *Cabaret at the Roundhouse, Live 1977*: CD

The live record we have been waiting for. Rude, raw and in your face. The original line-up, playing their first show in London. "Do the Robot," "I'm Stranded," "Miss Understood" and "Perfect Day" spew fire and brimstone. Crank the unbridled fury of The Saints UP! Way UP! I'd put this up against any live official releases by The Clash, The Ramones, and even The Damned. Guess what—I'd win. Ed Kuepper—where are you? —Sean Koepenick (Swashbuckler)

#### SAVAGE CITY OUTLAWS: *Revenge My Rock'n'Roll: 7"* EP

Portuguese punky rock stuff here that ain't too terrible, but no doubt they'd stuck to singing in Portuguese instead of English. Yellow vinyl, limited to 300. —Jimmy Alvarado (Wrecked 'Em)

#### SAY WHEN: *I'm with the Band*: CD

Reminiscent of something I'd hear on the late night "alternative" program on the local rock radio stations, where everything they played sounded just like all the stuff they normally do. This isn't bad, just not my thing. —Joe Evans III (Self-released)

#### SEMI FOUR: *Boring and Endless*: CDEP

They fit well within the family of sound formed by Blotto!, The Urchin, and The Because. This is one of many bands out of Japan right now that I'm keeping my eyes on. Super-catchy and super-good. —Megan (Akinori Serizawa)

#### SENIOR DISCOUNT: *There Were Four Who Tried*: CD

This sucks worse than being stuck next to some blabbering, pretentious moron at a bar who says things like: "I haven't heard it since it came out, but I like it." And, "We're driving in Brian's hybrid car through all of these muscle cars, and there's this fantastic bluegrass band that's über good. They ask if there are any requests, and I yell out 'Sweet Emotion.' And he played it! It was great. It was fuckin' rippin'." —Megan (www.seniordiscountmusic.com)

#### SHACK SHAKERS, TH': *Lower Broadway Lo-Fi*: CD

We can talk about punk rock: dissect it, categorize and compartmentalize it. But the fact remains, for this reviewer, a lot of times what draws me to a band is something that's absolutely unclassifiable: the energy involved: that intangible but immediately apparent thing that, frankly, you either got as a band or you don't. That said, Th' Shack Shakers aren't punk in a sonic sense—this is country

music, straight up. But goddamn, energy? Are you kidding me, here? Energy, they've got buckets of. Recording's live and raw—busted speakers, tiny amps, and fuzzed-out as all hell—and all the better for it. *LBLF* is apparently the only existing recording of this band (culled from the one cassette copy they gave out) and it's a story like that, that sense of bucking the odds, that can't help but endear me to the music. It was recorded live but as a session, not in a show environment—but Jesus Christ, it *sounds* like a live show, like a crazed and chaotic stomp of a live show, full of frenetic bluegrass and the kind of translated energy that you so rarely get outside of the punk scene. Fans of everyone from rockabilly to country would dig this—if your record collection holds anything by The Pine Hill Haints to Reverend Horton Heat, you'll be all over this. There's something to be said for an album that could've come out last week or in 1955 and still makes you grin with the uncontained and relentless fury and joy of it. I rarely even listen to bands of this genre, but the sheer guts and sweat is so audible here that I've found myself putting it on long after I could've written a review and been done with it. —Keith Rosson (Arkam)

#### SHUDDERS, THE: *Self-titled*: 7"

The drummer of this band used to put on the best house shows



**insight  
distribution**

RECORDS BOOKS ZINES

www.insightdistro.com

# TIPITO

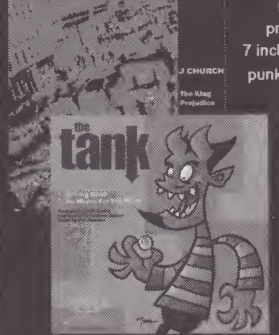


MAIL ORDER


[HTTP://LITTLETYPE.COM](http://LITTLETYPE.COM)

MADE OF WATER, MODERN MACHINES, RED PEPPERS, CHINESE TELEPHONES, SALT, SCREECHING WEASEL, VINEGAR, TED LEO, SPICES, DR. FRANK (Mr. T Experience), GARLIC, SCAM MAGAZINE, ACETIC ACID, GREENZINE, XANTHAN GUM, THIS IS MY FIST, STUFF FROM MYRIAD BANDS FANZINES AND OTHER MITE ROGUES AS A PRESERVATIVE. (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO T-SHIRTS, CDs & VINYL FOR THE AFOREMENTIONED INGREDIENTS)

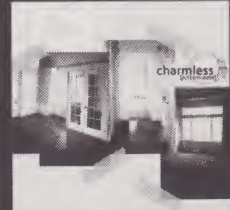
### J CHURCH / THE TANK SPLIT 7 INCH



Itchy Korean Records proudly presents a new 7 inch split single featuring punk legends, J CHURCH along side SoCal, THE TANK. Features The Tank's rendition of "No Worse For The Wear" from Costa Mesa's BIG DRILL CAR. Produced by Mark Arnold. \$5ppd usa \$7 overseas



CD compilation featuring Asian bands from around the globe. 14 bands ranging from emo to hardcore to rock to metal make up this pupu platter. \$10ppd usa/\$12 overseas



Debut cd from SF's indie-rock champs, CHARMLESS. Imagine Superchunk + Husker Du + Tom Petty = Relentless melodic sonic assault. Get it. You will be stoked. \$10ppd usa/\$12 overseas

**IKO** PO Box 570743, Houston, TX 77257-0743, USA  
[www.itchykorean.com](http://www.itchykorean.com) [www.myspace.com/punk\\_rock\\_asian\\_rednecks](http://www.myspace.com/punk_rock_asian_rednecks)



in Santa Cruz, CA. I saw some great bands play there. The likes of: Carrie Nations (the good one), Hit Me Back, This Is My Fist, Fleshes, Abi Yoyos, Two Gallants, and the house band who she used to drum for, Spag. I could cut this record down cause she didn't let my old band play at her house, but 1.) That's not like me, and 2.) No one let us play anywhere, so she was only being consistent. The Shudders play glammed-out rock'n'roll somewhere between raw and minimalist. Distortion, make-up, and gin seem to be the active ingredients, and the white vinyl, photo booth pictures, and spray painted cover-hand numbered at three-hundred—are the spices that make it delicious. —Daryl (Compact, theshudders@hotmail.com)

**SHUDDERS, THE: Self-titled: 7" EP**  
Starts off in step with the A Lines, Headcoatees, and early Mudhoney and, the longer it played, an alternate universe Bikini Kill (less anthemic, less hubris, more "this has no obvious immediate alignment"). Garage-infested proto grunge with lungs, squall, and poetic defiance. Think lipstick smears, crushed smokes, beaten instruments beat upon, hearts beating and beat upon, and rusty steamer with a crisp flag flying. Nice paint-stenciled cover, too. —Todd (Compact, theshudders@hotmail.com)

**SHY GUYS, THE:**  
***Breaking Up Is Hard to Do: CD***

Decent rockin' pop punk from a band that broke up in 2002. One really good song ("Cloudy Vertigo") and some lesser Queens-esque songs. The coolest thing about this are the liner notes that say, "Through the years we were fortunate enough to meet other people who had the same ideas and convictions, people who also thought ranking Connie Dungs albums was not a waste of time." I thought Milwaukee punks were the only ones who ranked Mutant Pop bands! I tried to get into this, but I think it's really more suited to a basement show than to my apartment. If this were a cereal, it'd be regular Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with sugar added on top by the consumer. In other words, they have the potential/ability to truly rock, but sometimes end up being regular corn flakes. —Maddy (myspace.com/theshyguys)

**SIR PRIZE FIGHTER:**  
***Beat It to Live: CD***

While I can say this band plays with energy and isn't bad, I still don't feel compelled to think they are inspired. This is kinda overdone stuff along the lines of what Hot Water Music was doing about ten years ago. I don't hate it; I just keep thinking I've heard every riff somewhere else before. They also say that they sound kind of bluegrass and I don't hear an inkling of banjo. Come on guys, what's with the bluegrass reference? —Buttertooth (Barracuda Sound)

**SKINTONES, THE:**  
***This Is Science: CD***

When I first popped in this CD, I panicked a little: "Oh no," I thought, "metal! A genre in which I have little knowledge and less interest." I'm always afraid of reviewing albums in genres I'm ignorant of, for fear of not making any sense or doing anyone any good. I bet at least one person will laugh at me for even calling them "metal." So maybe I'm crazy when I say this, but Skintones kind of sounds to me like a bunch of hardcore punk kids who grew up listening to '80s metal and like to work the Cookie Monster vocals. Take that as you will. I did kind of dig "Down South," but maybe that's just the country fan in me responding to the banjo and harmonica. —Sarah Shay (Crustacean)

**SKUDZ: Millions of Dead: 7" EP**  
***SKUDZ: Absurd: 7" EP***

Judging from the full-on metallic thrash attack they employ, I think it's a safe guess they have nothing to do with the old Texas punk band of the same name. Their fast, furious'n'political approach is just dandy, but I'm especially impressed with the packaging of both EPs. Unless you've got family in the printing business, that shit could not have been cheap, man. Choice shots of passed out and marked people, too. —Jimmy Alvarado

**SMALLTOWN / THE CRUMP: Split 7"**

Smalltown: Since I wasn't out buying punk records when the Clash were active (I was digging *Pac Man Fever*), I didn't experience that first-hand jolt between *London Calling* and *Sandinista*. It's amazing to me how many expectations are heaped on bands—bands I like—and if they change in unexpected ways, it's a reevaluation and the fear that they'll never be as good as their first stuff. I have faith in Smalltown, so I listened to this several times before making a call. The songs are slower, taking their time, reflecting, with an organ in back. And it's great stuff, much in line with how the Swingin' Utters and Filthy Thieving Bastards still remain faithful to their first firecrackers but aren't picking up the ashes and trying to convince themselves, nor their fans, that those'll blow up in the same way again. The Crump: I'm now convinced that the Japanese have fully functional time machines and they're not sharing the technology with us American slobbs. The Crump, somehow, take mid-'90s Midwest pop punk and put it right at the feet of the altar of early Elvis Costello. Finger snapping, toe tapping good stuff. —Todd (Snuffy Smiles)

**SMOKE OR FIRE:**  
***The Sinking Ship: CD***

These guys are like the In-N-Out Burger of punk rock. Their really good, pretty satisfying, and definitely

Turning Rebellion Into Whimsy.



Spring 2007 issue out now.

Summer 2007 issue available in the Summer...of 2007.

**PUNK ROCK CONFIDENTIAL**

**MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE**

Are On Another Magazine Cover!

Arrests! Wrecked Bears! Oh My!

[www.punkrockconfidential.com](http://www.punkrockconfidential.com)



a lot better than a lot of the other stuff out there (I.E. Fall Out Boy = McDonalds, Hatebreed = Carl's Jr.). The music's speedy hardcore pop punk with plenty of harmonized vocals to sweeten the deal. In fact, they sound a lot like Rise Against but with a less scream-prone singer. Their topics tend to be both explicitly political and more personal, which strikes a nice balance (sometimes it gets tiring to have to fight the system without a little breather). This is a really good album, but also like In-N-Out Burger, it seems to lack that extra little bit that would make it really special, like a well-crafted burrito from that taco truck on Glencoe Ave. in Marina Del Rey. These guys have gobs of potential though, and I look forward to seeing what they can do live. —Adrian Salas (Fat)

#### SMOKE OR FIRE:

##### ***This Sinking Ship: LP***

It's got some very good lyrics and the music is tight, but it's basically disc two of their last album *Above the City*. If you were a fan last time around, this LP won't disappoint. High points include the song "Patty Hearst Syndrome" and the title track. —Bryan Static (Fat)

#### SOUNDCITY HOOLIGANS / HOLLYWOOD GODS: Split 7"

Soundcity Hooligans: They sound eerily like the guy from the Beltones or Paddy from D4 singing about

fighting and, uh, being a hooligan, backed by some mid-tempo, tuneful streetpunk stuff. Despite the somewhat meatheaded material, it was some catchy shit, indeed. Hollywood Gods: I think they're shooting for a Dropkick Murphys/Bouncing Souls, anthemic kind of vein, and while the music *works* and is hook-laden and all that, I think it was the vocalist's somewhat leaden delivery that kept their songs tacked in the "so-so" spectrum. Probably just about the prettiest piece of colored vinyl I've ever seen. —Keith Rosson (Longshot)

#### SOUNDS LIKE VIOLENCE:

##### ***With Blood on My Hands: CD***

I don't like to give out bad reviews. It takes some courage to send in a CD to a magazine where it can be ravaged and possibly break any illusions someone has about themselves. And it is the reviewer's personal taste that rules how they are going to review your CD or record. But I feel that it is my responsibility as a reviewer to tell you, the consumer, what is good or sucks, so you don't spend your hard earned money on something you shouldn't. That said, I think this totally blows. I guess you'd categorize it as emo, with the shrill, trebly voice that goes into screaming when the singer is trying to sound really intense. The vocals are really banal and self-pitying. The music is fairly generic power pop/alternative/

emo whatever (I don't really think it's worth going into too much depth trying to dissect it) with no real hooks, just some forgettable guitar lines. I even hate the name, too. I wish the band luck and hope this review doesn't make them slit their wrists. —Jason Donnerparty (Deep Elm)

#### STATIC OF THE GODS:

##### ***Cycles Follow Signs: CD***

The helpful sticker on the cover tells me, the lazy reviewer, that I will like this record if I like Arcade Fire and The Cardigans. I like neither, yet I do like Static. How strange. "Swing and Sway" and "Eighty-Eights" are repeats on this release. If you like the guitar riffage of Velocity Girl, a dash of Siouxsie, and even some Letters To Cleo songwriting, then this record should be on your radar. —Sean Koepenick (Del Verano, info@staticofthegods.com)

#### STATIC RADIO:

##### ***One for the Good Guys: 7" EP***

Fast hardcore. How fast? So fast that I didn't even realize that all five songs were on one side of this, until I turned the record over and noticed that a few minutes had gone by, and nothing happened. That's how fast. —Joe Evans III (Chunksaah)

#### SUPREME COMMANDER:

##### ***120 Years in the Business: 7" EP***

This reminded me of some older NYC/ CBGB's hardcore matinee

band for some reason, only not as meatheaded or chugga chugga sounding. Pretty good stuff, the weird swirl vinyl looks badass. —Joe Evans III (A389)

#### SWEET ROT: *Drug Fiend... 7" EP*

Some 7"s are just plain odd and make me consider: "I don't think this person can tie their own shoes. How'd they get a record out? I'm glad they did." Sweet Rot seems like a one-not-so-stable-man-runs-the-band affair. (Hand-scrawled letter notes "5,000 pressed, 10 on gold sparkle," then goes on to nuclear power and black holes.) Think miscreant melodies channeled from "La Bamba," in an Angry Samoans mixed with Dr. Demento style; the ghost from Scooby Doo handles backup vocal duties... Yup, I think the world's big enough to have two MOTOs in it. —Todd (Square Wave Records, the address of where it was recorded are on the lyric sheet, but the band's isn't. squarewaverecords@gmail.com)

#### TATTLE TALES, THE:

##### ***Fuck the Ergs: 7"***

I like jokes, and I've been known to say fuck this or that from time to time. But, here's the thing—when someone says, "Fuck \_\_\_\_\_," I'm expecting one of two things. One, that whoever is saying, "fuck \_\_\_\_\_" is actually better than \_\_\_\_\_. Or two, that whoever is saying, "fuck \_\_\_\_\_"

♥ custom screenprinting ♥

heartuproductions.com

## TEAM SCIENCE RECORDS



#### THE MEASURE (SA) HISTORICAL FICTION CD TSR005

The Measure (SA) are from NJ. They play gritty pop punk in the vein of American Steel and Discount with a dash of Bruce Springsteen and The Pixies. Add a little midwestern flair and they are one nice little package. It's like a nice little Saturday. For fans of New Jersey basements and snowcones.

LP AVAILABLE ON DON GIOVANNI / SALINAS RECORDS

#### PAPERMOONS SELF TITLED 7IN. TSR006

I'm sure this Houston duo wouldn't mind being referred to as beautiful, winsome, acoustic front-porch folk rock. It's the stuff of reflective midnight drives or lazy summer afternoons collapsing under the inevitable weight of dusk. The band's debut four-song 7" will be available in April and will also include a cd version with a bonus track.



#### O PIONEERS!!! SAW WHEEL SPLIT CD TSR001

The release is Houston's own O Pioneers!!! and Austin's very own Saw Wheel, both bands hailing from the great state of Texas. O Pioneers!!! deliver a hard hitting mix of Gainesville sounding punk rock and fun. Saw Wheel delivers a folk sound not like any other, but very personal.

For fans of: Hot Water Music, Avail, One Reason



#### O PIONEERS!!! BLACK MAMBAS TSR003

Raw, loud 2-piece from the fastest city in the country. This is the first full length from O Pioneers!!! Black Mambas is in every way a punk record, for better or worse. 11 songs that speak about community, friends and failed relationships.

For fans of: Against Me! Fake Problems



FOR MORE INFO: TEAMSCIENCERECORDS.COM





is so ridiculously full of shit that it's funny. (Bloodbath And Beyond could pretty much say fuck anyone, and I'd be behind them.) Here, The Tattle Tales say, "Fuck the Ergs," and even though they're joking about the Ergs (one of them is even sporting an Ergs shirt in the photo on the back), I know they're not a joke band, so my expectations are set. Within three seconds of the first song starting, I'm disappointed. They're pop, which I expected, but I wasn't expecting it to be so bubblegum. I can take it in small doses, but by the second side, it's so sweet (songs about Inspiration Point and dreamy boys) that I feel a bit sick. Sick, and a bit violent. Use sparingly. —Megan (Rally)

#### TERMINALS, THE: *Forget About Never: CD*

This album conjures up that scene in the *Blues Brothers* where Jake and Elwood go to the church where James Browns has that huge gospel/blues musical number going on. Take that scene and change the band to a genuinely unique garage punk band playing guitar, drums, and organ, and then record the whole tumultuous shebang they raise into what sounds like two microphones that are so overloaded and distorted that all the recording levels are securely in the red. That describes about 3/4s of the album. The mellower numbers on the album tend to sound like slower 45 Graves songs but less hokey

(probably due to both bands using spooky organ and having female vocalists more than anything else). This is perhaps the dirtiest, most spazzed-out sounding recording that one is ever likely to encounter outside of a Locust album, but it really works to give everything a unique and urgent gritty rock'n'roll soul feel instead of making everything muddy or headache-inducing. The vocals really make this album. While the male vocals hold their own in the songs they take lead on, it's the female vocals (I'm guessing they belong to Liz Hitt) that really kick ass because they have that low, in-control Aretha Franklin quality that can be up-beat and aggressive like on "Wild Bill's Social Club" and the cover of "Liar Liar," to beautifully soulful like on the track "Ride." These, incidentally, are my favorite tracks on the album, along with the closer "(She's Gone) Popcorn." Highly recommended. —Adrian Salas (Dead Beat)

#### THEY LIVE: *Blurred: 7" EP*

This apparently dates back to 1998, when most of the band up and quit and two brothers decided to record the EP anyway. Having been in almost the exact same position that same year (except our efforts remain unreleased, which is probably for the best), I can totally empathize. The tunes are heavy, thrashy and angry, the execution is tight as hell, and the whole thing leaves little doubt they

must've been a doozy of a band when they was active. —Jimmy Alvarado ([www.toothdecayrecords.com](http://www.toothdecayrecords.com))

#### THREE BLUE TEARDROPS:

##### *Rustbelt Trio: CD*

It's been well over a decade since the Three Blue Teardrops' swaggering, powerful albums *One Part Fist* and *Poised in Hate* were unleashed on an unsuspecting and nebulous American psychobilly scene. *Rustbelt Trio* was a highly anticipated release; old fans expected a glorious show of power and new fans couldn't wait to hear the hallowed sounds of an urban legend. But with the utmost respect, we're all disappointed. *Rustbelt Trio* is mostly slow and plodding, along the lines of TBT's third album, *Milemarker 26*, with too few remarkable tunes; a grave departure from the frenetic, adrenaline-fueled first two albums. Dave Sisson and crew are incredibly talented musicians of the highest songwriting caliber who have not languished in the years since TBT, but they seem to no longer possess the raw, untamed fervor and recklessness that set them high above all others. Then again, perhaps none of us do. RIP, TBT. RIP. —Jessica T ([www.threeblueteardrops.com](http://www.threeblueteardrops.com))

#### TILTWHEEL / *DOWN IN THE DUMPS: Split 7"*

About nine years ago, coming from the musically barren landscape of rural Nevada and Arizona, I came in

contact with Tiltwheel. It was with Bob, their drummer. We had a mutual hate of the band Goldfinger. It was based on a column I'd written about the dishonesty of not only cashing in on trends (ska, at the time), but of "professional" amnesia. Goldfinger had been a horrible, horrible band of another name (Electric Love Hogs) and style a short time before. Over the years, I got to hang out when Tiltwheel recorded their only full-length LP, *Hair Brained Scheme Addicts*, and have come to the happy conclusion that Davey's unwittingly been part of the grit and slurry for the cement that I've built up a lot of my musical faith around this past decade. Tiltwheel's taught me that although everything's falling apart, it is what it is. Eat a burrito. Chill out without ignoring the anger. Political awareness doesn't need to be overt. Realize that 100 beers for a van is definitely never enough. Take the hits but make your own stuffs without resorting to douche baggery. It's weird on another level because, for being one of my favorite bands of all time, we've never interviewed them in *Razorcake* because, although I've never said it aloud, I'm waiting for the next full length. Here are two more excellent songs. I almost always feel a little bad about the bands on the other side of Tiltwheel splits; they may be pretty fuckin' great (I'm digging Down In The Dumps), but it's like comparing a candle with the left eye to the sun with the right. —Todd (A.D.D.)

## INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

### CDs



**1000 CDs**  
complete with 4/1 - 4 panel folder  
& inlay  
up to 3 colors on disc face  
packaged and shrink wrapped

**\$995\***  
plus overs and shipping



**1000 BULK CDs**

price includes:  
up to 3 colors on disc face,  
glass mastering and shipping

**\$495\***  
no extra charges

### POSTERS

**1000 FULL COLOR  
11X17 POSTERS**

**\$350\***  
includes plates & shipping  
no extra charges



**500 FULL COLOR  
11X17 POSTERS**

**\$295\***  
includes plates & shipping  
no extra charges

#### IMPRINT INDIE PRINTING

specializes in print and manufacturing for independent record labels, artists and bands.

Since 1994 we've been helping people create projects to be proud of. We understand every step in the process of putting out records and CDs... We know this because we have done this ourselves...

From 7 inch covers to posters, CD replication to custom print work, we take as much pride in your project as you do. We are equipped to give you the best quality at great prices. No matter how big or small your project is, we handle them all with the same attention to detail and care.

All of our manufacturing is done in the U.S. and we strongly believe in a living wage and good working environments.

**CD REPLICATION • DVD REPLICATION  
7 INCH COVERS • 12 INCH COVERS • POSTERS**

\* CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES & MONTHLY SPECIALS!

**imprint**  
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212  
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275  
PHONE: 941-484-5151  
INTERNET: [WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM](http://WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM)  
EMAIL: [INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM](mailto:INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM)

**IMPRINT - PRINT AND DISC REPLICATION SINCE 1994**



**TIM BARRY: Rivanna Junction: CD**  
Country is taking over some punk rockers today. First you have Drag The River, who slay, by the way, and don't forget the speed-metal bluegrass of the late, great, Kirk Rundstrom (RIP) of Scroatbelly and Split Lip Rayfield. Now comes Tim Barry of Avail with his acoustic, hard luck tales, and country swagger. Booze-filled, vagabond traveling, complete with shootings. Throw in a violin, some Dobro, and the same old recipe has the same effect: good, melancholic, country-style rebel rock. —Buttertooth (Suburban Home)

**TOTALITÄR: Self-titled: 7" EP**

When it comes to primal, no bullshit, Discharge-influenced hardcore, you just can't fuck with the Scandinavians. Their shit is so monstrously heavy that listeners should be required to wear full body armor before placing needle to vinyl (or pressing "play" if you wanna get all modern about it). Sweden's Totalitär have been abusing eardrums for nigh on twenty-two years now and, judging from this, they won't be getting soft with age any time soon. The four tracks here are just crammed with a level of energy and virulence even upstarts one third as long in the tooth have trouble mustering. Some truly awesome stuff, and I mean that in the literal sense of the word. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.feralward.com)

**TOUCH ME NOTS: It's Not Right But It's Okay b/w Bag o' Money, Only Friends: 7" EP**

**Sheldon Munn: 10"**

A couple issues back, this husband and wife duo perked my ears up with their Gories, Ghetto Ways, Bassholes-inspired simplerock. Their crunch, shake, and shamble are matched with impossible to dislodge as bubblegum in a beard melodies and lyrics. I don't know enough about The White Stripes to qualify as an expert on making fun of them, but when people were first losing their fuckin' minds about Jack and Meg, I was imagining something more akin to the Touch Me Nots. Hell, the drummer not only keeps the beat, she provides a wicked, wiry spine on which the songs bounce, slither, and leer. Great stuff. I recommend both the 7" and 10". —Todd (7": Nasty Product, 10": Yakisakana)

**TRASHIES, THE:**

**What Makes a Man Get Trashed?: CD**

I first heard this band a while ago, and I'm pretty happy that they finally came around my parts, and I was able to pick this up, their newest full length. It's a natural progression from *Life Sucks*, *Trash Fuck*, and is a bit weirder (in a good way), and has better production (just slightly). I do think a new-comer to this band is better off starting with older material first, but that doesn't make this any less recommended. —Joe Evans III (Mortville)

**TURBO A.C.'S, THE: Live to Win: CD**

The band name is inspired by the unassailably cool, '70s street gang flick, *The Warriors*, though they've inexplicably supplanted "Turnbull" with "Turbo." Too bad the music isn't similarly inspired. In fact, their whole aesthetic seems overwrought and too planned out, from the three dice rolled out to "666" on the inside cover to the half-naked, strip poker-playing pin-up girls on the tray photo to the street-hard looks the band members have plastered on their mugs for the back cover band photo. The Turbos try hard to leave a tough impression. The music sounds a lot like Tiger Army, the Glass Heroes, and, especially, early Rancid. The lyrics are often delivered in an absurd quasi-rap style, and, let me tell ya, Biggie Smalls these cats are not. The further into the disc I get, the more the Tim Armstrong influence drips from the speakers. I could see young kids just getting into punk hearing this stuff, thinking it's bad assed, tough and cool, and finding an entry into punk rock and underground music, which is alright. But, it sounds a little too much like a cross-eyed meathead doing free word associations with a rock/rap backing band for my tastes. The Baseball Furies would whip these guys' asses up and down the fuckin' boardwalk. —Josh Benke (Acetate)

**TURBONEGRO / THE RIPPERS:**

**Split 7"**

This is definitely a boot (scratched-

out matrix, hand numbered 1 and 2 for the label sides). Turbonegro: Fuck if I remember this correctly, but "Staten Och Kapitalet," was originally on *Never Is Forever* (pre-Ass Cobra, so not the primest of Turbo, but definitely not slouchy and in the Denim Demon phase) but didn't have any words. This one does, and it's an Ebba Gron cover. (Thanks to Kalle from Smalltown for introducing them to me.) That's followed by a cover of Fear's "I Don't Care About You." I'm, by no means, a Turbonegro completist, but, hell, this is a nice addition to their extensive catalog. The Rippers: Maybe, just maybe, there was one part of one Alice In Chains song that I could tolerate. Maybe. But, through some alchemy I'm not quite sure I've figured out, The Rippers have taken that passing flash and made two very non-ass songs that are big-sounding, crunchy, tight, and catchy. —Todd (Satan. Bootlegs don't have addresses.)

**UK SUBS: Another Kind of Blues: CD**

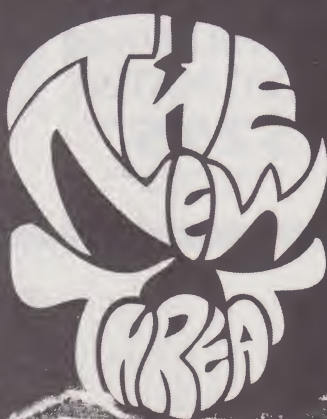
By my reckoning, the Subs were always one of the more criminally overlooked bands on this side of the puddle. Granted, they came up in the wake of the Sex Pistols, The Damned, The Clash, and such, but in many ways their harder, more "street" take on the whole punk thing was a bit more influential on later punk rock—with little effort, one can hear the foundations upon which the blueprint for much of the oi and hardcore that

**JAILHOUSE! RECORDS PRESENTS:**

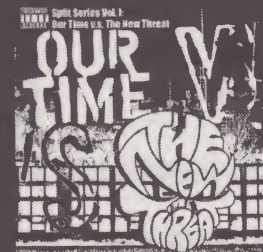
# FILTH TOUR SUMMER 2007

**FEATURING**

## OUR TIME



## SPLIT E.P. OUT NOW



**JAILHOUSE! RECORDS**

www.ourtimenj.com   www.myspace.com/thenewthreat   www.jailhousedistro.com   art by penupdesigns.com



followed was built. Their music was also apparently a bit sturdier than that of many of their contemporaries, as evidenced on this reissue of their first album. Although originally released in 1979, most of the tracks are relatively free of cobwebs 'n' dust, and can easily stand toe-to-toe to the output of most modern punk bands and slap them silly, as can the band itself, who are still active and still led by the incorrigible Charlie Harper, now in his '60s (talk about punk rock lifers!) and still able to tear it up with the best of 'em. Trivia note: the band has spent the last three decades releasing their albums in alphabetical order, hence this one starts with "a." Last I checked, they're on the ass-end of letters right about now. Here's hoping they start the alphabet over once they reach the end. —Jimmy Alvarado (Captain Oi)

#### UNHOLY GRAVE/THE VANISHING ACT: Split: 7" EP

Unholy Grave: Grindy stuff that doesn't get silly about it. Vanishing Act: Lotsa screaming, and that's about the total of the impression they left. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sir Punkly)

#### UV PROTECTION: *Clean Modern Comfortable*: CD+DVD

For the sake of honesty, I will admit up front that I'm friends with the singer/keyboardist in this band. That being said, I wasn't sure how much I was going to like this when Karen sent me their CD. I mean, an all-girl band

with two keyboardists and a drummer and a person who only does video and performance? Besides, it seems that often my friends, as much as I love them, don't always have the most interesting artistic projects. I guess not everyone's friends can be fronting the next Bad Brains. After a few listens, however, UV Protection really grew on me as a band. The music is so simple and straightforward that all the focus is on the vocals and lyrics and they come across very simply but quite memorable. How often do you think you'll ever find yourself singing along to a line like, "Animals come and eat all the babies / Animals come and eat all the mommies"? And yet that shit gets stuck in your head. Upon repeated listens I was reminded more of acts like Devo and Ladytron or a twisted old school Nintendo game soundtrack with a lot of fun and occasional female operatic vocals. Additionally, there is a DVD that comes with the CD in which the band allowed various visual editors to put together their own interpretations of the band. Some of these are totally random, but there is the occasional live performance, which is where a band like UV Protection seem to truly shine, as they design elaborate costumes and, as previously mentioned, have a member whose sole purpose is to just perform. I respect this band a lot for knowing the importance of the performance aspect of music, which so many artists seem to have never learned, as well as offering

the opportunity to other artists to get their work out there through the DVD process. These short, catchy songs are really a pleasure and as happens occasionally in this line of work, I'm glad I gave something another chance. —Kurt Morris (uvprotectyou.com)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Attack of the One Man Bands*: 2 x CD

Four continents worth of OMB tracks guaran-fuckin'-teed to put the boogie in your brain, the shake in your ass, the wiggle in your walk, and knock loose the teeth in your head. This CD is the musical companion to *Rock N Roll Purgatory* #15, the "lost" OMB issue, and it is a doozy. If you've never heard a one man band act before, you'd be hard pressed to find a better introduction to the genre anywhere. The sheer volume—fifty-eight different acts playing one song each—is staggering. If you've been listening to this type of stuff since Hasil Adkins started doing the Hunch, you'll be rolling around happy as a pig in shit to the wild and crazy versions of OMB mayhem contained on these discs. Features songs by Bloodshot Bill, Haunted George, Toothless George, O Lendario Chucrobillyman, Ottoboy the One Man Trash Band, BBQ, and Trainwreck Washington. —Josh Benke (Rock N Roll Purgatory)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Choke On It*: LP

Had a hard time reviewing this one: Todd keeps sending me records from

people that live in the same town as I do because either a.) he believes—correctly or not—that I'm somehow more "in the know" regarding this or that particular band and/or release due to our shared regional proximity or b.) he thinks it'd be hilarious if someday I write a bad enough review that someone actually comes to my house and kicks my ass. Even with aforementioned ass-kicking in mind, I still gotta say that there's a ton of questionable shit on here—I mean, how many fag, retard, dick-sucking and "this band likes fucking fat chicks" references does one comp need?—but on the other hand, I am so fucking tired of getting whiny emails from supposedly punk bands and labels complaining about my "pseudo-PC feminist bullshit" reviews. I mean, you're offensive as fuck and trying to goad people on—and then someone tags you for it in a review and you get all upset. Right, makes perfect sense. So let's compromise: you folks realize it's a *record review*, probably one of many that you'll get, and it's not the end of the world if you get a not-so-favorable one. And I won't "editorialize" for the rest of the review. Okay? Good deal. Here we go: It's a comp with twenty-seven bands on it, with a first pressing of 500. The original cover must've gotten scrapped, because cover models are thanked in the liner notes but the LP jacket just has the title of the record and "A 27 Band Portland, Oregon Compilation LP" on it. Compilations, especially ones

## A SIX PACK TO GO



### SNOWBYRD

"LOOKING TO FEED YOUR INDIE-ROCK JONES? SAN ANTONIO'S SNOWBYRD MAY BE JUST WHAT YOU'RE SEEKING. HARD-DRIVING, CHUGGING GUITAR RHYTHMS, MELODIC SONGS WITH OFF-KILTER HARMONIES, A FLAIR FOR WEIRD TURNS, AND, OF COURSE, A PROUD LO-FI AESTHETIC ARE ALL COMBINED ON THE BAND'S SELF-TITLED DEBUT. AND IT'S A WINNING COCKTAIL." JEFF MCCORD-TEXAS MONTHLY

### LOCO GRINGOS

"BY THE END OF THIS DISC, IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CONTACT HIGH OR CAN ACTUALLY PASS A BREATHALYZER TEST, THEN YOU AIN'T BEEN LISTENING. GO FORTH INTO THE SQUALOR." DAVID ENSMINGER-LEFTOFTHEMAG.COM



### HICKOIDS "CORN DEMON"

"NOT ONLY WILL THESE CHILDREN KILL YOU, BUT CORN WILL KILL YOU TOO. THAT'S WHAT FAMILY IS ALL ABOUT." DAVID JAMES-PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY



### ERIC HISAW "THE CROSSES"

"HISAW HAS AN EXCELLENT VOICE, PLAYS HOT FENDER GUITAR LICKS AND SINGS SONGS THAT HE'S LIVED." JIM BEAL, JR.-SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS-NEWS



### TOMBSTONES

#### "TWANG FROM THE GRAVE"

"SONGS LIKE 'JAILHOUSE TATTOO' AND 'NO BODY' CONTINUE TO PACK RESONANCE EVEN IN THEIR STATE OF ADVANCED DECOMPOSITION." GREG BEETS-AUSTIN CHRONICLE

### STEVIE TOMBSTONE "7:30 A.M."

"A SLICE OF HONKY-TONK THAT COUCHES HEARTBREAK, BETRAYAL, AND MURDER IN HARD-BITTEN ARRANGEMENTS THAT WOULD MAKE THE MAN IN BLACK PROUD" CHRISTOPHER GRAY-AUSTIN CHRONICLE



WWW.SAUSTEXMEDIA.COM  
BURNSIDE DISTRIBUTION

MYSPACE.COM/THERAYGRADYS  
WWW.RAYGRADYS.COM



themed by regionalism, are always a crapshoot when it comes to quality and consistency, and *Choke On It* pretty much follows suit: some of the bands totally suck and come across as fucking jackasses, some of them fucking rule. Some of this comp's songs are exclusive; some have already been released elsewhere. Sonically, it's all punk stuff—you won't find any new-wavey danceathons or floor-crying screamo bands here. Some of the bands include Hellside Stranglers, Absolute Rulers, The Raids, Riot Cop, Plan R, Statch And The Rapes, The Manholes, Autistic Youth, Nix, Straitjacket, Pornstore Janitor and The Fags. —Keith Rosson (Blind Spot)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: *New York Vs. New Jersey Punk Rock Battle Royale!*: CD**

I'm so torn on this. On the pro side: this is a great comp. The point is to listen to the songs (with bands from both states, including The Ergs!, Unlovables, Hunchback, Steinways, and more) and vote on which ones you like best (with the winning bands from each state doing another 7" of their own, and will then "square off" from there so to speak). It makes this more than just another product for people to buy, offering incentive for people to really take some more interest into this sort of thing. It's very Minutemen-esque in my opinion. On the con side: I'm going to have to listen to so many

New Yorkers telling me why they're so much better than everywhere else in the world, it's not even funny. —Joe Evans III (Crafty)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Planet of Friends: An Antifascist Benefit Comp*: CD**

This is a benefit comp for a Russian man named Alem Assefa who was subjected to racially motivated violence at the hands of neo-Nazis in a Moscow subway. This comp contains twenty-seven bands from twelve countries. With a release like this, some bands will be good and some bands will be bad, but at least you know that they're all down. Some of the highlights include: Italy's post-fastcore, LEARN; Canada's punk rock'n'roll, The Rebel Spell; Las Cruces' desert punks, The Answer Lies; and my personal favorite, Hong Kong's searing death metalish thrash punk demons, Nanahara Shuya. Being that there's a wide variety of different styles of punk from all around the world and all the proceeds go to a respectable cause, those are two very good reasons why this is worth picking up. —Daryl (Boycott the Fencewalkers, daddydamage@gmail.com)

**VEGETATIVE STATE: *Self-titled: 7" EP***

Very sloppy, very early '80s (I'm thinking Arizona) sounding hardcore stuff. Not bad at all, although it did kinda

send me through a mental time warp for a second there. —Jimmy Alvarado (myspace.com/deathbynoise)

**VICIOUS, THE: *Alienated: LP***

Every time I put this on, I think of *Thriller*. Not really Michael Jackson, but of the zombie dance in the mini-movie/video. There they are, the undead, surrounded by a pretty shitty world. And what do they do? They dance. The Vicious dance through that doom and gloom with a sound closer to the dearly missed Observers than the bands they share members with (DS-13, Regulations and the (International) Noise Conspiracy). Ridiculously amazing record. —Megan (Feral Ward)

**VLAD AND THE IMPALERS: *This Blood's for You*: CD**

I especially like when these guys go the full-on hardcore route (c.f. "Bolts, Screws, Nuts and Cigarette Butts"), but the bulk of the other tracks, which are infused with more than a little pop, are not painful in the least, and their penchant for stopping in the middle of what they're doing and going in a different direction keeps a kid on his toes. Features former members of ESL and is limited to 1,000 copies, if that means anything to anyone. —Jimmy Alvarado (Geykido Comet)

**VOLT: *Self-titled: CD***

Let's face it: In The Red Records is

the best label going. A look at their last few releases confirms it—Jay Reatard's self-titled debut; Miss Alex White's first full-length; King Kahn and BBQ's *What's for Dinner*; and The Demon's *Claw* latest LP—whose title escapes me, but certainly has the words "Pilgrim" and "Hell" in it. Anyway, now that that's out of the way, I'll move on to Volt's self-titled record which is on In The Red Records and was recorded in France because Volt is a French band and not the kind of French band from Canada but the kind from France. I don't know much about France and French people but I do know a lot about French writers from the first half of the twentieth century and a decent amount about French cinema. My favorite French rock'n'roll song is Madeline's rocker from Jean-Luc Goddard's film *Masculin Feminin* which has a Byrds "Eight Miles High"-like thumping bass intro. Volt does not sound like all those French bands from the '60s who sounded kind of ridiculous (unlike Madeline's fictional group), singing songs with lyrics not in their native language set to Mersey beat music. Volt sounds like the Human League but fucked up and kind of ominous. This is, um, like really menacing dark wave shit that has synths and stuff. There is the Fall, too, which is kind of nice although no one can duplicate the Fall except Mark E. Smith and he sometimes manages to fuck that one up. So Volt's self-

**Crusty Records**

**Alcoholic White Trash**

**" Punk Rock Jihad "**

**Aging Youth Gang**

**" Mohawks and Maalox "**

**Four-Stroke**

**" I was a Teenage Suicide Bomber "**

Distributed by Scratch and Interpunk [www.myspace.com/crustyrecords](http://www.myspace.com/crustyrecords)

Crusty Records, P.O. Box 59, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver B.C., V5N 4A6, Canada

**CUSTOM-SKATE-DECKS**  
**MADE IN THE U.S.A.**

**BAT SKATES**

THE STITCHES • SMUT PEDDLERS • SMOGTOWN • BROKEN BOTTLES

P.O. Box 4233 • Long Beach, CA 90804

**www.batskates.com**



titled record has a profile. If it were a perpetrator witnessed at the scene of a crime, it'd be like Alain Delon's character in the night club scene of Melville's *Le Samourai*—there is a visual description but no clear-cut distinguishable, unique features; Volt's self-titled album is missing some DNA, some fingerprints. Volt knows good music; they're a smart bunch. However, Volt's missing that personal touch that makes Jay Reatard Jay Reatard and not some retard rehashing early Roxy Music and the Wipers. As I said before, In The Red is the best, but this record misses the mark. It's understandable, though, because Americans produce better rock'n'roll than anyone else except Can and Mark E. Smith and the reason why is because America has a large number of black people who've built up a deep enough musical reservoir for white people to dip into; with both demographics living in a country built on the myth that "you can make it here if you try"—summed up in the phrase "The Land of Opportunity." (Most good music is built on heartache and destitution unless you're 1910 Fruitgum Company.) However, because music has been dying a slow death since probably the early '70s, it seems to me that foreigners are slow getting the grasp of rock'n'roll and taking over the American phenomenon. I mean, how good were the Deadly Snakes? And at least one member of King Khan and BBQ is

a Canuck—the French people from Canada and not from France. —Ryan Leach (In The Red)

#### WALTZLOVES:

##### **Catch Me a Possum: CD**

Fucking Voodoo Rhythm Records! One thing I'll say about 'em—their releases are never boring, and this one by the Waltzloves is no exception. It in no way resembles any of the previous Voodoo Rhythm releases I've reviewed for *Razorcake*. It could hardly be called punk rock, but there's a healthy bit of garage rock spirit buried somewhere underneath the slide guitar, accordion, trombone, and washboard. What sets this apart from the dog shit Zydeco garbage my mom listens to is lyrical content that is true to the oldies and garage pop I love. Songs about holding hands, a girl hoping to get kissed, dancing all night long, and lamenting the long lost love one hopes will come back someday. The bayou beats and Zydeco rhythms were completely unexpected, and I'm not sure how often this will be stuck in the CD player, but, like I said, it ain't boring, and it's executed so well that I'm willing to give it a few more spins. —Josh Benke (Voodoo Rhythm)

#### WARCRY: Deprogrammed: LP

Members of Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, and Hellshock rip through some Discharge and Motörhead-influenced hardcore punk. No, no, no, let me do that again. Members

of Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, and Hellshock pay homage to Discharge and Motörhead through hardcore punk. If your life is a PDX warehouse party, then this is your soundtrack. —Daryl (Feral Ward, feralward.com)

#### WE THE PEOPLE: Self-titled: CD

This band could probably benefit from a bit more kinetic energy. Some of the songs deliver, but most move at a pace which promises a big sonic payoff that doesn't come. Not necessarily terrible, but not terribly awe- or loyalty-inspiring either. —Susan Chung (Stop Whining, Start Winning)

#### WHITE BARONS, THE:

##### **Up All Night with: CD**

They look like yer average greaser rock band, but sound like a big-guitar rock band. Singer's got a pretty good voice. —Jimmy Alvarado (Gearhead)

#### YAVINFIVE: Breathe Melody,

##### **Bleed Dissonance: CD**

A bit more restrained than, say, Combat Wounded Veteran, and they don't inundate the listener with the same caliber of little annoying and cutesy noise moments like, oh, The Locust, and there's not quite the same full-on "vocalist who rolls around on the floor and cries" emotive quality as bands like, uh, Indian Summer? Current? But if you roll all of that stuff up into one tortilla, dilute it with the fact that there's only six songs on this thing, and simmer over a low flame for a while,

you'll probably find yourself admitting that there's some cool parts here, that they're probably a pretty rad band to see in the basement but, despite the fact that the guy's screaming like his life depends on it, there's ultimately nothing here that really, really sets Yavinfive apart from the pack. —Keith Rosson (Tor Johnson)

#### YUKON: Mortar: CD

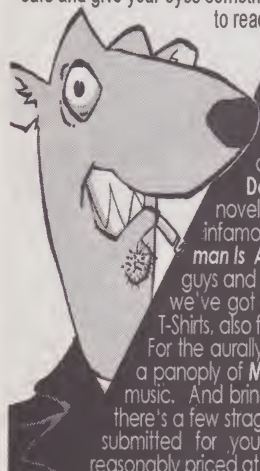
After the dissolution of some Baltimore band you don't care about, Yukon came to be. This four-piece plays forward-marching rock'n'roll inspired by a wide range of bands such as Nirvana, Genesis, and Captain Beefheart, but sounding like none of them. Rather, Yukon sounds much more akin to Shellac, Drive Like Jehu, and the Oxes (with vocals) than anything else. The first few tracks are kind of rough, but over time, the tracks start to grow in their ability to be appreciated, and the singer's vocals aren't quite as grating as they once might have been. In the midst of the disjointed riffs that seem to run asymmetrical to things at some points, some of the tracks actually display a knack for hiding a hook somewhere within. If you like your rock'n'roll with awkwardly screamed vocals and indie-prog guitars, then this should be right up your alley. —Kurt Morris (Terra Firma)

We have a fully searchable database of reviews up on [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org).



# SCREECHING WEASEL

Hey, ya mugs! Point your browser to: <http://ScreechingWeasel.com/> for an extensive collection of Weasel merchandise, music and books with which to garb your body, gratify your ears and give your eyes something to read.



aka Frank Portman

Dr. Frank

Looking for Dr. Frank stuff?

We've got autographed copies of King Dork (Frank's new novel) and the infamous Sam Hellerman Is A Genius T-shirt for guys and gals. In addition, we've got Mr. T Experience T-Shirts, also for guys and gals. For the aurally inclined, there's a panoply of MTX and Dr. Frank music. And bringing up the rear, there's a few straggling stickers. All submitted for your approval and reasonably priced at:

<http://DrFrank.littletype.com/>

for all else Dr. Frank:  
<http://FrankPortman.com/>



#### Available Releases:

YavinFive - Breathe Melody, Bleed Dissonance CD  
The Revival Preachers - Breathin' Through A Bruise CD  
They And The Children - Thoughts On Becoming A Ghost CD  
Now Denial - Power To The Mountain LP/CD  
Pretty Faces 7"  
Another Dead Juliet - Here Lies... CD  
Now Denial - Brothers Not Fighting 7"

#### Up Coming Releases From:

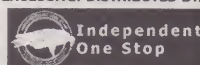
Escape Grace 7"  
Third Death / All Those Opposed / Hulk Out - 3-way Split LP  
Now Denial - Facemelter  
and more

OTHER RECORDS, CDS, SHIRTS,  
SILK-SCREENED POSTERS, VIDEOS,  
AND MORE AVAILABLE ON WEBSITE

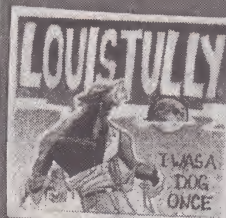
PO BOX 1556  
PROVIDENCE, RI 02901  
[WWW.TORJOHNSONRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.TORJOHNSONRECORDS.COM)



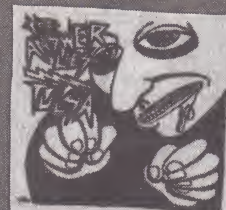
EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED BY:



#### REPULSION records



LOUIS TULLY!  
4 TRACKS  
OF PARTY  
PROGRAM  
PUNK!



TULSA!  
7 SONGS OF  
DRUNKEN  
HOPE + HUNG  
OVER HOPE-  
LESSNESS  
ANSWER LIES

Still Available:  
The Kinda Jazz Music  
That Kills / Quest For Fire 7"  
Coming Soon!  
Lefty Loogie LP

2552 n. booth

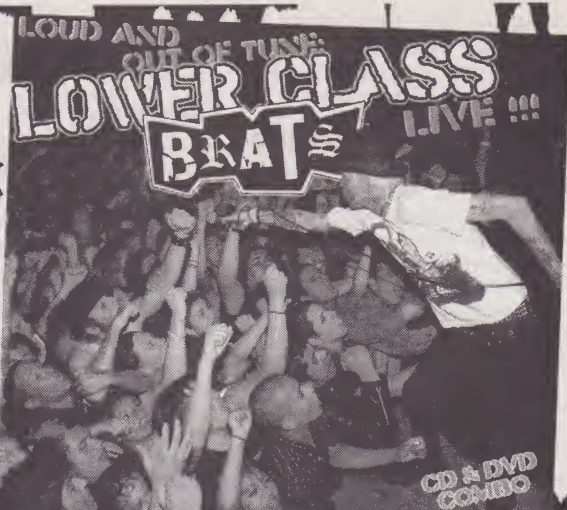
milwaukee, WI - 53212

[MYSpace.com/REPULSIONRECS](http://MYSpace.com/REPULSIONRECS)



**TKO  
RECORDS**  
**OUT NOW!!**

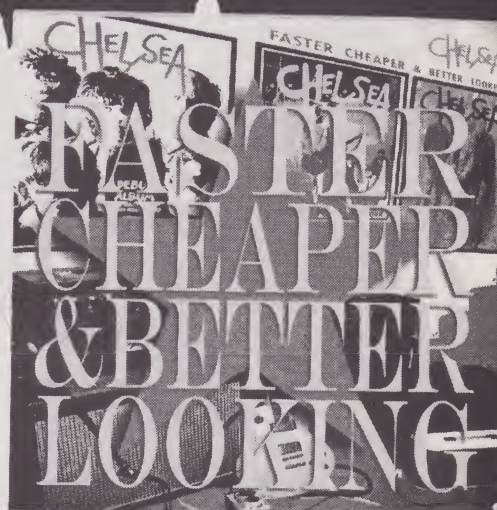
**LOWER CLASS  
BRATS**  
"Loud And  
Out Of Tune"  
CD & DVD  
combo!



**KRUM BUMS**  
"As The  
Tide Turns"  
new  
13 song  
CD



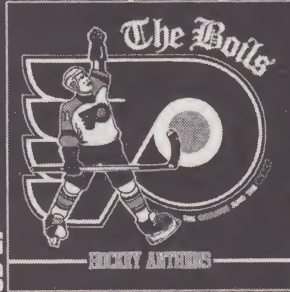
**CHELSEA**  
"Faster, Cheaper,  
Better Looking"  
new  
14 song  
CD



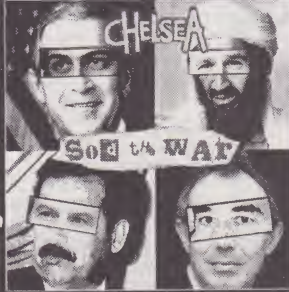
also available...



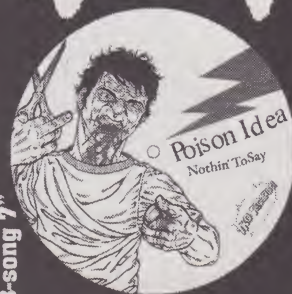
**LES HATEPINKS**  
"Sick In The Head"  
CD EP



**THE BOILS**  
"The Orange And The Black"  
6 song CD EP



**CHELSEA**  
"Sod The War"  
3-song 7"



**POISON IDEA/KILL YOUR IDOLS**  
limited edition, split 7" single  
picture disc!!

8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646 - visit our ONLINE STORE at: [www.tkorecords.com](http://www.tkorecords.com)



# CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue  
or posted on [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) recently.



- **A389**, PO Box 12058, Baltimore MD, 21281
- **Acetate, Inc.**, PO Box 36756, LA, CA 90036
- **ADD**, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674
- **Akinori Serizawa**, 3-12-22-202 Akatsutsumi Setagya-ku, Tokyo 156-0044, Japan
- **Alerta Antifascista**, c/o Timo Nehmtow, Postfach 2318, 24913 Flensburg, Germany
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092
- **Arkam**, 1925 Hwy 69 S., Savannah, TN 38372
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030
- **Barracuda Sound**, PO Box 11994, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Black Rag**, PO Box 1417, Ukiah, CA 94582
- **Blind Spot**, PO Box 40064, Portland, OR 97240
- **Blocks Recording Club**, 280 Spadina Ave., PO Box 67613 Dundas/Spadina RPO, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 3B8, Canada
- **BOR**, 1046 Estates Blvd., Hamilton, NJ 08690
- **Bouncing Betty**, 1909 Des Plaines Ave., Park Ridge, IL 60068
- **BYO**, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067
- **Captain Oi**, c/o PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, England
- **Charlie Megira**, Shimon Hazdik 4, Jaffa-68024, Israel
- **Chugga Chugga**, 21417 Parker, Farmington Hills, MI 48336
- **Chunksaah**, PO Box 977, Asbury Park NJ, 07712
- **Circle F** c/o Coe, 5 Diamond Dr., Lake Hopatcong, NJ 07849
- **Cock Energy**, PO Box 8793, Chico, CA 95927
- **Cowabunga**, 195-D S. Armstrong Way, Upland, CA 91786
- **Crafty**, 75 Earley St., Bronx, NY 10464
- **Dali's Llama**, PO Box 3118, Palm Springs, CA 92263
- **Dead Beat**, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136
- **Deep Elm**, PO Box 5260, Clover, SC 29710
- **Deranged**, 1166 Chaster Rd., Gibsons, BC, V0N 1V4, Canada
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington DC 20007
- **Discos Chango**, 388 2nd Ave. #225, NY, NY 10010
- **Ditchdiggins**, [www.myspace.com/theresistorsla](http://www.myspace.com/theresistorsla)
- **Double D's**, [www.myspace.com/theedoubleds](http://www.myspace.com/theedoubleds)
- **Drats!!!**, 2401 SE Taylor St., Portland, OR 97214
- **Dumb Inc.**, 32 Rue De Pezzaze, 63920 Peschadaires, France
- **End Sounds**, PO Box 684743, Austin, TX, 78768
- **Eunuch**, 228 North School St., Boerne, TX 78006
- **Fashionable Idiots**, PO Box 580131, MPLS, MN 55458
- **Fast Crowd**, 2721 Wightman St., San Diego, CA 92104
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3960
- **File 13**, PO Box 804868, Chicago, IL 60680
- **Fivecore**, 310 N. Fox St., Denver, CO 80223
- **Forced March**, 2619 NE 6th Pl., Portland, OR 97212
- **Freedom School**, 707 Lee Ave., North Brunswick, NJ 08902
- **Friendly Neighbors** c/o Matt Sherin, 9050 Carron Dr. Apt #222, Pico Rivera, CA 90660
- **Gearhead**, PO Box 1386, Woodland, CA 95776-1386
- **Get Hip**, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317
- **Geykido Comet**, PO Box 3806, Fullerton, CA 92834
- **Go Midnight**, 6750 Jones Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98117
- **Going Underground**, 1822 G St., Bakersfield, CA 93301
- **Haunted Town**, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave., #169, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Havoc**, PO Box 8585, MPLS, MN 55408
- **Heap O'Trouble**, PO Box 1751, Orange, CA 92856
- **Hidden Shoal**, [www.music.hiddenshoal.com](http://www.music.hiddenshoal.com)
- **High Fidelity**, PO Box 1071, Grover Beach, CA 93483
- **Hit Dat**, 3233 Sonia Trail, Ellicott City, MD 21043
- **Hyperrealist**, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412
- **In The Red**, PO Box 50777, LA, CA 90050
- **Incessant Drip**, 3510 SE Sherry Ln. #7, Milwaukie, OR 97222
- **Indecision Alarm**, [The.myspace.com/theindecisionalarm](http://The.myspace.com/theindecisionalarm)
- **Infringement**, 2833 NE Sandy Blvd., Portland, OR 97201
- **Insubordination**, PO Box 2846, Columbia, MD 21045
- **Kelp**, 2-7 Bank St., Ste. 404, Ottawa, ON K2P 2N2, Canada
- **Kiss of Death**, PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675
- **Legend Of Dutch Savage**, [www.myspace.com/legendofdutchsavage](http://www.myspace.com/legendofdutchsavage)
- **Licorice Tree**, PO Box 301975, Austin, TX 78703
- **Longshot**, PMB 72, 302 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Los Diaper**, [shawnk.quinn@gmail.com](mailto:shawnk.quinn@gmail.com)
- **Mad at the World**, PO Box 20227, NY, NY 10009
- **Mad Cook**, [madcookrecords@hotmail.com](mailto:madcookrecords@hotmail.com)
- **Makeoutmusic**, 484 Canoe Hill Rd., Millbrook, NY 12545
- **Manup Music**, 717 Oak St., Columbus, OH 43205
- **Merry Widows, Thee**, [Merrywidowsmusic.com](http://Merrywidowsmusic.com)
- **Mightier Than Sword**, 2734 Pebble Breeze, San Antonio, TX 78232
- **Mortville**, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765
- **Mt. Fuji**, PO Box 17855, Seattle, WA 98127-1854
- **Nasty Product**, PO Box 27013, Oakland, CA 94602
- **No Front Teeth**, PO Box 27070, London N2 9ZP, England
- **Plan-It-X**, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 8722, MPLS, MN 55408
- **Project Infinity**, 3834 Sawtelle Blvd., LA, CA 90066
- **Pteradon** c/o Max Feshbach, 364 S. 20th St., San Jose, CA 95116
- **Rabid Dog**, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117
- **Rally**, PO Box 447, Mars, PA 16046
- **Ray Gradys**, [www.raygradys.8m.com](http://www.raygradys.8m.com)
- **Red Ink**, 1st Floor, 20 Fulham Broadway, London SW6 1AH, England
- **Redemption Value**, 1101 26th Ave. SE, MPLS, MN 55414
- **Rock N Roll Purgatory**, PO Box 276258, San Antonio, TX 78227
- **Rome Plow**, PO Box 19753, Seattle, WA 98109
- **Salinas**, PO Box 20996, Ferndale, MI 48220
- **Saustex Media**, PO Box 691356, San Antonio, TX 78269
- **Scarey**, C.P. 516, 10121, Torino Succ. 76, Italy
- **Sir Punkly**, 1435 Bedeque Court, Ottawa, ON, K1C 3H2, Canada
- **Slovenly**, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504
- **Small Pool**, PO Box 173, Whittier, CA 90608
- **Smooch**, [www.smoochrecords.com](http://www.smoochrecords.com)
- **Snuffy Smiles**, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, Japan
- **SOS**, PO Box 3017, Corona, CA 92878-3017
- **Spook City**, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia PA 19101
- **Steel Cage**, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125
- **Stonehenge**, BP 20046, 33031 Bordeaux Cedex, France
- **Stop Whining, Start Winning**, 58 Belaire Dr., Horseheads, NY 14845
- **Suburban Home**, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204
- **Terra Firma**, 8316 Loch Raven Blvd., Towson, MD 21286
- **Three Blue Teardrops**, [Threeblueteardrops.com](http://Threeblueteardrops.com)
- **TKO**, 8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646
- **Tor Johnson**, PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901
- **Trujaca Fala**, PO Box 13, 81806 Sopot 6, Poland
- **Tsunami**, 231 Emery Mills Rd., Shapleigh, ME 04076
- **Voodoo Rhythm**, [www.voodooorhythm.com](http://www.voodooorhythm.com)
- **Wanda**, Kludas, Rosa Luxemborgstr. 23, 06618 Naumburg, Germany
- **Whoah Oh**, 21-36 43rd St., Ste. 3, Astoria, NY 11105
- **Wrecked 'em Wreckords**, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124
- **Yakisakana**, 51 Rue Renaudel, 76 100 Rouen, France



# ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:  
Razorcake,  
PO Box 42129, LA, CA.  
Please include a postal  
address (that's how we trade),  
the number of pages, the price,  
and whether or not you accept trades.



"It reminded me  
of a note passed  
back and forth  
between friends  
during class."

—CT Terry  
*The Nose Knows, #42-45*

**ANGRY YOUTH COMIX #12**,  
\$3.50, offset, 28+ pgs.

For some reason, I'm finding this one kind of hard to review, so I'll just tell you what's in it. It's a comic full of poop, spunk, farts, blood, violence, and poor taste of just about every sort. It was twisted, offensive, and, at times, pretty funny. —Craven Rock (Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98115 fantagraphics.com)

**BROKEN PENCIL #34**,  
\$5.95, Offset, 8" x 10½", 64 pgs.  
Do you have that friend who got good grades in school, makes a fair amount of money, has a clean apartment, finds time to do something creative, and after you hang out with them for a couple of hours, you can't wait to get back to your dump of an apartment so that you can drink Old Forrester, fart, and let it all hang out? This "magazine of zine culture and the independent arts" is that friend... on paper. The separation is in that subtitle; this is a professional magazine that covers homespun creative endeavors. They do something noble, and they do it very well, but there's something very repressed about the whole deal. For the record, this is "The Games Issue," and they talk about independent video games and board games, plus urban gaming. Way to go, Patty Perfect. —CT Terry (Broken Pencil, PO Box 203, Stn P, Toronto, ON, M5S 2S7, Canada)

**DUDES MAGAZINE #9**, \$5,  
8 ½" x 11", full color cover  
I think this is their "it's okay to experiment" issue, because there's a lot of penis in it. Also Bugs Bunny in drag makes their Top 10 Animated "Whirleybirds." And the pictures of Lindsey Lohan's and Britney Spears' vaginas, although appropriately captioned with "Eww!" and "So Gross," I still could have gone my whole life without seeing that. Seriously though, pick this

up and have a laugh, unless you don't have a sense of humor, then it's probably not for you. —Chris Devlin (5022 Winona Ave. Apt. A, St. Louis, MO 63109)

**EAVES OF ASS #5**, \$2  
and stamps, copied, 4¼" x 7", 44 pgs.  
Craven's critical memoir of his trip to the Autonomous Mutant Festival, which he describes as "a lot of freaks and stuff gathering out in the middle of the forest and letting it all hang out or, as they put it, acting autonomously." Through a haze of soft drugs and jug wine, the story of the festival is told, as Craven watches people tune in, turn on, and drop garbage all over the woods. Even when Craven enjoys himself, he is questioning the good that an insular subculture can do, even if it wants to better the world. This zine worked for me on all levels; as a humorous journal of a party weekend in the woods, as a rumination on the double standards of subculture, and as a look into the mind of someone who often describes himself as negative and snarky. There is a lot to be learned here, even if you aren't interested in hanging out in the woods with a bunch of lifestyle activists, because Craven's perspective can be applied to many walks of life.

**FREEZER BURN #7**, \$1.00, 5 ½" x 8 ½", photocopied, 14 pgs.  
This one's good, folks. Inside is a cool story of urban exploration in an abandoned meat packing plant that is told in comics and poorly rendered photos. Otherwise, it's a bunch of comics going up, down, and sideways all over the place. All of them are worth turning the zine all around to read. It's funny, kind of deep, and I hesitate to say... cute—but in the quirky kind of way, not in that bullshit "bikes and crushes," new school zine kind of way. This was almost all comics, but I would like to see more of the author's actual writing, because in his intro he wrote a short blurb

on the artistic urge that was really fucking kickass and probably the best part. —Craven Rock (Bens. Industries, 4131 Hickory Hill Dr., St. Louis, MO 63129)

**GAINES STREET SAINTS #6**,  
free, 5½" x 8 ½", xerox, 38 pgs.  
This one comes from the Northern part of the wang-like state in which I live. The major focus here is on ska, oi, and skinhead culture in and around North Florida. It's the standard xerox fare with photos of bands, interviews, and the stereotypical banter and imagery one would expect from a mag dedicated to one specific life style. Lots of patriotism going on here, too. The back cover is an illustration of a pitbull wearing an American flag bandana. There's some text underneath that proud 'Merican pooch that's hard to make out other than the words, "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." But hey, this zine is free just like U, S, and A and it makes me proud to live in a country where dogs can wear bandanas and kids can shave their heads like cancer patients. —Dave Disorder (PO Box 3411, Tallahassee, FL 32315-3411)

**HUB CITY OUT OF THE BASEMENT #1**, \$2.00,  
5 ½" x 8 ½", copied, 22 pgs.  
Besides a top ten list and a short piece on the closing of all-ages venues, this was one long interview with The Ergs! An engaging and interesting interview with The Ergs!, yes, but that's pretty much all there is. So if you want to read an in-depth interview with The Ergs!, get this. —Craven Rock (Jarrett D, PO Box 1561, New Brunswick, NJ, 08903, jarrett\_d\_@hotmail.com)

**ICONOCLAST #94**, \$5.00, 8 ½" x 12", photocopied, 100+ pgs.  
When I was in college I had a dormmate who had lots of porno. I mean *lots* of porno. Not being a

fan of porno myself, I had to ask why such an extensive collection was necessary. He asked me if I liked chocolate. "Sure," I replied. "Well then, you'd probably want a lot of chocolate if you could get it right?" Well, there I had it. Maybe it's the same rule for poetry fans. If so, this is for them. It's got some fiction in it too. This is a literary journal, not unlike any other literary journal. —Craven Rock (Iconoclast, 1675 Amazon Rd., Mohegan Lake, NY, 10547-1804)

**ISO3200 #1**, \$5, 5 ½" x 8 ½",  
silk-screened cardboard cover,  
photocopied insides, 36 pgs.,  
limited to 100.

This is a photo zine done by Matt Average. Introduction, then wham, thirty-five pages of DIY hardcore punk rock. I approach photozines a lot like poetry zines. Too often, it's the realm of self-important fucktards who have no discipline, but, once in a while, you realize why the format exists: people who really have something to say, with few (in poetry) or no (as in photography) words. It's the power of looking at a band with no description other than their name (in big, block letters, and I won't pretend to know all the bands) and beginning to see how Matt sees. It's like a the best two lines of a song, something you can sit and think about over and over again and it reveals itself slowly. Guitars, drumsticks, and hair become shapes. Light becomes a body itself. Darkness is creeping and something to burst out of or hide back into. How did Matt get right in there to snap that shot? It's not about trickery, but artistry. Not about sizzle, but heart, and this is a great collection in an attractive, clean package. —Todd (PO Box 64666, LA, CA 90064)

**MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL #283**, \$4, 8 ½" x 11",  
newsprint, ? pgs.  
Another solid, filthy fingerprint issue of *MRR*. Interview with Jay



Reatard, Crimes Against Humanity Records, Doris Zine, Kvoterengen, and A Touch of Hysteria. Also included are all the reviews (movies, zines, books, music, demos), a scene report from Tokyo and a bunch of columns, most of which seem to be about the film, *American Hardcore*. (Guess what? No one liked it.) I really enjoyed Layla Gibbon's column as she seemed to hit on a lot of the things I've been thinking about lately, i.e. trying to stay punk in the post college life. Good stuff all around. I just wish it wasn't such a dirty experience to slog through *MRR*. -Kurt Morris (PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146-0760)

**NERF JIHAD #7**, \$3.00ppd., 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 36 pgs. First of all, before I go on to rave about this zine, I'm going to tell you that it covers the following somewhat familiar territory: 1. Anecdotes from the author's childhood that give the reader something that they can laugh about and sort of identify with at the same time. 2. Funny and absurd letters to local government and corporations followed by printed replies. 3. A "Random Thoughts" section, where the author writes about all of the goofy shit that goes through his head. However, when this stuff is pulled off with the wit and gut-busting charm of *Nerf Jihad*, it makes for the best zine I've read in a long time. I also must mention the "Interview with a Goth," where they take some random goth and ask her questions like, "What is your favorite color?" Yep, funny shit. This is the kind of zine to read on your lunch break to get you through the workday. Believe me, it will. Thanks, Matt. -Craven Rock (Matt, PO Box 575, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia)

**NEXT STOP NOWHERE # 1** \$5ppd., U.S. 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" color cover, Xeroxed inside, 56 pgs. This is a very well put together zine. I'm sure whoever made this has experience with magazines and graphic design. Every page is filled with photos and tons of writing. It starts with a day-to-day diary of the Black Cougar Shock Unit's U.S. tour. The article is funny and covers all the great highs and lows of touring. Then there is an interview of the owner of Damaged Records, a cool hangout in the small town of Cardiff, England with all the hardcore records and merch you could ever ask for. It made me feel all warm and sappy about my favorite record shops. There's an article on Scientology told by Mark Bunker of xenutv.com, in which he "exposes the frauds and abuse" of the religion. I liked the article. I

thought it was very interesting and frightening. There's a really good interview with the band Social Skills. All in all, I liked this zine. It's definitely a good read and a long one, with intelligence. The only thing is it kinda gives me a headache from so much going on graphically on every page, and the small font size. -Hannah (Dave@TheNewestIndustry.com)

**NOSE KNOWS, THE Vol. 2** Issues #42-45, Photocopied, 4 1/4" x 5 1/2", 8 pgs.

A one-sheet, folded into quarters, and filled up with brief thoughts and stories from a group of women in New Orleans. Lots of stuff about food, some memories, songs, and whatever else is flying through their minds as they crank these out. Reminded me of a note passed back and forth between friends during class. -CT Terry (The Nose Knows, 2514 N. Rampart, New Orleans, LA 70117)

**OUT OF ORDER, #4**, \$2 or trade, 8 1/2" x 11", copied, 24 pgs.

This is cool photocopied zine out of Davis, CA. It has a couple interviews with some bands, but the editor also interviewed the roadies for the Trashies and the Spits. Finally, some real journalism. Although this is pretty short, by the end of it you don't feel like you were cheated out of anything. I knew Davis had a really great radio station (KDVS) but I didn't know anything else about it. Now I know there's a pretty cool zine there too. -Daryl (Out Of Order, PO Box 72775, Davis, CA 95617)

**PUBLICK OCCURANCES #9**, \$1 or stamps, 5 1/2" x 4", copied, 20 pgs.

Another issue of *PO*, and it's even cuter and cuddlier than the last one. Still has the same great thumbnail illustrations of school yearbook photos (this time it's of sixth graders in Alabama in the dark old year of 1986)—but new additions include a really gorgeous cover (is it letterpressed? Fuck if I know, but it's awesome.) and a bunch of stickers. It's more of an art project than a zine (there's nothing at all to read, really) but it's still great. This guy should start doing record covers. -Keith Rosson (Danny Martin, 746 E 5<sup>th</sup> St. #23, Tucson, AZ 85719)

**PUNK PAGAN #7**, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", xerox, 28+ pgs.

A prisoner zine about pagan rituals, hating Republicans, some zine reviews, and some other stuff. I was enlightened by the personal parts about the author's experiences with his adopted parents and the pressure and abuse he experienced.

-Craven Rock (Fanorama Society Prisoner Zine Distro, 109 Arnold Ave., Cranston, RI 02905)

**PUNK PAGAN #8**, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", xerox, 28+ pgs.

A handwritten prisoner zine about pagan stuff, NASCAR appreciation, some rants, and reprinted Ramones lyrics. Not my thing, but I respect it. -Craven Rock (Fanorama Society Prisoner Zine Distro, 109 Arnold Ave., Cranston, RI 02905)

**PUNK ROCK**

**CONFIDENTIAL**, Spring 2007, \$3.95, glossy, 8 1/2" x 11", 80 pgs.

People love to hate this magazine. A few others seem to hate that they love it. Me, I'm a fan outright. I think it's hilarious. Sure, if you don't pay attention, it looks like the worst of the commercialization and corporatization of one of the things we take pride in keeping independent. But, read it carefully. There's a strong tongue imbedded in *PRC's* collective cheek. I think whoever's running things over there is pretty pleased with themselves, and I think they have every right to be. -Megan (Punk Rock Confidential, 236 West Portal Ave., Suite 134, SF, CA 9412)

**RISE AND THE FALL, THE**

#7, Free in L.A., \$2 by mail, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, colored cardstock cover, 56 pgs.

I like punk rock history and my brainbox is cluttered with it. My socks don't match, I can't remember what I had for breakfast three days ago, but I know the Zero Boys first pressing of *Vicious Circle* was on Nimrod and the re-issues on Panic Button were mastered a hair faster. Point? I like learning new-to-me old punk rock stuff. 1.) I never thought about the overall shape of the Skank Kid on the back cover of the Circle Jerks' *Wild in the Streets*. Shawn Kerri, the artist herself, mentioned he looked like a swastika. She's right. 2.) Shawn Kerri also did comics for *Hustler*, under a different name. 3.) Shawn Kerri is now an invalid after suffering brain damage after falling down some stairs. 4.) Chuck Dukowski, when he was in Black Flag, was also pool table salesman and installer. Besides learning stuffs, I now have a question I'd never thought I'd ask. Keith Morris claims, "The Grateful Dead, made a couple of really great albums." Which two? *The Rise And The Fall* continues to slay: sharpshooter layouts, keen insight, tight, interesting stories. -Todd (PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA 90733)

**RISIN' UP #1**, \$.75 or SASE, photocopied, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 32 pgs. This photocopied punk zine is

a collaborative effort by a few friends from Florida, tied together with a sweet cut 'n' paste layout. Inside you'll find opinionated and often humorous articles on scene politics. They tell you the truth about skinheads, and do a bang-up job of cracking on emo kids. Let me put it this way—if you get stoked when you see a photo of a circle pit, order this zine. If you don't get stoked by a photo of a circle pit, send all of your records and rad punk shirts to CT Terry c/o *Razorcake*, because you're kicked out of the scene, shithead! -CT Terry (Matt Rhodes, 1456 Satsuma St., Clearwater, FL 33756)

**STORY OF MY SCAB #9**, \$6, 5 1/2" x 4 1/4", copied, 40+ pgs.

Total craziness. While the actual zine's nothing to get too excited about (consisting entirely of drawings and mixed media illustrations—monkeys holding wrenches, puppies telling you to eat shit, weird fat ducks) it's the extras here that make *SOMS* something pretty interesting. Included with the zine is a button, a postcard, a bunch of stickers, and a *ton* of loose pages that include a handwritten interview with Aaron Cometbus from 1995, an interview with Todd of Recess Records when he was twenty and FYP was just starting out, one with the editor of the long-dead punk/hot rod zine *Speed Kills*, one with *Roctober*, and one with the band Crimson Sweet. There's just something about the haphazardness, crazy layout, and "let's just stuff all this shit in an envelope" mentality that I really like. Unfortunately, the guy's in transition and isn't doing any mailorder, so good luck finding this in a store somewhere. -Keith Rosson (William Curtin, 151 Charles St., SF, CA 94131)

**THAT OLDE, WEIRD AMERICA Vol. 2**, (Postcards from the City) \$2 or trade, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 28 pgs.

This follows several months in the life of Rosie White as she tries to navigate life in New York City. The events in this flow over a series of roughly thirteen vignettes that take place in 2006 that are presented in a roughly chronological order. (The post-script style entry at the end from 2005 being the biggest deviation.) Rosie brings the reader along through her series of career changes which include off-Broadway makeup artist, stripper, and peep-show worker. A series of character sketches about various acquaintances, lovers, and people she meets intersperses the writer's personal insights and musings. This zine's series of short, journal-entry-like episodes conjures up an overall tonality of loneliness and

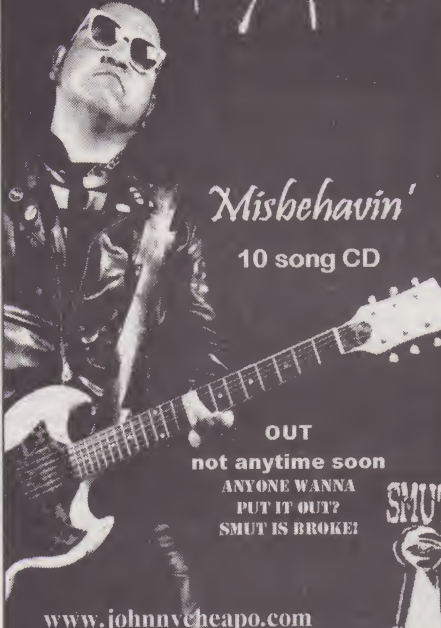


# SINK OR SWIM

WEBZINE • BLOG

[sinkorswim.wordpress.com](http://sinkorswim.wordpress.com)

*Johnny*  
**CHEAPO**



*Misbehavin'*  
10 song CD


OUT  
not anytime soon  
ANYONE WANNA  
PUT IT OUT?  
SMUT IS BROKE!

[www.johnnycheapo.com](http://www.johnnycheapo.com)  
[myspace.com/johnnycheapo](http://myspace.com/johnnycheapo)

**SMUT**  
RECORDS

REPULSION records

**LOUISTULLY**

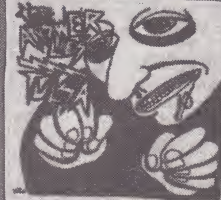


4 TRACKS OF PARTY PROGRAM PUNK!

**LOUIS TULLY!**

4 TRACKS OF PARTY PROGRAM PUNK!

**TULSA!**



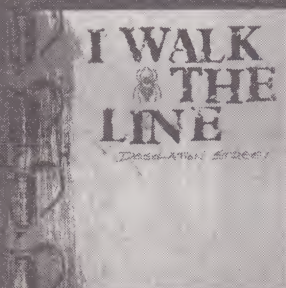
7 SONGS OF DRUNKEN HOPE+HUNG OVER HOPELESSNESS  
ANSWER LIES

**TULSA!**

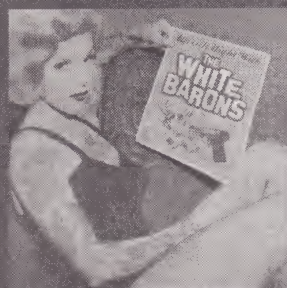
7 SONGS OF DRUNKEN HOPE+HUNG OVER HOPELESSNESS  
ANSWER LIES

Still Available:  
The Kinda Jazz Music  
That Kills / Quest For Fire 7"  
Coming Soon!  
Lefty Loosie LP

2552 n. booth  
milwaukee, WI - 53212  
[MYSPACE.COM/REPULSIONRECS](http://myspace.com/REPULSIONRECS)



**I WALK THE LINE**  
Desolation Street • RPM071 • CD  
Dark melodic punk from Finland



**THE WHITE BARONS**  
Up All Night With • RPM075 • CD/LP  
Badass rock n' roll from San Francisco



**BLACK TIE REVUE**  
Code Fun • RPM074 • CD  
New-wave power-pop from the Steel City



**THE THUNDER BOYS**  
RPM073 • 7"  
Trashy rock n' roll from  
Gearhead's youngest rockers

COME VISIT  
**GEARHEAD  
RECORDS  
AND STUFF,**  
OUR NEW RETAIL STORE,  
WHERE KUSTOM KULTURE  
MEETS ROCK N' ROLL  
SWAGGER

CDS AND VINYL, T SHIRTS, POSTERS, STICKERS,  
PATCHES DVDS AND OTHER ROCK N' ROLL, BIKER  
AND HOT ROD MERCHANDISE

39 5TH ST. SUITE C • WOODLAND CA 95695 • 530-662-8277  
OPEN TUESDAY - SATURDAY • NOON - 7 PM

[GEARHEADRECORDS.COM](http://GEARHEADRECORDS.COM) • PO Box 1386 • Woodland, CA 95776-1386 • [MYSPACE.COM/GEARHEADRECORDS](http://MYSPACE.COM/GEARHEADRECORDS)



vulnerability, with an undercurrent of restlessness always swirling in the background. This is compelling reading that at times invokes the same feelings of melancholia and palpable confusion that Sylvia Plath does in the *Bell Jar*, albeit in a much more condensed form. In the end, this is a zine for anybody who's ever transplanted into a big city without a trust fund or a gaggle of friends can find something to empathize with as they try to find their way. —Adrian Salas (PO Box 6598, NY, NY 10150)

**THOUGHTWORM #13**, \$3, 5" x 8", copied, 48 pgs. This is one of the best zines I've read in a long time. While most people may have a hard time getting past the lack of any pictures and the journal entry format, I found the tales of Sean's new life he had begun in Baltimore to be really interesting. Perhaps it's because he likes metal. Or has interesting tales of being a dog walker. It could have something to do with the fact that he's got his masters degree in library science like yours truly. Or maybe it's because he likes to ride his bike, as does my co-workers who talks about it constantly. Sean and I, we seem to have a good deal in common, including our preferred format in doing our own zines. Unlike a lot

of the reviews that belittle me for my choice, I will give Sean some kudos as well as compliment him on the nice screen-print of a heart on the cover. Keep up the good work. —Kurt Morris (3600 Buena Vista Ave., Baltimore, MD 21211)

**TRAINWRECK #1**, \$1 or trade, Photocopied, 5½" x 8½", 18 pgs. A personal zine with all the trappings. Dave meets a girl, falls off his bike, drinks coffee, writes poetry 'til 3AM, mentions Jawbreaker a couple of times, and rejoices in the company of his Down's Syndrome brother. There was nothing wrong with this zine, but nothing really stood out, save for the feeling of looking at a time capsule from the mid-1990s, when *Factsheet 5*, and pen pals without emails reigned supreme. I get the idea that you'll have a friend for life if you write to this guy. —CT Terry (Dave Trainwreck, 7827 Westwood Ln., Mercer Island, WA 98040)

**WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #9**, copied, 5½" x 8½", 20 pgs. As Kurt moves from Indiana to Seattle, his unsent letters act as a journal, and the journal becomes this zine. It's a bland song, sung to the tune of the "Post-Collegiate Blues." As he matures, he's not sure what in life will make him

happy. He questions his religious faith, quotes middle-of-the-road indie rock, and the letters become so one-sided that you forget that they're correspondence. Kurt even gets all deep on dat ass, deciding that "life is like a big wind-swept drift of sand." I'm left thinking that the reader would be a lot more engaged if Kurt spent more time outside of his own mind, because he is at an interesting point in his life. —CT Terry (Kurt Morris, welcometoflavorcountry@gmail.com)

**YELLOW CARDIGAN, #1**, \$2, 8" x 9"ish, 28 pgs. Great new zine out of New York. They label themselves as an "Art & Culture Zine" and that's pretty much on target. The music interviews are The Steinways and Dr. Frank, so they've found a home with the pop punk kids. The pleasant surprise was in the diversity of what falls under the culture part of the zine. Comedians, artists, film curators, and Hitchcock all get a decent amount of coverage in this premiere issue. It's also nice to see a first issue that's put some thought into the layout (hint to future zinemakers: most people don't like reading, don't make it any harder on them). Everything is clean and easy to read. The only suggestions I would have for future issues would be to number the pages and have a table of contents. Great

start to a zine that I'll be looking for in the future. —Megan (Yellow Cardigan, 170 Claremont Ave. #20, NY, NY 10027)

**ZINE WORLD #24**, \$4/\$5, 8 ½" x 11", 46pgs. *Zine World* is a wonderful zine. Not only does it have reviews of all kinds of other zines (including a decent one of mine) but it also has news related to the zine scene, letters, columns, a Q&A section, classifieds, and a few other things. The news section was really interesting, as it talked about the problems going on lately for indie publishers as well as Big Brother scariness and other stuff, all of which was written much better than this review. As one might imagine, the predominant part of the zine were the reviews and they're all over the place: some well-written, others not so much so and some are real long while others are fairly short. As a zinester, I really enjoyed this zine and it made for a fairly quick read, too, but still with enough content to leave me feeling satisfied. If you're a zinester or are interested in the culture, this is a must have. —Kurt Morris (PO Box 330156, Mufreesboro, TN 37133)

Many more zine reviews can be found at [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)





art · words · junk  
[amyadoyzie.com](http://amyadoyzie.com)

**Nuclear Skull**

The Vengeful Legions" EP  
\$5 ppd usa/overseas \$8

Featuring  
"President"



"Diy and let it fly"  
attitude.

[NUCLEARSKULL.COM](http://NUCLEARSKULL.COM)  
1101 98<sup>th</sup> st #6  
Bay Harbour  
Fl. 33154

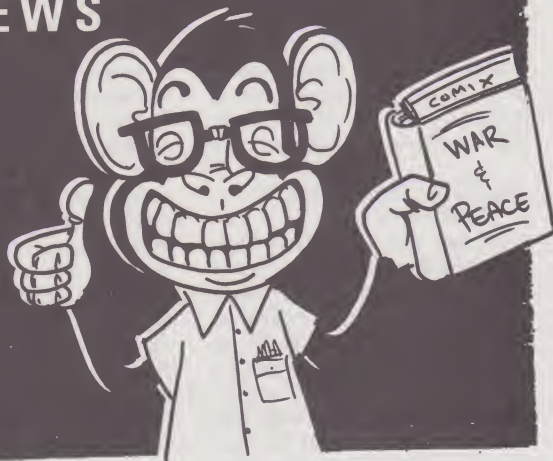
AGAINST ME!  
AMANDA WOODWARD  
DAN PADILLA  
DEATH IS NOT GLAMOROUS  
DON CABALLERO  
FUCKBOYZ  
GLASS & ASHES  
HEARTATTACK  
HOT CROSS  
MADISON BLOODBATH  
MODERN LIFE IS WAR  
NEVER SO TRUE  
NEW BRUISES  
ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE  
RAZORCAKE  
RUIN YOU!  
SCIENCE OF YABRA  
STRUNG UP  
SUBMISSION HOLD  
THE T4 PROJECT  
TEXAS JUSTICE



**KEITH ROSSEN**  
art & design  
new website: [keithrosson.com](http://keithrosson.com)



# BOOK REVIEWS



## New Tales of Old Palomar #1

By Gilbert Hernandez, \$7.95, 32 pgs.

A great new offering from Gilbert Hernandez, who, along with his brother Jaime, created *Love and Rockets*, which, if you like the punk rock and comics, should be essential reading. This premiere episode, "The Children of Palomar," races from page to page as the residents of Palomar (Some of who are quite familiar; Luba, Pipo, and Chelo are all there.) chase down two children terrorizing their town. Interesting story that's well-drawn and what I've come to expect from the Brothers Hernandez. It's presented in a gorgeous format as part of Fantagraphics' *Ignatz* series: big duotone pages and a full-cover slip cover. —Megan (Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115, [www.fantagraphics.com](http://www.fantagraphics.com))

been a better time to release this thing. Despite that aforementioned lack of mobilization, there are enough corollaries present between the cultural and political hotbed of the 1960s and present time to make a book like this more than apt.

*Sing a Battle Song* is an anthologized collection of the poetry, communiqués, and periodicals released throughout the 1960s and '70s by the Weathermen, later known as the Weather Underground. If you're not familiar, said group were a more hardline and militarized faction that was originally founded (I believe) from an offshoot of the SDS, Students for a Democratic Society. They were some pretty goddamn serious and motivated young people, ultimately becoming a loose knit and clandestine organization that was committed to a *quid pro quo* kind of retaliatory activism towards the U.S. government and its policies. Simply put, the Weathermen were a constantly fluxing group of individuals, at times numbering in the tens of thousands, sometimes dwindling to the hundreds, who scared the living shit out of policy makers and government administrations in this country. They were serious—promoting a violent revolutionary overthrow of the government to the point where the Weather Underground's spokeswoman, Bernardine Dohrn (a contributing editor to this book) was eventually rocking the number one slot of the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. Promoting a "guns and grass" kind of ideology, the Weather Underground was, among other things, staunchly committed to racial and gender equality and the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of U.S. forces from Southeast Asia. And they were, again, *serious*.

An example: on May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1970, the National Guard kills four students at an anti-war demonstration at Ohio's Kent State University.

And on May 10<sup>th</sup>, the Weather Underground plants a bomb in the National Guard headquarters in DC in retaliation.

### *Quid pro quo.*

Again, the content of *Sing a Battle Song* is made up of (gulp) poetry, original communiqués released to the media, and self-published manifestos and periodicals from the '60s and '70s as well as, most interestingly, new prefaces and editorials by quite a few key members of the Weather Underground. It's these prefaces and editorials that I really found fascinating: overall, the editorials provided a ton of information about the Underground's history, where the movement fucked up—but why it still remains an entirely valid and important movement—and why it's one that can still offer newer activists some kind of working template, despite its faults, bravado, and eventual dismantling. Whether you consider yourself resolutely anti-violent

They were serious—promoting a violent revolutionary overthrow of the government to the point where the Weather Underground's spokeswoman was rocking the number one slot of the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list.

## *Sing a Battle Song: The Revolutionary Poetry, Statements and Communiqués of the Weather Underground, 1970-1974*

Edited by Bernardine Dohrn, Bill Ayers and Jeff Jones, 383 pgs.

Yeah, we're in disparate times here, we all know that, right? Disparate and desperate. And the fascinating part about it all (or, for some, totally motherfucking depressing) is that even with the recent leaps and bounds we've made in communications technology, the Left appears to be nowhere near as unified, mobilized, active, and, frankly, *pissed off* as they did forty years ago during the Vietnam War era. Is it a polarization, a shift in cultural acceptance that makes what's going on now in Iraq something markedly different and more *okay* than what was happening in South Vietnam for, say, fifteen years or so? Have the masses just been lulled to sleep with iPods and PSPs? Is it simply, as many critics claim, the lack of a *draft* that has kept the people from a focused and ultimately meaningful dissent? Talk abounds, but we really haven't done much in the past few years that remotely equates with the massive and volatile Days of Rage protest in 1969, right? Why, why is that?

Honestly, I don't know. I don't have any definitive answers to any of it. But I *do* know that if the publisher's timing of *Sing a Battle Song* wasn't intentional, then they lucked out. Because there really couldn't have

(and the Weather Underground later retracted their statement that an armed revolution was the only means of a valid and worthwhile dissent) or not, *Sing a Battle Song* serves as a kind of heartbreaking history lesson of possibility; a snapshot look into what was an incredibly volatile and probably incredibly *hopeful* time, as odd as that dichotomy sounds.

One of the most stunning features of *the book* is the timeline at the beginning—a timeline that lists, month to month, the citizenry's rebellious acts regarding the U.S.'s involvement in Vietnam, gender and racial equality, class and prison issues, and the government's reactions and retaliations to said rebellions. Starting with the McCarthy Hearings in March of 1954 and ending with the dissolution of the Weather Underground in December of 1976, it's an incredible and succinct distillation of a period of time that was, as I said before, probably both frightening and wonderfully promising.

In closing, it's a *huge* book, and not always an easy one to plow through—the rhetoric gets a bit heavy at times, but what were you expecting?—but it's a fascinating read overall. The editors of *Sing a Battle Song*, all key members of the Weather Underground at one time, have given us a document that allows us to look back on what may well be the closest to an armed revolution this country may ever come (and you can look at that as bad or good, depending.) And they've tempered it with their own recent recollections of that time, intelligent (and a bit sad) recollections that only



Cash For Chaos • Electric Chair • Greene Records • Headline Records •

Cool Cat Records • Dr. Strange • Bootgirl •



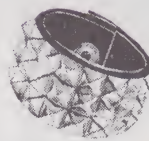
**Built to Last!**  
Made in USA

**BUY IT ONLINE!**

**WWW.APELEATHER.COM**

Wholesale Inquires 323.232.6568

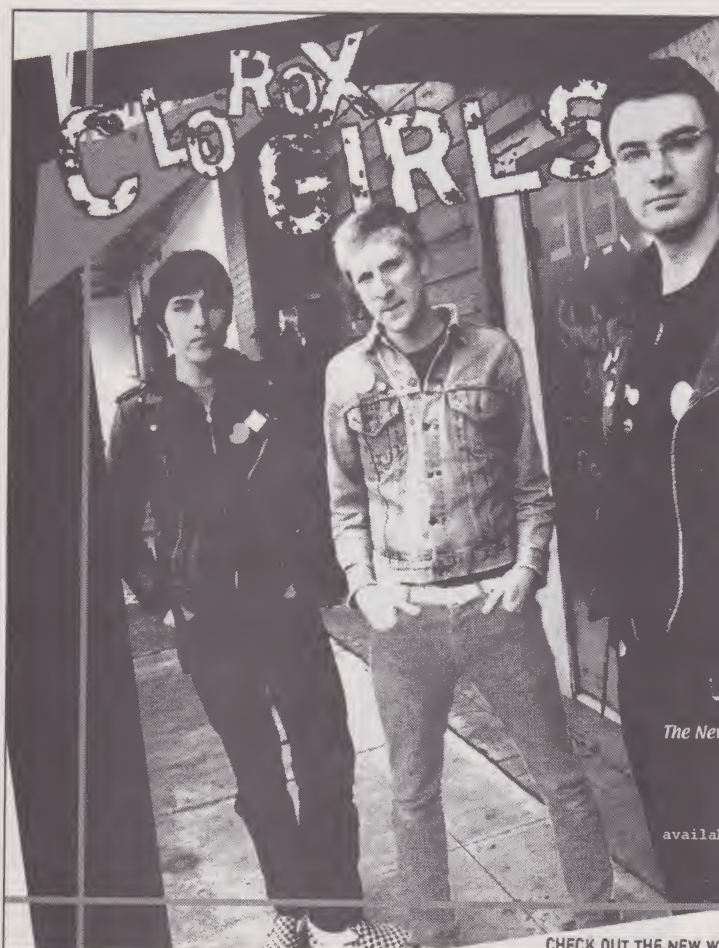
**APE**



LEATHER AND VEGAN WRISTBANDS AND BELTS SINCE 1979

Radiation Records • Re:Style • The Black • Valentino's • Interpunk.com •

Pinky Star • DP-77.com • Flash 'n' Trash •



"What you have in Clorox Girls is a band that plays late 70s style punk, from a time when punk was influenced by the likes of Chuck Berry, Ritchie Valens, and Howlin Wolf. Couple this with early 80's Los Angeles, you know, Gears, Germs, Dickies, and you have an idea of where these boys are coming from."

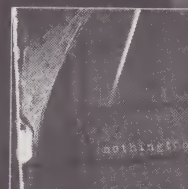
*Clorox Girls On Tour*

05/01	Gainesville, FL	tba
05/02	Jackson, MS	tba
05/03	New Orleans, LA	tba
05/04	Houston, TX	The Proletariat
05/05	Austin, TX	Beerland
05/06	Las Cruces, NM	The Farm
05/08	Mexicali (MEX)	Berlin
05/09	Tijuana, (MEX)	tba
05/10	San Diego, CA	Tower Bar
05/11	Los Angeles, CA	Music Plus TV
05/12	San Fran, CA	Rickshaw Stop
05/12	San Fran, CA	Hemlock
05/13	Berkeley, CA	924 Gillman

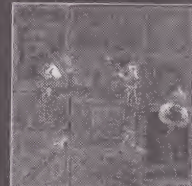
*The New Full Length*

*J'aime Les Filles*

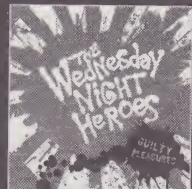
available on cd, lp, & limited edition color wax



*Nothington*  
All In  
SEE 'EM ON WARPED TOUR



*Filthy Thieving Bastards*  
...I'm A Son Of A Gun



*Wednesday Night Heroes*  
Guilty Pleasures  
IN STORES JUNE 6



CHECK OUT THE NEW WEBSITE FOR CD SPECIALS, DOWNLOADS, AND TOUR INFO • BYORECORDS.COM



## UNKNOWN INSTRUCTORS



"Music unleashed with a sonically sly geometric propensity for freedom, a feverish tone explosion poetry, all smashbox and feral, post-rock sonic struts." - *Left Of The Dial*

THESE TITLES AVAILABLE AT THE ITUNES STORE



The Dissidents, Bold Chicksen, Teenegenerate  
The Cokes, Omeprecrises, Beal Caravay  
The Shamrocks, The Oranges, Buzz Chick Adventure,  
Les Black's Amazing Pink Roles, The New Creators,  
California Speedbag, David Thomas & Two Pale Boys,  
The Vacancies, Rubber Chick Robots, Rocket From The  
Tomb, Amoeba (ratboy), Stenosis, Rocket From The  
Get Down!, Step Sister "Sugar Sweet" Topologist Stuck On  
Amplified, Amps II Eleven, Offbeats, And-Track/Second  
File Under Solomons, "Pie & R's" comp Volume 1 and  
2, Numbstruck, "THOR, The Spudmonsters"  
Unknown Instructors and The New Christs!



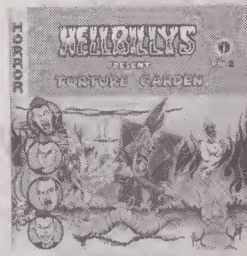
1658 N. Milwaukee #284, Chicago IL 60647 [www.SmogVeil.com](http://www.SmogVeil.com)



**Rhino 39: A Definitive Collection From L.A. Punk Pioneers. Deluxe 2CD Set. Includes a 16 page Booklet with Rare Photos, Flyers, Liner Notes and Enhanced Video. *Rare and Unreleased Tracks.***



**The Mormons**  
*"Statement Of No Statement"*  
 CD



**HELLBILLYS**  
"Torture Garden"

**Featuring members of:**  
*Demented Are Go. Former members  
 of PLAN 9, Tombstones, HEXX and  
 Christ On Parade.*  
**Original Art and Recordings.**  
*(Ransom Note 1995)*

**All these titles  
Available at your  
Favorite Record Stores,  
Mp3 Sites and  
Online Stores..**

**Distributed By:** Sounds of California, Revolver, Carrot Top, Hep Cat, Choke, Intarpunk and Scratch (Canada).

www.nickelanddimerecords.com  
www.myspace.com/nickelanddimerecords



**NICKEL AND DIME RECORDS.**  
SURVEYORS OF FINE PUNK ROCK SINCE 19XX

# NO FRONT TEETH

## LONDON R&B SHITS

## RECORDS AND SHIT

**FOR UGLY SCUMS**

Home of  
dancehall troops  
and  
no used-to-be's

OUT NOW ON NFT RECORDS  
DANCEHALL TROOPS DVD

**DIRTYHALL TRAGICS**  
A NO FRONT TEETH AND DOGPILE COLLABORATION  
CONTAINS APPROXIMATELY 4 HOURS OF PURE, RAW SKATE: PUNK MAYHEM INCLUDING TONS OF NEVER-SEEN BEFORE FOOTAGE  
FROM QUAME PETERS, LARS FREDERIKSEN AND THE BASTARDS, THE BRIEFS, STEVE AND ART GOODY, US BOMBS, DIE HUMNS,  
SMUT PEDDLERS, HAZI DODS, THE BLACK HALOS, DAYGO ABORTIONS, JAKS TEAM, TV SMITH, BULLET TREATMENT, BRIAN BRAN  
SLAPPS, THE JAKES, TEBAS, JEXTER, JASON, JESSEE, THE SHOCKS, BLACKLIST BRIGADE, MUNDIE! CREEPS, THE CLIFTON  
CHRISTIAN HOSCI, PAT NODHO, EXPLODING PUCK DOLLS, DISCO LEOPERS AND TONS MORE. ALSO FEATURES THE STREET BRATS  
DEEP EYNDE, THE SKULLS, THE BOMBHELLS, THE SKEPTIX, TRUCK MURDER, HOLLOWPOINTS, HITBY A SEMI, AND TONS MORE  
ALSO INCLUDES MUSIC FROM SOME OF THE DC SNIPERS, THE FEELERS, THE PUT-ONS, LIVESIDE AND MORE!  
PLUS A 42 TRACK CD FEATURING RADIO DEAD ONES, THE INSURGENCE, DISCO LEOPERS, DEADONES USA, KILLING CALIFORNIA,  
JOHNNY CHACAP, DEAD END KIDS AND LOADS MORE...THIS IS A FUKING SICK PACKAGE STRICTLY FOR THE SOULS!

GOOD VIBRATIONS AND VICIOUS TRANSMISSIONS-THE NAZI DOGS

GOOD VIBRATIONS AND VIOLENCE TRANSMITTED TO YOU BY PRESENTING NITS RAW LIVE SERIES AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO KICK THE MAYHEM OFF THAN WITH GERMANY'S SCUMFUS THE NAZI DOGS!! THIS IS CHAOTIC AND TOTALLY PUNK ROCK. 8 TRACKS AND 3 VIDEOS RECORDED IN LONDON ALL NEVER SEEN BEFORE!! INCLUDES A BUNCH OF TRACKS FROM THE UPCOMING SECOND FULL LENGTH!! EXCLUSIVE SHIT!! THE AIM OF THIS SERIES IS TO CONVEY THE ENERGY & UNPREDICTABILITY OF A REAL PUNK ROCK SHOW THROUGH BOTH AUDIO & VIDEO.

**COMING SOON**

**COMING SOON**  
THE SPITZZ - TOUCHÉ PUSSYCATS FULL LENGTH  
DISCO LEPERS / KERMIT'S FINGER SPLIT 7  
TWO KIDS SPLIT 7

THE JABBS / DEAD END KIDS SPLIT /  
TATORT TOILET - HEIL HIGHTECH FULL LENGTH  
... OF CHOIRBA FULL LENGTH

DISCO LEPERS - THE GIRLS OF CHICAGO  
CHIP HANNA LIVE CD

DEAD END KIDS SCREAMING FOR CLARITY LP

WE'RE CURRENTLY ACCEPTING  
SUBMISSIONS FOR THE NEXT DVD  
AND COMPILATION  
SO SEND US YER SHIT!!!  
MUSIC / SKATE / CHAOS!!!

CHECK THE SITE OUT AND GET YER WALLET OUT!

WWW.NORONFORTH.NET

N.F.T. / PO BOX 27070 / LONDON N2 9ZP / UK NFTPUNX@NOFRONTTEETH.CO.UK [myspace.com/nftrecords](http://myspace.com/nftrecords)



# BAD IDEA MUSIC

Don't Let Life Make You Digital

田田田、9月の10日甲山にC.C.甲



a distance of years and experience can provide. Fascinating for its attempt to capture and reexamine such an incendiary time is the country's history, and emotionally wrought with hope, idealism, a little bitterness that things turned out the way they did, and above all (as crazy as it sounds) a resolute respect for life and the potential for possible justice and *fairness* in the world. —Keith Rosson (Seven Stories Press, 140 Watts St., NY, NY 10013)

### Welfare Wednesdays

By Chris Walter, 265 pgs.

Punk rock pulp, in the traditional sense.

Set in the crabs-ridden crotch of Canada, the East Side of Vancouver, *Welfare Wednesdays* follows the lives of two characters, Jack and Lucy. At its core, it's basically a novel about the Id. Impulse drives almost every course of action by every character and scenario in the novel—from a raging ex-boyfriend, hanging himself on the twin spires of revenge and gambling, to a docile co-worker who hauls off and hits his boss. It's no more apparent than in the lead characters, who seem almost incapable of looking past their next government check (thus the title of the book) or their next paycheck. The book becomes more and more crack-fueled as the pages turn.

Walter definitely has a great sense of pace, can fill a setting, and has a consistent tone. He had definitely learned a lot of lessons, before this, his eleventh book. *Welfare Wednesdays* is a quick and engaging read, no doubt. Walter has no fear of talking about shit and piss and blood and zitty ugliness while—at least once in awhile—providing human glimmers

of reflection and hope (with occasional forays into an almost child-like fancying of society's underbelly). *Welfare Wednesdays* is also, definitely, a no-holds-barred look into drug addiction that neither outright condemns nor needlessly glamorizes the lifestyle, which is tough to pull off.

Although I wouldn't call him a hack (which he, in a thinly veiled way, calls himself in his own book), Walter does rely on time-tested writing formulas (thus the pulpiness feel) and there are more than a fair share of clichés that I'd prefer were cut back. Somewhat surprisingly, Walter doesn't seem to have a lot of faith that his readers hear him the first time when he mentions something. He seems intent on us never forgetting how short a skirt is, that Jack spray painted his sneakers black for office work, that Lucy lands on Jack's balls when they first meet, or other conspicuous repetitions. And it's here—due to the idea of providing a reality-scape told in a sparse, no-bullshit, non-fancy style—where Walter could use some restraint. With folks like Charles Willeford (*Cockfighter*), Chester Himes (*If He Hollers, Let Him Go*), and Steinbeck (*Tortilla Flat*), not only were those writers' works easy to understand, they were lean; pruned right to the part where a story can still flower (even if that flower is planted in puke- and piss-soaked soil) without excess verbiage. I wouldn't call Walter a sloppy writer; I'm just saying if he sharpened his razor more, his strokes would be more sure and he wouldn't feel compelled to cover the same areas again and again. In summation: a fast, compelling book told by a wizened veteran honing his chops. Good stuff. —Todd (GFY Press, [www.punkbooks.com](http://www.punkbooks.com))



### *American Hardcore: The History of American Punk Rock 1980–1986*: DVD

I think it might have been the sage Malaclypse the Younger who said, "tis an ill wind that blows no minds." In much the same way, I would suggest that a good documentary is one that busts up the fine china of memories you keep in your head and creeps you to your core a few times, particularly when the subject matter is your own revered idols and romanticized past. History is not only "bunk," as every good Nazi-liking car inventor knows, but nostalgia can all too easily become a cow-pie of mind waste so vast and glopmy that it can swallow you whole the second you stick your big toe in it. *American Hardcore* (which is more or less the movie version of Steven Blush's book of the same title) is a documentary that manages to provide both glowy punk rock remembrances and idol-shattering moments of creepiness. Fortunately for me, the creepy revelations were spaced fairly evenly throughout the film, lodged between more digestible scenes of snotty punk rock mouthiness. My first twitch of uncertainty—although a slight one—came upon seeing TSOL's baby-eating frontman Jack Grisham being interviewed while lounging on a couch wearing some sort of hot pink disco pants. Now whether they were actually sweatpants or pajama bottoms or Zubaz, didn't matter; it just didn't match the picture I had in my head of the notorious Surfer Punk Neanderthal with a sociopathic fondness for stomping on puppies and knocking the dung out of anyone who got in his sizable way. But that was small potatoes compared to what was to come. Later I found myself sitting through the disquieting revelations that 1.) the simpering rave artiste named "Moby" once sang (albeit briefly) for one of my all time favorite punk bands, Flipper, and 2.) that the Bad Brains' "Positive Mental Attitude" came from having read and bought into a couple of humorless tomes called *The Bible* and *Think and Grow Rich*. You've probably heard of *The Bible*, but just in case you're not up on cornball self-

help books, *Think and Grow Rich* was a sort of forerunner to *The Secret*, which is the wildly popular New Age wonder book (currently being bought up in record numbers by Oprahphiles worldwide) that promises to teach its readers how to use the "law of attraction" to gorge their own gluttonous emotional and materialistic greeds. I always knew that H.R. and the boys were spiritually minded gents, but I always envisioned something just a little bit loftier. Maybe I should have been reading the lyric sheets a little more closely. And then we come to Steve "Mugger" Corbin, the one-time Black Flag roadie and frontman of the lovably offensive band Nig Heist. Corbin, hardly looking anything like a person who might be nicknamed "Mugger," is shown at his home in a "gated community," sipping Chardonnay and acting like a fat cat as he boasts about being "independently wealthy." I don't think that there's necessarily anything evil about being well-to-do, but when you're that much of a smug douche bag about it, something has most likely started to go rotten at your core. Hopefully this is just good ol' Mugger trying to jerk people's chains again like he did in Nig Heist. But I doubt it. On the more positive side, *American Hardcore* is packed with great live footage of many of the best bands of the early '80s hardcore era: Minor Threat, MDC, Negative Threat, SSD, Cro Mags, DOA, TSOL, as well as plenty of footage of the two bands the movie makers most notably dote on: Black Flag and Bad Brains. The danger, of course, of putting together a movie of this sort is that you set your self up to be picked apart for playing favorites with some bands while intentionally or unintentionally shunning others. Being a self-appointed historian can be a thankless job—though I would imagine that members of both Black Flag and Bad Brains are gushing with gratitude toward the people behind *American Hardcore*. Filmmakers Paul Rachman and Steve Blush admit in their commentary that Black Flag and Bad Brains are the two bands they feel were the most influential, as well as being their own personal favorites from the era. The bands most conspicuous by their absence in the film are the Misfits and the Dead Kennedys. Not only are there no interviews with members of either band or any live footage, but they are almost never even referred to. Bobby Steele, who's cigarette-break-length stint with the Misfits barely constitutes fifteen minutes of fame, makes a couple quick appearances in the film, but other than that, about the only representation of the Misfits is the presence of their crimson ghost logo that pops on shelves behind interview subjects from time to time. But that's about it. And a brief interview with artist Winston Smith toward the end of the film is, in one of the filmmaker's words, "as close as we got to the Dead Kennedys." Apparently, the ridiculous and sad situation with both bands is that because of legal shit-flinging between the singer and the other band members, Rachman and Blush were forced to knit their history around the two bands. And that alone makes something calling itself "the history of American Punk Rock 1980–1986" patently absurd, no matter how high the overall quality of the film might be. But I'm just jaded enough to not feel like complaining all that much. That kind of shit is bound to happen in these wildly litigious times of ours, even among people we once thought were "cool." And though several other bands—personal favorites like Fear, Reagan Youth, the Freeze, Meatmen, the Fartz and No Trend—



were glossed over or outright ignored in the film, I was pleasantly surprised to see Flipper featured as prominently as they are. The footage of Bruce Loose glowering hatefully through a rendition of "Way of the World" is, for me, worth the price of admission alone. As uneven as *American Hardcore* is from reoccurring bouts with selected perception and problems with retarded legal obstacles, it is still a powerful and alluring look back at a messy, brutal, and provocative period in punk rock. Anyone interested in early '80s hardcore—on this side of the pond—will find something here to like. And something here to argue with. Which is a good thing. —Aphid Peewit (Sony Classics, 10202 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90232)

you want to get your little brother's band's first show on tape, but when you really want to get something solid down for The Briefs or The Black Halos, it's not gonna fly. I mean, I hate to sound like some tech-snob, but there are moments on here where either the audio or video's sketchy enough that that particular video was hardly worth watching. Still, I don't want to bag on this too hard—No Front Teeth is a pretty consistent label, the guy behind it seems super hard-working and sincere, and I can't imagine the effort it must've taken putting this thing together. And the line-up is pretty rad: everyone from the Smut Peddlers and Exploding Fuck Dolls to The Street Brats and The Skulls make an appearance. As far as the accompanying disc,

*I don't think that there's necessarily anything evil about being well-to-do, but when you're that much of a smug douche bag about it, something has most likely started to go rotten at your core.*

#### **Danceball Troops Volume II: DVD + CD**

Definitely got its heart in the right place (I figure an endeavor of this magnitude—there's over thirty bands on the DVD, and the CD has forty-two tracks from fourteen bands—takes quite a bit of work to orchestrate and assemble) and obviously a labor of love. And to NFT's credit, there's a lot of stuff on here that I would've been into watching, had the quality been up to snuff. I mean, seriously—there's just about every band Duane Peters is or has ever been in, as well as the Hollowpoints, Blacklist Brigade, Thug Murder, All Or Nothing HC, and Neurotic Swingers. There's even Dayglo Abortions footage and an acoustic TV Smith performance. Couple that with skate footage from the Godoy Brothers, Tony Alva, Jason Jessee, and more, and the aforementioned forty-plus track CD, and this thing should just about be unstoppable. And it is, on paper, at least. Unfortunately, some of the footage is pretty spotty and a lot of the live videos sound as if they just used the sound file straight from the hand-held camera. It'll work when

there's stuff from Killing California, Radio Dead Ones, The Insurgence, The Jabbs (who I believe share a few members with Blacklist Brigade), Dead End Kids, and more. If you've ever heard any of the earlier No Front Teeth comps, you've got a good idea what you'll be getting on your plate here—raw, gritty, mean-as-piss punk rock that carries a bright and loving torch for 1977. All in all, I wouldn't recommend this thing to anyone that's into, like, production (if you've ever said something like, "Dude, that kick drum was *sooo* compressed on that album" than stay the hell away from this thing), but for those readers that're willing to sacrifice some sound or visual quality for the fact that a lot of this stuff is rare as hell and pretty cool to have in one format, then by all means, grab this one up. —Keith Rosson (Dogpile, PO Box 2099, Seal Beach, CA 90740-1099)

More video reviews can be found over at [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org).



## **GORSKY PRESS**

### **LOUD AND FAST BOOKS**

**NOW AVAILABLE:  
ALL BLACKED OUT & NOWHERE TO GO  
BY BUCKY SINISTER  
\$10 PPD.**

**FOR A COMPLETE CATALOG  
VISIT: [WWW.GORSKYPRESS.COM](http://WWW.GORSKYPRESS.COM)  
OR WRITE TO**

**GORSKY PRESS, PO BOX 42024, LA, CA 90042**

**BUCKY SINISTER**

**ALL BLACKED OUT  
& NOWHERE TO GO**





# THE MANY MOODS OF... STEEL CAGE RECORDS



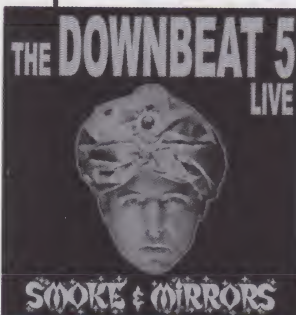
**THE BESMIRCHERS**  
BESMIRCH AND DESTROY CD

**JEFF DAHL**  
BATTERED STUFF CD

BATTERED STUFF

**Jeff Dahl**

ONE ACOUSTIC MOTHER



**THE DOWNBEAT 5**  
SMOKE & MIRRORS CD

**HAMMERLOCK**  
FORGOTTEN RANGE CD

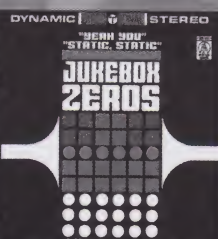
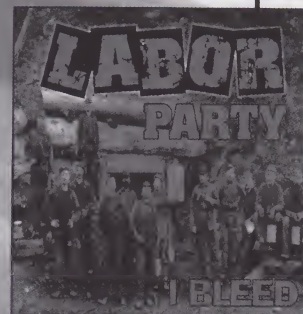
**HAMMERLOCK**

FORGOTTEN RANGE



**THE EARACHES**  
TIME ON FIRE CD

**LABOR PARTY**  
BLEED CD



**RADIO BIRDMAN - HUNGRY CANNIBALS 7" \* THEE MINKS - PLAYTHING 7"**  
**BLOWFLY - BUTT PIRATE LUV 7" \* THE EARACHES / JUKEBOX ZEROS - SPLIT 7"**  
**WHISKEY BITCH - SELF-TITLED 7"**

VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR MORE INFO. ON THESE & OTHER GEMS FROM OUR CATALOG, INCLUDING: THE 440s \* ADZ \* ANTISEEN  
BLARE BITCH PROJECT \* BORN BAVARIAN \* THE BULEMICS \* THE BUMP-N'-UGLIES \* JOHNNY CASINO'S EASY ACTION \* THE CHICKENHAWKS  
COCKNOOSE \* CRETIN 66 \* JEFF DAHL \* EDISON ROCKET TRAIN \* HELLSTOMPER \* HOOKERS \* THE LEAVING TRAINS  
LIMECELL \* NOTHING BUT PUKE \* RANCID VAT \* THE RESISTOLEROS \* SICKIDZ \* SIOUX CITY PETE AND THE BEGGARS & STUNTMEN

**STEEL CAGE RECORDS, PO BOX 29247, PHILADELPHIA, PA 19125 • WWW.STEELCAGERECORDS.COM**

DISTRIBUTED BY RED EYE USA



# MAD CADDIES



Keep It Going

## Keep It Going

COMPACT DISC IN STORES NOW!

[WWW.FATWRECK.COM](http://WWW.FATWRECK.COM) || [WWW.MADCADDIES.COM](http://WWW.MADCADDIES.COM)

